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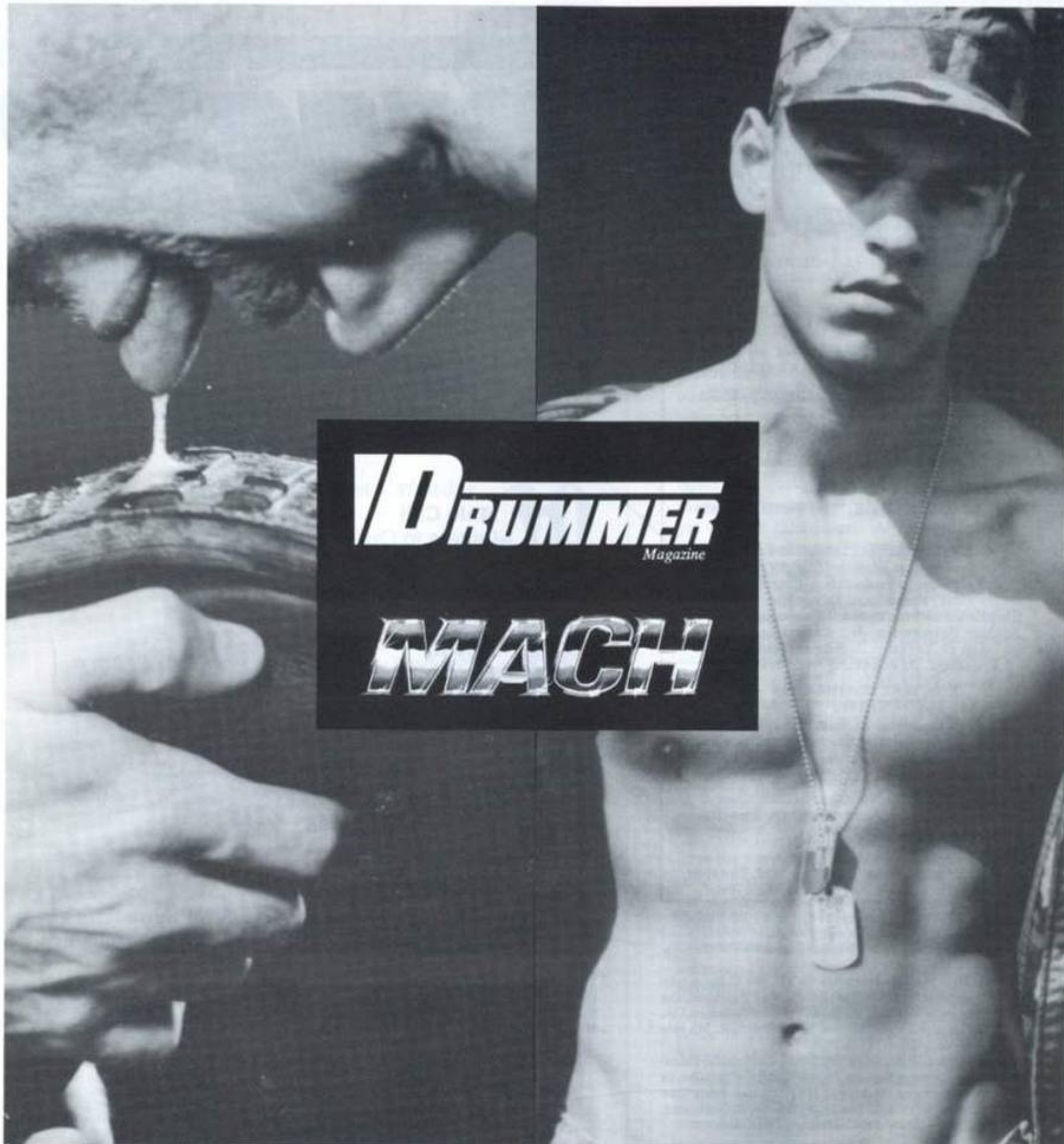
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DESMODUS INTERNATIONAL B. V.

PO Box 16602
1001 RC Amsterdam, The Netherlands

Martijn Bakker...Publisher
Marcus-Jay Wonacott...Editor
John Wood...Production Manager
S.V. Frost...Art Director
Stephen Sutton...House Photographer
Arthur Hernandez, Jr...Classified Ads
Derek Yeager...Advertising
F.V. Strona...Marketing/Advertising

Frequent Contributors Writers

Hoddy Allan, Joseph W. Bean, Allan Chiras,
Anthony DeBlase, Jack Fritscher, Bud Harwood,
Sean Martin, David May, Jack Rinella, Richard A. White

Photographers

Target Archive, Scott Beseman, Mark I. Chester,
Rick Castro, Palm Drive, Robert Pruzan, Zeus Studios,
Jim Wigler

Artists

Cavelo, Domino, Etienne, Tom of Finland, The Hun,
Sean Martin, R.A.W., Ray Schulze, Ken Wood

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OFF THE TOP

"IS IT BURN-OUT?"

By Marcus-Jay Wonacott

Walking into your favorite Leather watering hole, one probably will see any number of hot Leathermen lining the meatracks and openly interacting with each other. Displayed in a very masculine, sexual manner, it is easy to imagine why any one of these guys could be an excellent choice to be a representative of our Leather Community, right? One continues to stumble across ads for yet another Leather contest searching out yet another titleholder. My question is, "Why aren't these men beating down the doors to sign up as a contestant?" Now, don't get me wrong, I am a great supporter of individuals vying for any number of titles. We have given a huge voice to these men and women in order to lend support to some very life-threatening issues such as AIDS, cancer, homophobia and the right to practice Leather/SM sex in the privacy of our own homes. Yet, it is quite evident that the "race for public notoriety" has lost interest for a lot of people, both as competitors and supporters. Why?

Well, first of all, I will not presume to have the answer. I don't. However, I have posed this question to a few individuals (*titleholders and not*) to try to get a feel for what is happening. Remember, what I have collected is a bank of opinions, all of which are subject to interpretation. For the moment, **MINE!**

Reluctance, I am afraid to say, breaks down to two basic categories: **Time and Money**. Most titleholders who are questioned will tell you that their year in the "limelight" took virtually all their spare time and even some extra hours away from work. Probably an average of 40 weekends, during that year, away from home! One ex-titleholder told me the woman at his home airport ticket counter knew him by first name, given the frequency of his travels! For most, other personal interests had to be put on the back burner (*along with some relationships!*). These days, we regard our time as precious and valuable. Networking in clubs and bars until very late at night does cause one to wonder if his or her time could be better spent. Is it worth it? Read Guy Baldwin's latest

continued on page 6

"The Leather Contest Guide: A Handbook for Promoters, Contestants, Judges and Titleholders" and you will see what it takes to live this type of life for a year!

In today's economy, travel is not cheap! Most of us do not make large salaries with loads of vacation time. Yet, titleholders are expected to be at every Leather function and contest that may occur during the year. Given the tiny travel fund accounts that currently exist for titles, money must come out-of-pocket. This can add up very quickly. Also, how often have you shown up at your local Leather bar and discover that another fundraiser is taking place? Immediately what comes to mind is, how much money do they want from me this time? Slave auctions, raffles, Leather sales. The list goes on and on! And, thankfully, I will not attempt to discuss the politics involved!

The term I have heard to describe people's reluctance more than any other term has been **"burn-out"**. Burnt-out on donating time, money and energy. "Enough is enough! Burn-out."

Now, I know you are wondering, *"This guy promotes the Mr. Drummer Contest. Where the **"HELL"** is he going with all this?"* I'll tell you.

From my participation over the past few years, I am clear that the positives still outweigh the negatives. The issues surrounding

why we gather in this fashion still exist and are more pervasive than ever before. Disease, Bigotry, Human Rights are not going to go away. For this fact alone, time, money and energy is needed more, not less. Also, there is a law of physics, "With every action, there is a reaction." Meaning, every time we promote and speak out, there is a "ripple effect" that spreads out to even the most remote places in this country. There are Leatherfolk out there, living in rural areas where a titleholder or Leather event is their only connection to maintain their chosen lifestyle; to show that they are not alone.

This Leather Community is "family" to me. Why? Because I have chosen it. And, as with most families, I continue, time after time, to give my unconditional support. In this particular family, everyone, at some point, is faced with the opportunity to *"shine"*; to lead the rest of us in efforts which are important to our survival. At certain times, one needs to stand back, allowing other family members to step forward.

Whether you know it or not, many of you who are reading this have what it takes to be a titleholder. Many others of you have the ability to do "titleholder work" without ever running for a title. I know because I see this dedication occurring all the time. This kind of work has its place and it does make a positive contribution. Every titleholder I


have spoken to, without exception, has expressed their gratitude in holding their title. Even with the negatives, they would not trade their experience for anything! Dare I say it...being involved this way could be fun!! I mean, we are in this lifestyle because it feels good.

The Mr. Drummer Finals are happening in San Francisco, September 23-25. There are twenty-eight dedicated men participating for an experience of their lives as well as for our Leather Community. Many of us will be there to ogle, drool, cheer and support. Many others will be there, also, to give of themselves in time, money and energy. The Leather Fetish Expo, where talented individuals will make available their handcrafted wares and years of experience to those who want to learn and grow as they become a part of this diverse community.

My question to you is, "Will you continue to sit back on your heels, dissatisfied and discouraged? Are you not willing to participate because you feel burnt-out?" It's okay if your answer is **"YES"**. The work you have done is appreciated and a well earned rest is deserved. If the answer is **"NO"**, I challenge you to look at why you are no longer enthusiastic to join in. It is from your conclusions to **"WHY"** that will help to improve what we are doing. It is up to you to let people know.

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MALE CALL

Dear Marcus et al,

Damn, I'm pissed at that unsigned letter featured in *Male Call* Issue 163. I've been a faithful *Drummer* reader for eighteen years -- my entire adult life! Despite the numerous ownership/editorial changes through the years, *Drummer* has always lead the way through uncharted territory. It's ironic that your "hatemaler" chooses poetry as the object of his/her venomous rage when poetry was not only Robert Payne's inspiration for the name *Drummer*, it was only recently dropped as a permanent feature. [and reinstated. Ed.] However, I do believe a little constructive criticism might be in order, and because you asked for it. It seems to me that you've veered off course a bit and lost touch with that innovative spirit which propelled the publication for so many years.

First, where's the humor? Has our world become so bleak and serious that we've lost our ability to laugh? To read *Drummer* these days, one might think it has. Humor and satire, both political and social, were always part of *Drummer's* brilliance. I miss *Drummer Views/Reviews the Flicks*, *Drumbeats* and all the absurd and zany ways the magazine used to poke fun at the world -- from the Leather point of view of course. I know I'm not the only reader who enjoyed that diversity.

And, what happened to the magazines's feel for the cutting edge? Used to be we could count on *Drummer* for real enlightenment. *Drummer's* first Editor, Jeanne Barney, just might have been the first journalist in the country to recognize and write about the phone-sex revolution way back in Issue 2, July 1975. Wow, it's ironic that *Drummer* is just now entering the fray with its pay-per-call operation, years after most publications, including many venerable daily news papers, realized that it's essential to financial survival. Although, it's sad that you have chosen to do so at such an exorbitant price level.

Which brings me to the issue of value. It has gotten so that many readers might see *Drummer* as having little more value than a marketing tool for your money and varied merchandising efforts save for the ONE element that has always held the publication together; *The Leather Fraternity*. Face it guys, if you lose your grip on those personals, you've got nothing. Is it any wonder that *Tough Customers* has been successful as a spin off? These are your roots. And to quote Chauncey Gardner in *Being There*, "As long as the roots are not severed, all is well and will be well in the garden."

Now guys, I'm not suggesting that you put everybody's astrological sign back in the *LF ads* (thank gawd we got over that in the late seventies!), but do you think some serious introspection is in order? Take a long, hard, (pun intended) look at the magazine. Yeah, reach in there real deep -- deep into the *Drummer* archives and I think you'll find the inspiration. That spirit is alive among your

loyal readership -- and if you stroke it a little you may find *Male Call* full of letters again, and not just nasty ones!

Proudly signed,
G.L.C.
Basking Ridge, NJ

P.S. To wax poetic, "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Editors,
DRUMMER

If you guys are allowed to laugh, I thought you might get at least a smile from the poster I found recently on the bulletin board at a condo complex in Richmond, Virginia.



I wonder if the last item in the lower righthand corner means that we missed a great party?!!

Enjoy your rag. Keep it up.

L.T.
Richmond, VA



Thought you might like this for possible publication in *Drummer*.

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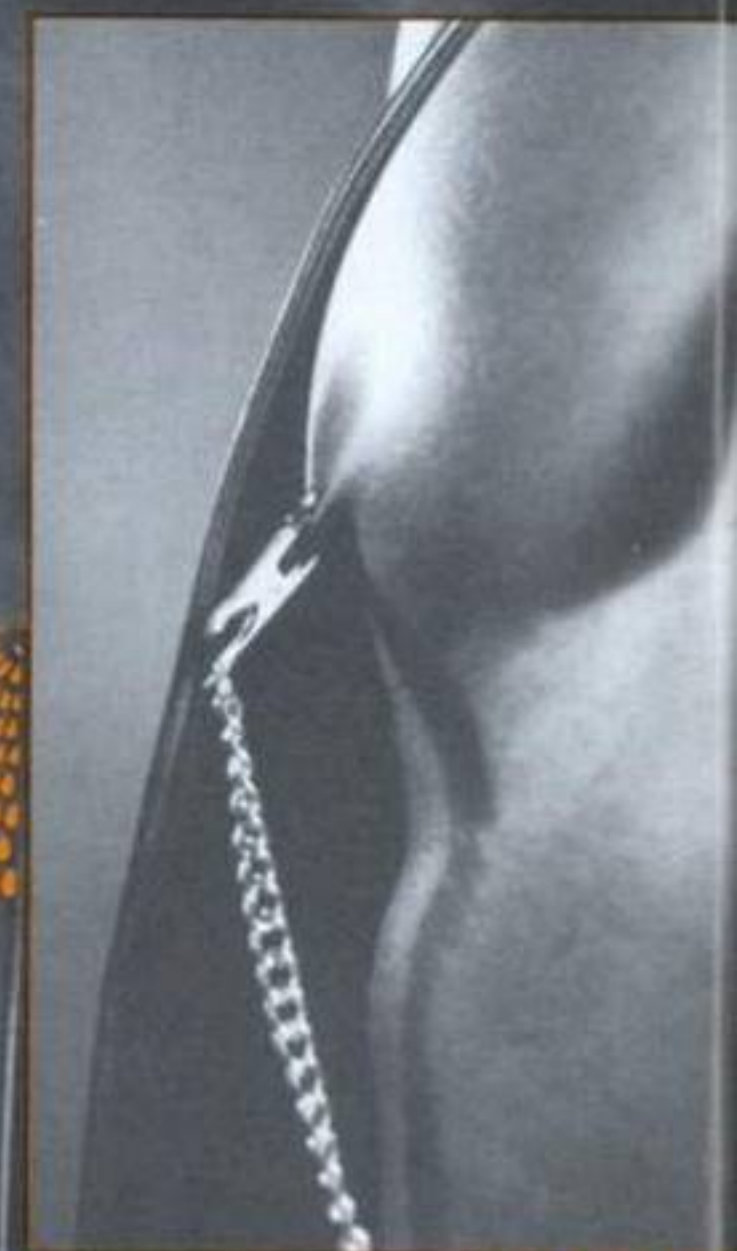


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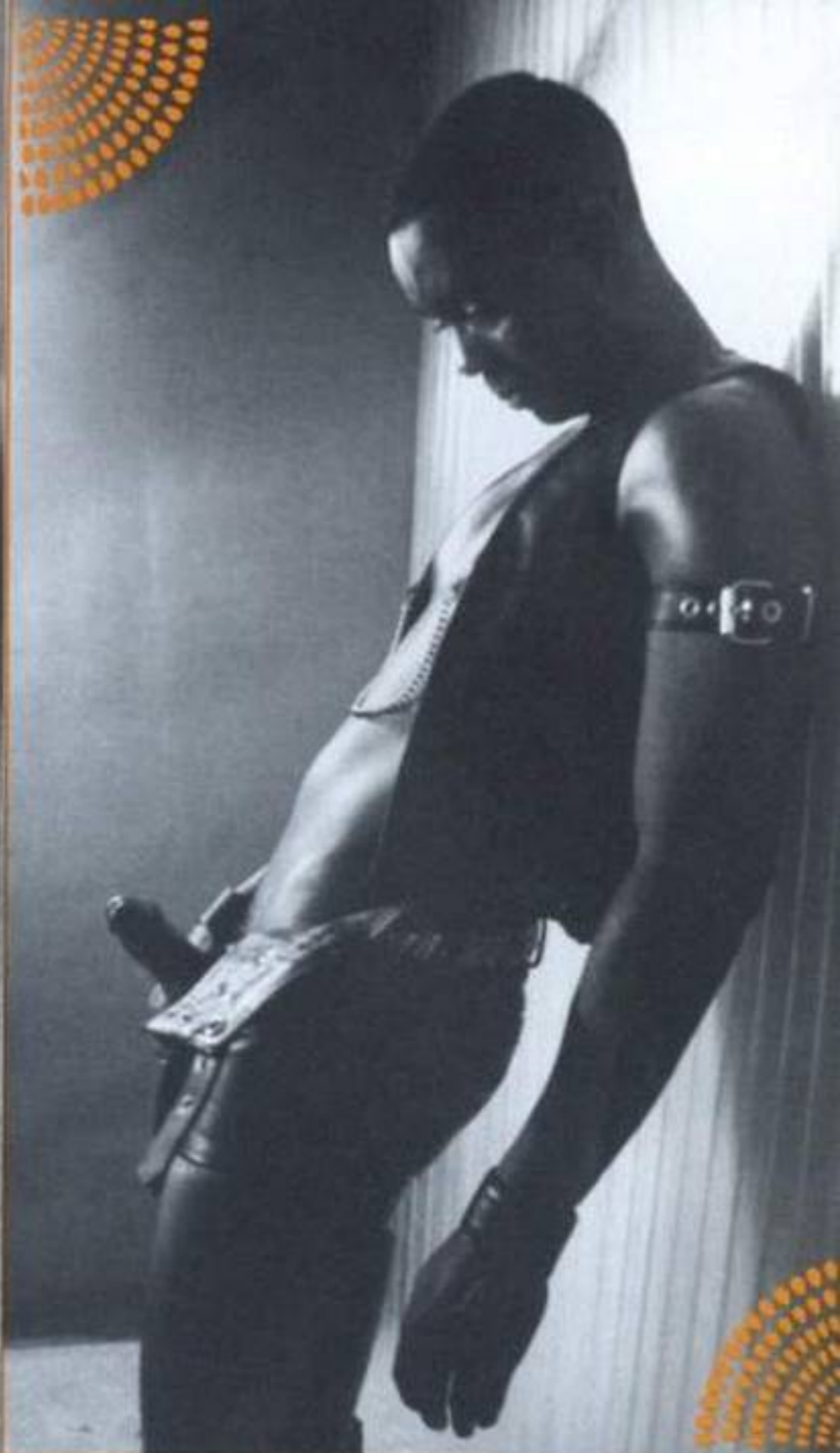




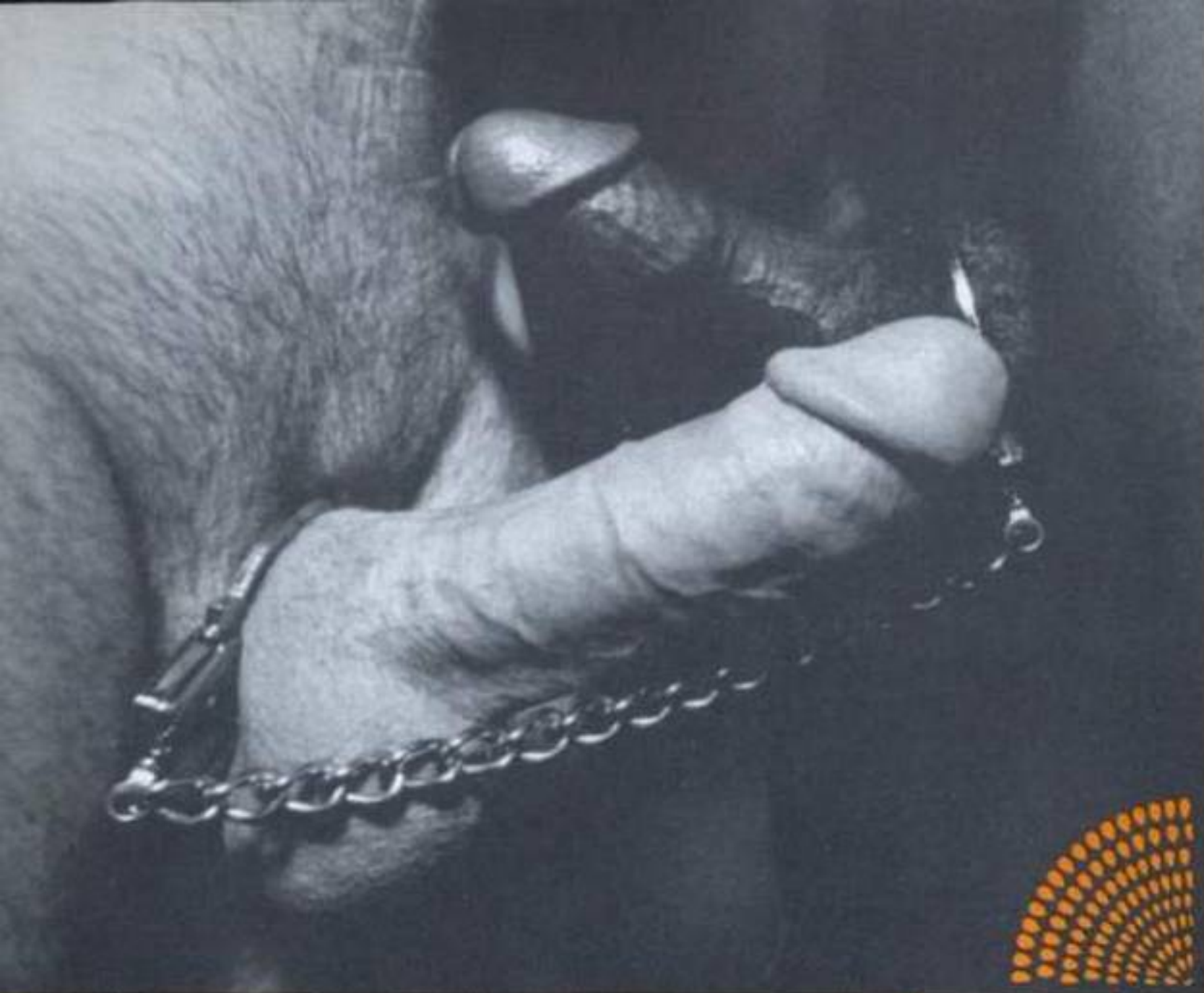
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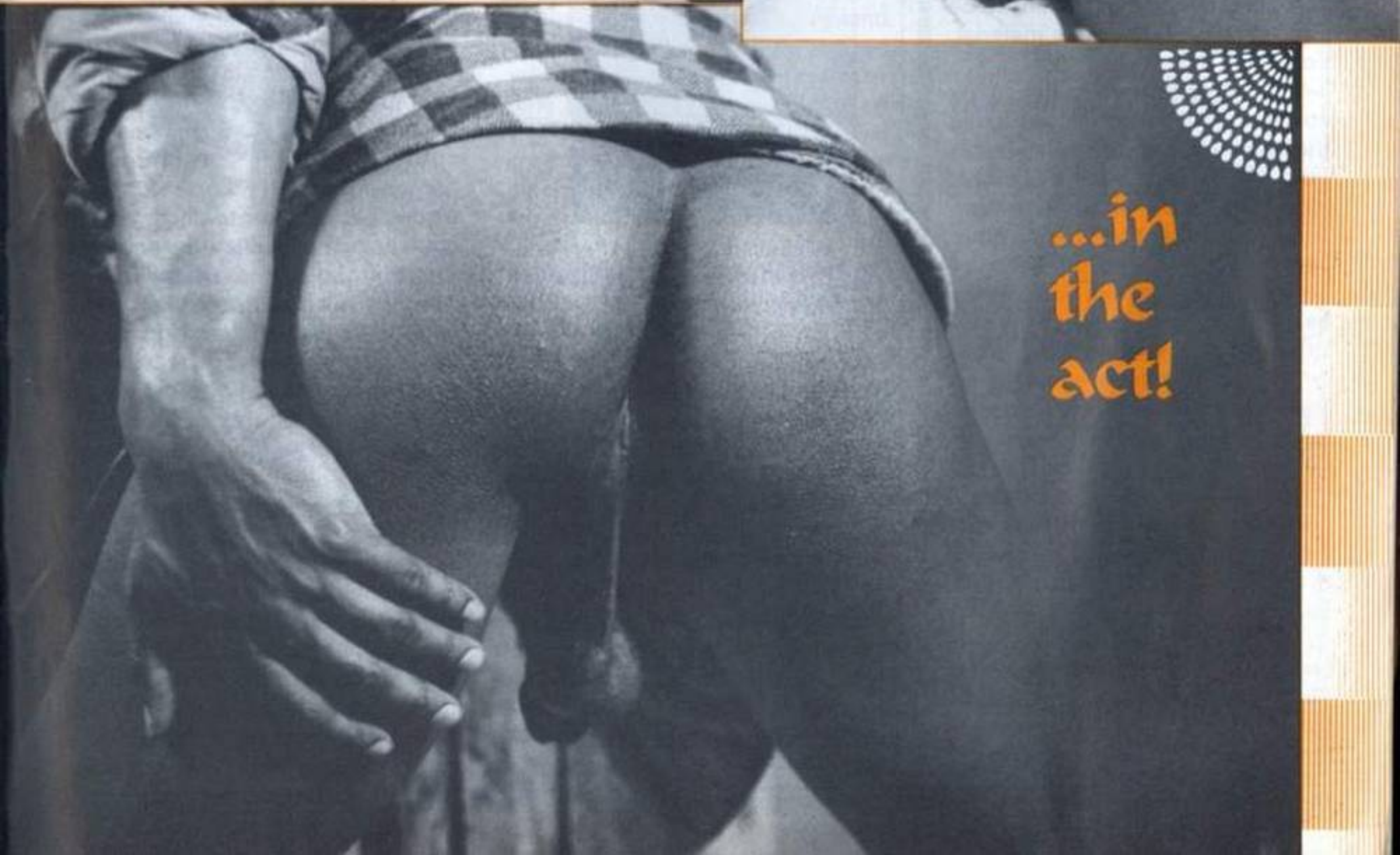
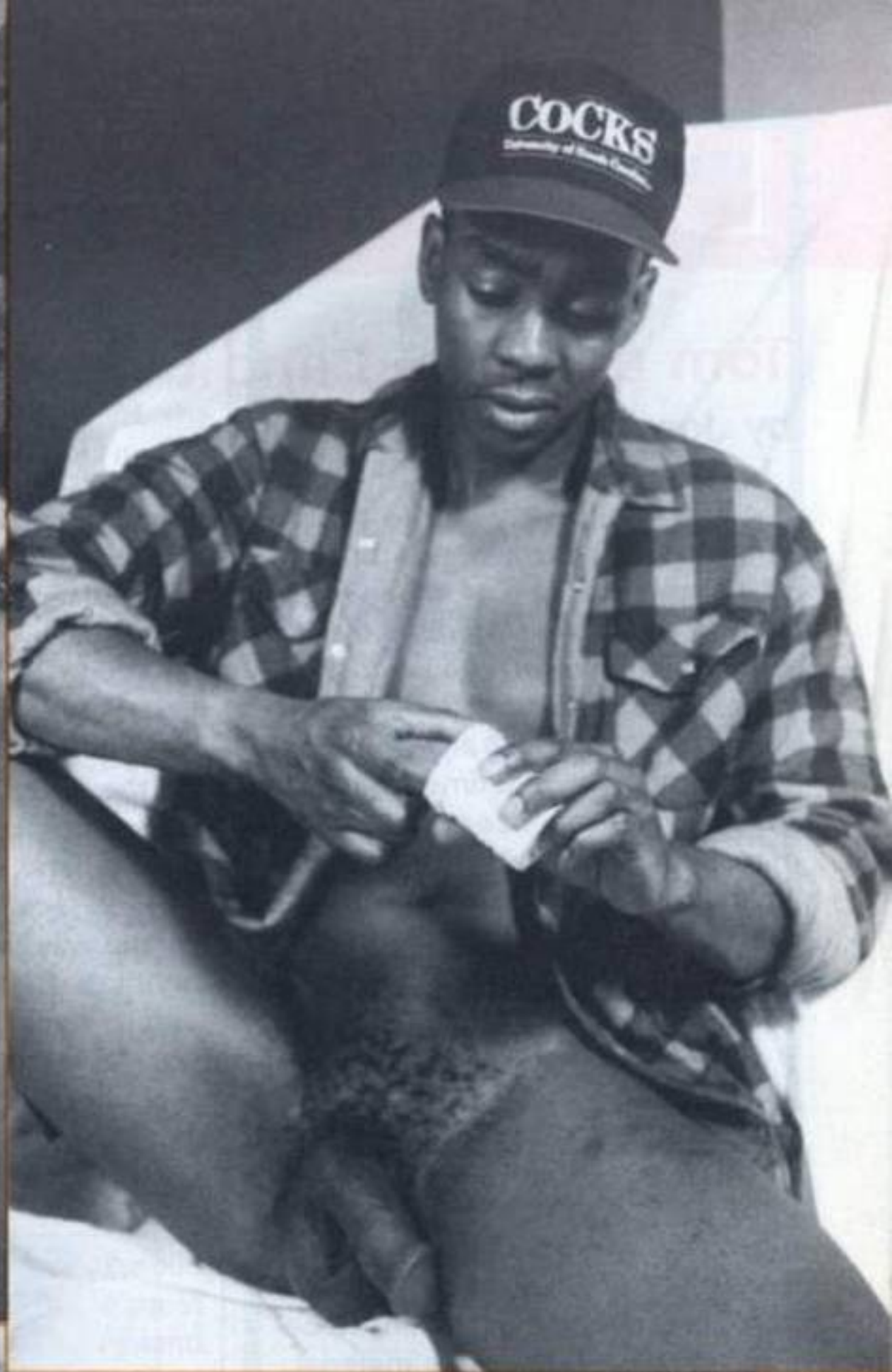


...signal.



Sooner
or later...





Tom of Finland and Everybody Else

by Joseph W. Bean

This month I want to direct your attention to just two books. The books are *Tom of Finland: his life and times* and *Different Loving: An Exploration of the World of Sexual Dominance and Submission*. Next month we'll take an interesting backward glance—a timely one—to *The Original Leatherman's Handbook* (by Larry Townsend, recently released) as a context for understanding how the world of leathersex has changed so much that we could now be reading such a book as *Different Loving*, and seeing an explosion in all kinds of leathersex publishing. There, you have been warned not to expect blow by blow accounts of porn videos or even porn fiction in this instalment of Drummedia. It's all non-fiction, all too important to be juggled along with stroke material.

Tom First

F. Valentine Hooven III had the cooperation of Tom of Finland during the years he worked on his book, *Tom of Finland: his life and times*. He apparently also had the cooperative attention of many other people significant to the story of Touko Laaksonen, aka Tom. What he didn't have, sadly, was the skill to tell the story in an exciting voice, or to give it a tone equal to its importance. The book is readable, but uninspired, and yet every gay man in the world ought to have the opportunity to read it. You, being a person able to read English, living in a country where books are readily available, have that opportunity. So, read it!

Tom was born, as you would guess, in Finland, on May 8, 1920. The otherwise unremarkable fact that Tom was born at that time, in that out of the way place serves—

hand-in-hand with his talent—as the trigger by which his story is catapulted into surprising importance.

World War I ended just two years before Tom's birth, awakening the world to the realities we now call the 20th Century. The map of Europe was redrawn, showing an independent Finland for the first time. In fact, the modern nation of Finland was, in effect, born just 11 months before Tom, and our century with its new ideas, new moralities, new communications options, and new ideals of liberty was born at about the same time.

So, blissfully unaware of it all,



Tom grew up in a new country, in a new world, in a very new time. And Finland was the European pressure cooker of all that was new. Wedged between the stodgiest and the most progressive of nations, balanced between a long history of being dominated and a future in which everything had to be made up as it happened, Finland was the ultimate perch from which to watch the "arousal" of homosexuals worldwide.

Had Tom been American, his story would not give us a new perspective on our international communities' very gradual climb out of supposed criminality, insanity,

and depravity to Gay Pride. And, if he were born almost anywhere else in Europe, his story would probably have been gobbled up (even if his art thrived as it had to) by the conflicting forces of the scramble toward one future or another and the struggle to recall and retain the past, which characterizes (and obliterates the importance of the characters from) most of Euing, as it is.

Tom's life was lived at the epicenter of the 20th Century, touching the battles which strengthened then destroyed the Soviet Union; engaging in the most pivotal event of the century too: the founding and destruction of The Third Reich with all its powerful horrors. It was also lived in what was an entirely unprecedented fashion: as a happy homosexual. Despite setbacks and disappointments, despite the discomforts that were unavoidable and the dangers that were part of the process which lead us to and beyond Stonewall, Tom chose happiness even when he saw he could not "un-choose" homosexuality. Then, through serendipitous events more than courageous planning, he entered the first battles to establish a community of gays, or at least the opportunity for gays to discover that there were others like themselves, others who did what they did, and who *smiled* before, during, and after their man-to-man encounters.

The parts played in developing Tom's fame and influencing his art by Bob Mizer of Athletic Model Guild, Robert Mapplethorpe of such great eventual infamy, photographer-editor Lou Thomas, and others seem to be directed by inexorable forces of history. The times were changing throughout the world for gay men, and for

DRUMMEDIA

everyone seeking liberty, and Touko Laaksonen—dubbed “Tom of Finland” by Bob Mizer—was playing a pivotal role. He was defining and stabilizing icons of masculinity for gay men. He was defying authorities and undertaking a career in a field where his predecessors had found only hobbies. He was at once standing apart in a tormented stripe of geography hung on the arctic circle, and playing at the very center of the field in the mails and newsstands of America.

Of course, a biography is never just a chronicle of world change, it is also the smaller but warmer story of one person dealing with that



world in his own way. Tom often dealt with his world by focusing on the men around himself—from the hunky loggers and farmers of his youth (and Finland’s), through the waves of uniformed foreigners from Russia and Germany, to the sophisticates of the city in their high fashions and business clothing. Then, in his mature years, he was at peace with the world in a strange, new way. He was surrounded by men who often gave him credit for creating the image they had taken as their own: the leather biker gear and stern smiles (always smiles!) of modern leathermen.

Even though Tom defined the masculine world and his own sexuality largely by the clothing on the men and in his drawings, he

never accepted the fact that he had helped create the images of the powerful leather-clad/rebel Top and his obedient, also leather-wearing boy. In fact, he says the leather imagery was developed in America, and *he* took it from *here*. He also told his biographer that he never met such men as were in his drawings anywhere until he visited America. The men in most of his drawings were purely imaginary, dressed in costumes he had already learned to see as sexual... then, he met Durk Dehner and visited Los Angeles, San Francisco, and New York. Tom’s two or three models in Europe were no longer visual rarities, they were citizens of a massively populated world of beautiful men (and, not surprisingly, Tom drew many actual portraits after he began visiting America).

By then, the emergence of proud gay men was a fact of life in most of the world, and Tom of Finland was a demigod, exalted and lionized wherever he went. Perhaps, by the time Tom gave up his day job to be a full-time erotic artist in 1973, his life had ceased to be the perfect perch from which to watch the world deal with the developments of the century, particularly the evolution of the modern gay leatherman. Tom was above the fray, a living legend, but also still creating new art. Even when age and illness made his hand too shaky to draw smooth lines with ink, he continued, changing to more forgiving mediums, like pastels.

Tom of Finland: his life and times is full of interesting anecdotes and strange stories. It is full to bursting with history summed up in the life of a heroic gay leatherman. It is panoramic, almost a movie script just waiting to be discovered by Hollywood (where is David Lean when you need him?).

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irresistible about this book is the special and central point of view Tom had. If it also tells us the life story of a never-to-be-forgotten artist (and it does), so much the better.

Tom of Finland: his life and times, by F. Valentine Hooven III, St. Martin's Press, New York, 1993, 208 pages, 95 photos and illustrations, \$24.95 in hard cover.



Everybody Else Come After

If Hooven's biography of Tom distills the forces of our becoming, *Different Loving* is a sort of portrait of what we have become. While the book is not specifically about gay leathermen, it (more or less) acknowledges how the broader world of power-based sexual action in its modern forms developed from the seeds planted by the male leather community (or even how this new, pansexual reality has sprung directly from the roots of gay leathersex).

Different Loving is not completely outside the traditions of the dry, textbook-heavy, sexological tomes of Kinsey and Krafft-Ebing. Nor is it really a participant in the celebratory view of leathersex presented by Larry Townsend and Geoff Mains. It steers a new course, with ports of call in all styles and viewpoints. The book becomes both enjoyable and interestingly informative in the process of making up its own new forms, blending interview snippets with narrative,

brief quotations with extensive explanations, and cultural history with popular beliefs and personal opinions. The result is a serious, non-fiction form for the TV (even MTV) age.

Leathersex outsiders will surely be shocked by some of the matter of fact reports of sexual behavior. Heavy players and long-time leathermen may find themselves a little irritated at times, especially when the information in the book seems not to match your own experience or it fails to represent what *you* have been lead to believe. Nonetheless, this is a book to be celebrated and gladly received. Its authors and publishers are to be congratulated. Here is frank discussion of everything from pain play to piss to piercing to power games... with all the things that don't start with the letter P equally well explored. And it's all in a handsome, well-researched, carefully written volume from a major publishing house—which probably means it will be in bookstores *everywhere*, including the malls of Ohio, Kansas, and Utah!

Even if you aren't the type to sit down and read a massive volume of non-fiction about radical sexuality, you'll want to own this book for the pages you do want to read now and then. In fact, I'd bet that over the years (or maybe just months) the most inveterate non-reader will actually at least scan the whole book.

Different Loving, by Gloria G. Brame, William D. Brame, and Jon Jacobs, Villard Books (Random House), New York, 1993, 541 pages, \$25.00 in hard cover

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So You Want To Be a slave?

By Jack Rinella

You've got the idea that you want a long-term, full-time relationship with a dominant person. You've figured out that you're happiest having someone in control of your life. You think you want to serve, to obey, to please, and yes, even worship the man of your dreams.

Added to that, you think you may have found him. You want to be his slave. Go for it and good luck. You're dreaming about a lot more than you think.

There are numerous ways to define a Master/slave relationship. It's pretty clear that I define it with a higher level of intensity, commitment, and trust than do most people, but I don't think that my definition is any worse than anyone else's. On the other hand, the "right definition" is the one that's right for the two in the relationship.

Having the relationship you seek is no easy matter. Before you begin, remember that developing it will take time. Finding the "right" partner seems to take forever, but once over that hurdle, the process has only just begun.

Even the best trained, most experienced slaves need to learn the unique demands that every Master has for his slaves. And if you are new at this, the list of things to learn can seem endless. If you are already well-trained, you know that every Master wants you his way and you've got to adjust to it. What this Master wants is always going to be different than what the last one wanted.

Becoming the slave you want to be takes a willingness to change. That may seem easy enough, but what we forget is that the changes might not be the kind we want to embrace. As an example, your new Master may want you to work out every other day to build a muscular frame on your cute, young body. That command may demand you eat breakfast, drink less alcohol, and be asleep an hour earlier than usual. Can you handle it?

Slavery conjures up all sorts of thoughts about erotic activities, sexual adventures, and multiple orgasms. We think that it's all bondage, discipline, sucking, fucking, and body worship. But in reality, it's not. Most of a slave's time is spent doing mundane chores such as cleaning and laundry. You'll

be surprised at how much time a slave spends simply waiting for his Master. Can you wait?

Can you stand the training itself? Are you willing to learn? The first half hour with your new Master most likely will be a torrent of instructions. He'll have preferred ways



for you to address him, to stand in front of him, places for you to caress him, rules about touching yourself, asking permission, clothing or the lack of it, etc.

It's all very exciting at first. But can you last more than a night? More than a week? A month? Will you still want to be his slave three months from now? The thrill of it all will wear away. If it's a game to you, the game will become very boring. You'll find that you've given him all your time and now you have none for yourself. You'll miss your friends, your apartment, your favorite bar, and putting on the music you like.

There will be times when you'll wish you could take off your slave collar just for a night. You'll want the guys in the bar to look at you as something other than his property, but they won't. You'll be seen as a slave and

so they'll assume you're off limits.

It sounds as if I'm down on the whole idea of ever realizing one's dream. I'm not. If slavery is what you seek, then go for it. Just go for it slowly.

You really can't do it any other way anyway. It takes time to develop the level of trust that submission requires. And I will be the first to tell you not to submit to a person you haven't learned to trust.

It will take time to learn his rules, tastes, and expectations. For instance, I expect my slave to sleep over at my place often, to bring me orange juice in the morning, and to accept that there are other slaves in my life. Orange juice is an easy issue, but can you share your Master?

It will be a matter of "getting to know you." Your new Master will want to know what you're thinking, how you're feeling, what turns you on and what turns you off. He'll expect you to be honest and open. He'll want to get into your head, to understand your expectations, your limits, your history.

A while ago, I answered a classified ad from a guy who wanted a permanent Master. When we talked on the phone he pleaded with me to give him a chance. I did. We met and I began my usual routine of ordering him around. It took less than fifteen minutes for him to say, "I'm sorry. This isn't for me." He was dressed and out the door within three minutes, muttering his apologies. He had driven an hour for 18 minutes of experience.

I'm sorry to say he thinks he failed.

But he didn't. In fact, he learned. He may not have liked what he learned, but he learned all the same.

And of course learning is what relationships are all about. You're going to have to learn to please that new Master of yours. That can be a challenge. Don't worry, doing so will make you his "best boy."

Best boys are a true delight.

In the hope of propelling a few of you into that fine class of service, I'm going to give out some advice. Concrete descriptions and exact rules depend upon the will of the Master. So clear my suggestions with him. After all, you can only be best when he names you so.

It's my experience that all Masters look for many of the same qualities. Yes, they differ on specifics and each of us has a special something that we're after, such as a hairy or a smooth body, high pain tolerance, or anal receptivity. The following "Jack's Rules for Slaves," are general enough to apply and will most likely help to make you "best boy", at least in my bedroom.

1 KNOW WHO'S MASTER AND who's slave.

The two most common complaints are that there aren't enough Tops and there are too many pushy bottoms. I think that that's because most people never know the implications and the real limits of their fantasies.

I've been searching the classifieds for years, looking for the perfect slave material. At this writing the vacancy is still open. Why? Because most of the classifieds are placed by men who dream and don't want to wake up to live their fantasies. I tell the classic story of a "slave from Memphis who wanted me to drive ten hours, pick him up on some street corner, and take him back home with me forever.

His plan was that his life would then be lived chained in my basement. He would never leave the house, nor even his "cell". He would be lost to his wife (to whom he was still married) and his children (who still depended upon him for support). I, as his Master, would feed him, pay rent, and provide heat and light as necessary.

In effect I would be his slave, bringing home a weekly paycheck in order to support him in the style to which he wanted to become accustomed.

I recently had a slave-applicant tell me how to fuck him! Who is giving orders to whom?

So you want to be a slave? Or is it really that you want to be a bottom with appearance of slavery in your life? I'm a firm believer that every man ought to live his fantasies, but if you can't accept the reality of slavery, of complete domination by your Master, then admit that slavery isn't the best name for your fantasy relationship.

If, on the other hand, you desire the completeness that slavery can offer, read on, and obey your Master without question or hesitation.

2 SAY "SIR."

A substantial part of any human relationship entails speech. So use the desired title frequently and respectfully. Your Master may prefer Master, Lord, Sir, Mister, or even his first name. What you call him depends on his instructions. What you say is important, how you say it is essential.

The tone of your voice is a projection of your inner feelings. Your respect, deference, and attitude help set up a special energetic relationship between the two of you. As you honor and glorify your Master, your slavery becomes more real, his Mastery more complete. It is in this "completion" that your mutual and deepest feelings grow.

From them arises the power, the ecstasy, and the bonding of the Master/slave exchange that you are seeking. If you just "play" at it, your physical, emotional, and psychic rewards will remain superficial. The deep and meaningful realities we seek only come

with attitudes of similar depth.

3 BE ZEALOUS TO PLEASE.

To give pleasure is the only reason for a slave to be in the Master's presence. How you give pleasure will be defined by your Master's instructions. How well you give pleasure will be determined by your attitude.

A slave pleases by obedience, conformance to expectations, and by his approach to his Master. Once a slave knows to do something, he should do it without having to be told. Anticipate, within the Master's guidelines, his wishes and do your best to do them well.

It's hard of course, for a slave to keep himself at a heightened level of service all of the time. We all get tired, bored, and frustrated. We want to take a break. Certainly there's nothing wrong with that, and breaks are necessary.

But even in the "easy times", a slave should maintain the preference, the deference for his Master. Always see yourself within the circle of energy created between the complimentary persons you are becoming.

4 SURRENDER YOURSELF AS A GIFT.

What we're exploring, experiencing here if you will, is the creation of a Master/slave polarity that can elicit incredible mental states, intense physical sensations, and strong bonding. Your willingness to surrender and your commitment to your Master's pleasure are needed to bring "success" to your relationship. At stake is the co-sensation of a unique synergy.

While the Master "creates" the slave, the slave simultaneously creates the Master. After all, how can anyone be dominant unless someone submits? Together you will be more than the two of you ever wished.

5 OPEN YOURSELF AND BECOME VULNERABLE TO YOUR MASTER'S WILL.

That of course is easier said than done. Our natural reaction is to hide and protect ourselves at all times, to compete with everyone else, and to assert our own wills. In this, slavery is a status quo. It doesn't gain the usual benefits. Happily, other, more sublime victories, are to be had by submitting.

It is difficult to drop the defenses, the desires, the ego-tripping facade that we use to face the world each day. But the true slave finds solace in the Master's will. Frankly, for the real slave in the right relationship, this is an incredible release, the experience of which is an immense reservoir of peace and calm.

Best boys learn to enter this state.

6 RELAX AND ACCEPT YOUR CONDITION.

This is the art of letting go. Is the whip hurting too much? Take it. Are you jealous that your Master is paying attention to someone else? So what, are you bothered by his demands? Let go.

Embrace your slavery as your chosen condition. Does it hurt? Feel it, surrender to it, let it move you. Does it give you pleasure? Enjoy it, accept it, let it take you.

There is one important qualification here: if you feel the experience is dangerous to your health, let your Master know immediately. Best boys need to be kept in the best physical condition. Accept pain, but do not accept injury. There is a difference!

7 STUDY.

Learn what turns your Master on. Work to improve your technique, whether it be folding laundry or sucking his cock. Find out how he likes you to act in public, in bed, at his feet. Fine tune your physical attention to his body. Learn how to give massages, how to make coffee the way he likes it, how to worship his body with every part of your being.

8 RESPOND.

Show reaction to your Master's attention. Some Master's like to hear their slaves cry, see them squirm, feel them having orgasms. Others prefer quiet surrender. Get to know what kind of responses most please your Master and do your best to deliver accordingly.

Some responses can be spontaneous. Others can be "planned". As it is feasible, there are a host of things you can do to show your submission. Invite him to dinner, bring flowers or a favorite food, go "beyond the call of duty" in housekeeping or gardening. Make him proud of you at all times.

9 LOVE YOUR MASTER.

I've saved the most important for last. Love will come naturally if it is to come at all. I'm not talking about being in love, I mean rather the decision you make to prefer your Master, to see him as the center of your devotion and attention. Focus on your Master as your partner in this unique creation.

Let your Master be responsible for directing and maintaining the relationship. For your part, take responsibility to serve him well. Make yourself a gift to your Master and you will reap the rewards of being best.

Have a good month.

JACK

THE DISCIPLINING OF MONROE

PART 2

by Cain Berlinger,
illustration by Burton Clarke

"Brett?" John wasn't sure that this was his son, all grown up into a handsome guy with a bike; and from the looks of it, money to burn.

"Yeah Dad, it's me, Brett. Can I come in?" John moved aside as Brett entered the house. Suddenly old memories and smells emerged from Brett's storehouse of memories. Had he expected that he and his father would embrace in a moment of revelation and regret and possible forgiveness?

"Ya want a beer? Come on in and have a seat." Brett accepted the beer and took a seat on the couch in the living room. Last time he had been in this room, he had left his father writhing on the floor clutching his balls.

"So, how have you been? How's ma?" Brett took a swallow from his beer and felt oddly uncomfortable in this cramped house in which he had grown up. John sat back in the aged wingback chair and silently studied the young man who sat across from him. Brett had grown all right, handsome and tall but still that innocent fear practically dripped off him. Whatever had happened to him in his new life had done nothing to take the child-like temperament away. He was still as frightened and as insecure as when he had left.

"You got some nerve coming back here. All this time without a word from you as to whether you were dead or alive. Your mother never recovered. She left me six months to the day of when you left. I hear she's in California with her sister."

John sat back in the chair, his crotch was already bulging. In the past, that bulge had stirred feelings of dread in young Brett, now it only excited him.

"You know why I left. I couldn't take it anymore. Mom knew what you were doing and she allowed it." Brett stood up

and walked over to the window. A few of the neighbors' kids were standing around his bike, admiringly.

"I seen your picture in the magazines, and your television commercial ain't half bad. But despite what we had together, after all this time, you're still a boy! You seem to have forgotten all I did to instill values and love in you." John sat back against the chair, rubbing his hand over his hard cock. Brett looked at his father and couldn't believe that only five minutes ago he had seen this evil, pathetic old man as handsome and fearful.

"You didn't do shit for me, old man. All you ever did was rape me and beat me and Mom. Thank God we both got away from you." Brett slammed his beer on the table wishing he hadn't come. But there were some things from his room that he wanted, sentimental things from his youth.

Despite his feelings, he wanted something of his mother to remember. He stormed past his father, involuntarily pushing the startled man aside as he attempted to block Brett's passage. Brett bounded up the stairs, two at a time. As he entered his room he was momentarily stunned at how memories flooded his mind in an instant. He felt like a little boy again. John's rage propelled him after his son.

"Oh, yeah. Its gonna be like old times!" John sneered as he trailed after his son.

"Oh yeah, big hot shot now. You're

like all them that make it. Suddenly the food you ate and the roof I provided ain't good enough for you. You think I didn't know where you were. I know you're shackled up with that faggot photographer in the city. Tell me something. Is he fucking you like I used to do?!" John screamed after his son as Brett searched through the closet for his little suitcase with which to fill up with memorabilia. Suddenly, it didn't seem as important as getting away from his dad, and this house.

"You tell me that what I did to you wasn't for your own good? I loved you,



boy. Why do you think I let you stay with that old faggot, even after I found out where you were? You think I couldn't have called the police? I let you stay in the city cause I knew the guy had money and it was the best I could do for you."

John rushed to Brett and pinned him against the wooden closet door. Pressing his body against Brett as the young man struggled to get free.

"How long have you known?" He couldn't believe that his father actually believed that habitually raping him had been good for his character. He smelled

the old familiar odor of beer and cigars on John's breath. Once again he was the frightened little thirteen year old being raped by his dad.

"I found out right after your first ad. I traced you through the agency. I didn't want to hurt you. You always had a way of provoking me, making me mad. I knew if I brought you back you'd only run away again. But I missed you, son. Whether you admit it or not, we were close. We had something real special."

John balled his fist, the well-aimed punch to Brett's gut knocked the wind out of him and he collapsed to the floor. His suitcase of memories tumbled out of his hand and the contents spread out at his feet. Within seconds John was on top of Brett tearing at his jeans until they were down around Brett's thighs. His beautiful rump lay exposed and vulnerable to attack. Brett struggled against his father, vainly trying to free himself from his attacker. After all this time Brett felt no stronger against his father than when he was a teenager, although he admitted to himself that the encounter now excited him more than when he was younger. His father had become stronger and it was impossible to move the big man. He shuddered in fear and anticipation as he felt the spittle-covered fingers of his Dad pressing inside his asshole.

After all this time nothing had changed, nothing was any different. His father wanted his ass and, as always, he was helpless to stop him. The tears blinded him as his father pushed his oversized cock into Brett. It was as big and painful as it had always been. John gripped his son's ass and brutally plunged his cock as far into Brett as he could while punching him repeatedly across the back with the sides of his clenched fists. Brett sobbed uncontrollably as he covered his face with the sleeves of his leather jacket. No matter how hard he resisted, it just excited John even more. He would thrust his cock further into Brett's guts, grunting and shoving as he went. Brett's pain came over him in waves, all the games that he had played with Paul were pale imitations of the real thing. He rolled from side to side, his hips vainly trying to dislodge his father. John was too heavy and intent in his mission. John pressed his lips against his son's ear.

"And now that you're back here, you ain't never gonna leave here again. If I have to chain you up in your room, you ain't never going back. You'll just disappear out of their lives like you done me and your ma. Welcome home, Baby-boy!!" He thrust deeper into Brett to

bring home the message that he was serious.

Sudden fear gripped Brett as never before. He wasn't about to lose all that he had gained. It had been a mistake to come here. However, he had no intention of being trapped here again with this animal who was his father. Never again would he allow himself to be anyone's plaything. With a burst of energy he managed to push John off of him. John rolled away but was immediately back on top of Brett. Brett struggled to stand, but his jeans kept tripping him up. As his struggle against John intensified, they both rolled over the floor next to the night table. The metal and glass lamp slipped off the table and fell next to Brett. Brett's hand grasped the base of the lamp as John tried to force him once again onto his stomach. Tears blinded the ravaged youth and he could only think of freeing himself from this madman. How could he have ever thought that he had missed this kind of savagery? He felt himself losing the battle as John swept him onto his side. The lamp in his hand felt powerful, like a life raft. He closed his eyes and raised the lamp as high as he could and then forcefully he brought the lamp down against John's temple. With a muffled cry John fell back against the base of the bed, hitting his head once more. Blood poured down the side of his face, the color spread rapidly, obscuring the pained and surprised expression on his face as his head hit the floor.

Brett struggled to his feet and pulled his jeans up over his shaky legs. He dropped the lamp on the floor and stared at his father. He knelt down and put his head to his father's chest and listened intently for a heartbeat. There was none. Brett stood back in shock, amazed at what he had done. He backed out of the bedroom filled with panic. Turning, he ran down the stairway stumbling as he went. He jumped onto his bike gunning the engine as he went. He turned once to glance at his childhood home before zooming off down the street and away from that dreaded place forever. Soaked in perspiration he realized that it was the first encounter he had ever had with his father that had left him feeling truly dirty and empty inside.

The trial made the newspapers and tabloids in all its sordid detail. Paul tried to hire the best lawyer, in an attempt to protect his ward. Despite the circumstances, it took only a few hours to bring in a verdict. Although his lawyer had argued self defense, the prosecutor insisted that Brett had gone to his father's

house expecting such an encounter and had hoped that the outcome would be death to the man who had so brutally attacked him as a child. Pushing the revenge motive, the prosecutor went for "Murder-one." The jury had been sympathetic and found him guilty of involuntary manslaughter. The judge sentenced him to five years in The Academy, a maximum security detention center.

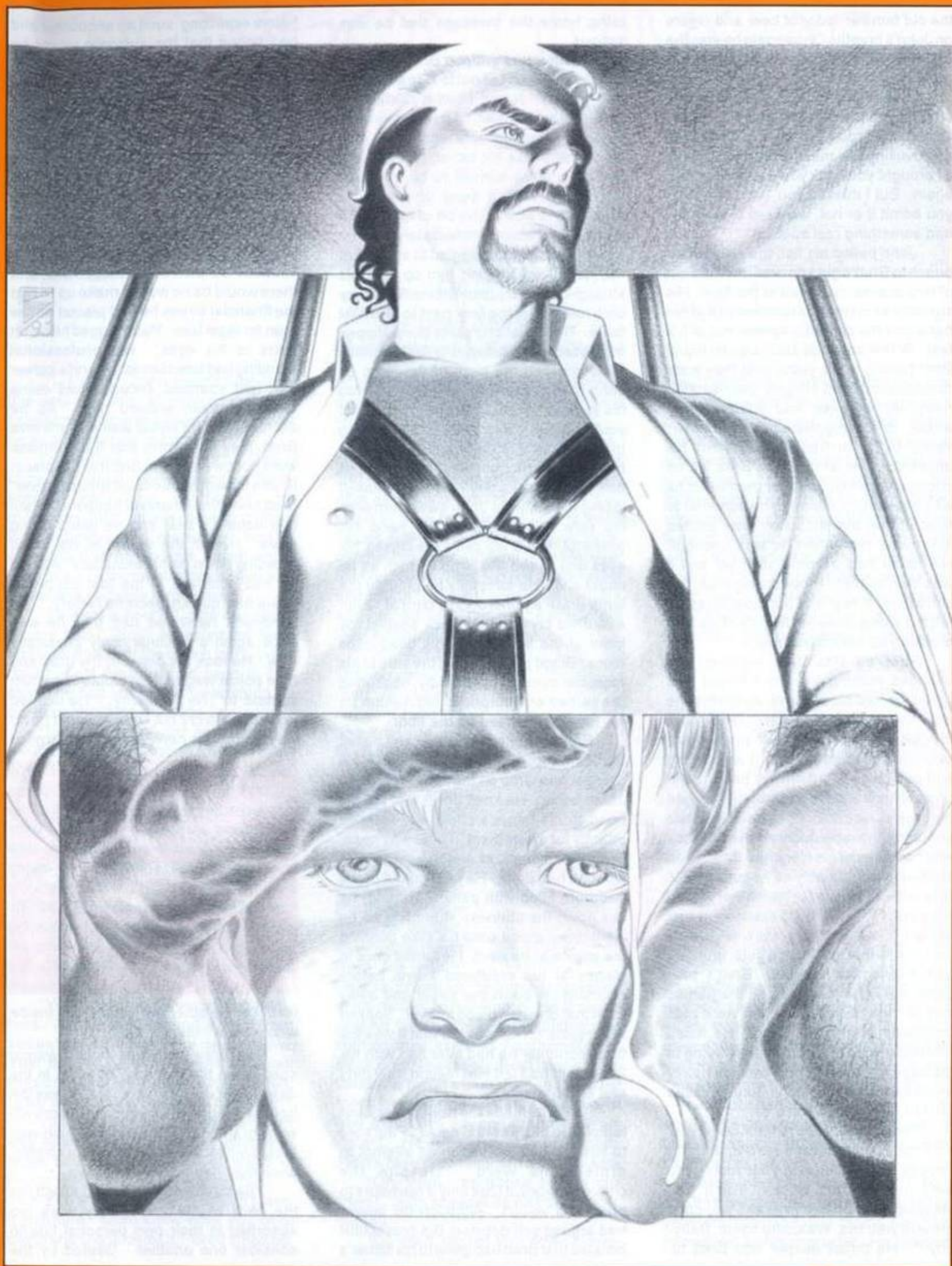
During the trial, Brett had been unable to look at Paul. He had unintentionally caused Paul pain and unhappiness, and there would be no way to make up to him the financial stress he had placed on the man for legal fees. Paul hugged him with tears in his eyes. His professional standing had been tarnished and a career that had spanned decades had come crashing down around him. As he declared that he would wait and still love Brett, they both knew that the promises were hollow ones and that this chapter in Brett's life would be closed to him forever. Brett knew that whatever happened, Paul had done his best and he could do no more. He felt the weight of the world pressing down on his shoulders. All that he had achieved in the last couple of years had quickly become history. The handcuffs reminded him that he was once again a prisoner, only physically now. He took his place in the gray and blue police wagon, that would carry him upstate to The Academy. He wanted very badly to cry but knew it would be no way to greet his new "friends". He smiled

**The tears
blinded him as his
father pushed his
oversized cock
into Brett.**

feebly at the other two young men inside who were waiting for him.

The gray and blue police wagon sped down the highway heading in the direction of upstate New York. It was the hottest day of the summer and the drivers were grateful that the midday rush was fairly swift for legendary New York traffic, once they had cleared midtown.

The three young men sat silently in the back of the van. They were too absorbed in their own personal fate to consider one another. Seated by the



door was Max Jackson, a tall, lanky, black man in his early twenties. He was making his return visit to The Academy. He thought of the circumstances that had led him here. The scorned lover that had betrayed him. Perhaps it was better that he would return to The Academy. He had been happy there once before. His thoughts turned to his memories of Dean Baker Kincaid, and wondered just how thrilled the Dean would be to see him again.

Billy Scott was a handsome, blonde redneck that had drunk one whiskey too many. In a violent rage he had smashed up a bar and had attempted to assault several people with a pocket knife, cutting up one guy pretty badly. He had only come to New York for a weekend vacation from Atlanta. His weekend had turned into two to five years. He didn't particularly like blacks, and he had little patience for queers. He was in for a long, unpleasant stay at The Academy.

Brett tried to ignore them both. He tried to pretend that they weren't even there, that even he wasn't there. This was all a terrible nightmare that he would awaken from at any moment. He concentrated on the turn of the wheels, stared out of the tiny windows, anything to take his mind off of his predicament. Inside, Brett was a bundle of nerves, his stomach knotted, even his palms were sweaty. He began to think about Paul and the sad realization that he would never see his mentor again. He missed his father, he hadn't meant to kill him but the situation had been so spontaneous. No one believed that he didn't go to the house looking for exactly what he got. There were moments when he thought that they might be right.

The van was hot and the three men felt sticky and uncomfortable. With their hands cuffed behind them, all three men shifted for maximum comfort as the cuff's bit into their wrists.

"I read about you in the paper..." Max spoke in a baritone voice that immediately got Brett's attention. He hadn't expected such well-modulated tones from what he assumed to be a street person.

"Yeah, well I guess I'm a celebrity. What did you do to be sent to the country club?" Brett's eyes quickly traveled the length of the black man's body. Max was lean and muscular, with a pronounced jaw and strong cheek bones. With his classic good looks, he could easily have modeled for Paul.

"Stupid me... my ex-lov... er... uh... roommate let me borrow his car, changed

his mind and decided to accuse me of stealing the fuckin' thing. Naturally when they pulled me over I protested. Somehow during the scuffle I managed to slug one of the cops. The rest, as they say, is history. All things being what they are, I'm lucky to be alive."

Max turned his gaze to the window. He had seen Brett's magazine ads and television commercials but he didn't want to bring it up. The last thing the kid needed was a reminder of old glory days. It was going to be tough enough for him in The Academy. He hoped he would get to room with Brett, he felt he needed to know him better.

"Yeah sure, that's what they all say." Billy tossed his shaggy blonde hair away from his face as he snorted out his comment.

"Hey, what do you mean by that?" Max immediately bristled; he had been waiting for something to come out of the cracker.

"I just mean that you boys are always claiming that it was a fix. Why don't you just admit you did it and take your medicine like a man. Ain't no NAACP gonna help your butt in The Academy." Max leaped up and crossed over Brett throwing his body on top of Billy, trying to head butt him. Billy tried to shield himself as they rolled onto the floor of the van.

"Hey you guys, knock it off back there or we'll come back there and rip your guts out." The door that separated the front and back of the van opened and the guard shouted through the small opening.

"I ain't shitin' you either. Now settle down." The door slammed shut and Billy and Max struggled to return to their seats.

"I knew you were scum when I first saw you. Don't travel alone in The Academy. I got buddies there that'll just love to re-educate you...boy." Billy spit contemptuously at Max's feet. With a flippant shrug he leaned back against the wall of the van. Brett had never seen such overt racism. He immediately decided that he should be friends with Max.

The ride continued on uneventfully; it was too hot to fight. The three boys rode on in silence. They shifted uncomfortably in the small confines of the van as the space continued to heat up. Up front the two guards shared a beer and loosened their uniforms.

"We got a live act today, Sam." The darker of the two took a swallow of his beer and wiped his sleeve across his mouth. The heat was oppressive, his balls itched and he could feel the trickle

of sweat in the folds of his belly.

"Damn Bobby, you gotten horny all of a sudden? That's our last beer you know. If the Dean smells beer on us when we arrive, it's our ass." Sam tossed the last of the cans out of the window and pumped the brake. There was no need to rush to The Academy. Driving in this heat was preferable to doing duty in The Academy.

"There's a lake nearby, let's say we stop there and cool off a bit?"

They drove on in silence for a while until Sam turned off the highway onto a country dirt road and brought the truck to a halt near the top of an old country hill. The lake was just a little further down the path. Sam and Bobby climbed out of the van and removed all but their slacks, footwear and utility belts. Tossing their discarded uniforms onto the front seat they lit cigarettes and sauntered off toward the lake.



"You know, we shouldn't oughta leave them three kids up there with the doors closed, after all, it is kind of hot."

Bobby stooped down and picked up a hand full of pebbles and began throwing them one by one into the lake.

"Well, if your such a humanitarian, why don't you go and open the door for 'em. Give 'em some water while you're at it." Sam took a drag off his cigarette and glanced contemptuously at the van.

"On the other hand, it'll give them good training preparation for their life at The Academy. Hell, if this is the most discomfort they experience for the next few years, they doin' real good." Sam tossed his cigarette into the lake and sat down under the shade of an old elm. He watched his partner tossing the stones into the lake. Bobby was a sweet kid, just a little soft. Sam knew he would harden after a few months while working at The Academy. Bobby was new at the job and didn't know the criminal element like Sam did. Bobby was just too damn

sensitive for this job. However, Bobby is young and decidedly impressionable. Sam decided that with a little encouragement, Bobby would come around. One day Sam asked him how the hell he wound up with a job like this. Bobby just shrugged and said something about being involved with the system or some such bullshit. Sam didn't swallow it but he didn't pursue it further. Secretly, he suspected it was Bobby's way of getting close to some of the rough trade that passed through the hallowed halls of The Academy.

Sweat gleamed across the chests of both men as the sun glared down on them relentlessly. The wind off the lake made very little difference.

"I'm gonna let them out," Bobby threw down his handful of stones and walked in the direction of the van. Sam got up and walked back with his buddy. He checked his gun in its holster. Prisoners in transit very rarely ever tried to break, but you could never be too careful.

"Ya know, one of them is a celebrity actor or something. I hear he iced his old man." Bobby read all the papers and kept up on all the criminal news, especially when the culprit might be coming to The Academy.

"Yeah well, he's a real pretty boy. They gonna love him at The Academy, especially Dean Kincaid." They nodded knowingly at one another because they were both aware of the rumors that circulated about the malevolent Dean of The Academy. They also knew of the rapes and homosexual sex that went on behind closed doors between men in captivity.

"Well, if I was so inclined I'd take that southern boy, Billy, he's got a real pretty mouth and a nice plump round butt." Bobby averted his eyes from Sam as he fumbled inside his pockets for the keys. He didn't want to appear too eager.

"You got a hard on for the redneck? I got an idea. Why don't we just check him out." Sam laughed and patted his partner on the back.

"You ain't shitin' me, are ya, Sam? I don't mean I'm queer or nothin' like that..." Bobby had always been real careful around his work buddies. The combination of the heat and beer must have loosened his tongue.

When they opened the van, the boys were almost faint from the heat. The rush of cool air mercifully revived them.

"File out scum, we took pity on your tired asses and decided to give ya your last whiff of freedom for a long time."

The three prisoners stumbled out of the van, squinting as their eyes adjusted to the glare of the sun.

Sam released Max and Brett from their handcuffs momentarily. In the time it took for them to get the circulation back in their wrists, Bobby handcuffed Max and Brett together so that they could walk side by side at the same even pace. He pointed toward the lake and pushed them in the direction of the cool water.

"And if you try any funny shit, I'll shoot to kill, don't think I won't" Sam waited beside Bobby, watching, as the two boys ran toward the lake. They were anxious to rub some cold water over their faces. When the two were out of sight, Bobby turned to Billy and grabbed the back of his head and pressed his mouth against his.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Billy spit at the guard and quickly stepped away from him.

"Your a mouthy little redneck, ain't you, boy? My buddy here fancies your ass, and your mouth too, I reckon. You don't give us any trouble and you'll be fine. This is nothing compared to what goes on in The Academy." Sam unfastened the handcuffs on Billy.

"Now I'm warning you boy, you try any shit like escaping or anything like that and your dead! Do I make myself clear, I mean perfectly?!" The frightened hillbilly nodded his head. Bobby grabbed the front of Billy's shirt and pulled the boy to him. Roughly he forced his tongue into Billy's mouth. Bobby squeezed Billy's balls in his hand and listened for Billy's cry of anguish. Billy placed his hand over Bobby's in an effort to lighten the man's relentless grip. His eyes brimmed with anger but he refused to plead for his freedom. Sam came up from behind grinding his crotch against Billy's ass. Bobby was sure the boy was about nineteen or twenty. Unfastening the belt to Billy's trousers, Bobby yanked them down hard and took a sharp intake of breath as Billy's round, tight ass trembled under the exposure. Sam rubbed his hard-on, eager to display his plump piece of meat. Billy's cock hung limply over his small hairy balls.

"Ohhh baby, baby. Look at this beautiful butt. Damn if I ain't gonna enjoy squeezing my dick between them cheeks." Sam laughed aloud and slapped the redneck's ass. Billy winced as the hard slaps left their mark. His fear of the two wayward cops made him break into a cold sweat. He had friends that had done time and they had warned him about prison life. He knew about the

rapes that went on behind bars and suddenly he was very afraid. He didn't know which he feared more, having his manhood stolen or having his ass torn painfully apart by brutish guards. He pulled his butt cheeks tightly together, which excited Sam even more. He laughed as he unzipped his fly and ten inches of thick, uncut cop dick sprang into view. Sam took his fist and brought it down hard across Billy's shoulder. As Billy dropped to his knees Sam grabbed a handful of the boy's thick hair and waved his cock in the terrified boy's face just before shoving it into his wide open mouth. Billy took a deep breath before he swallowed the guard's cock whole. He had sucked dick during his hustler days for money. Maybe if he sucked this guy off real good it would make them forget about his virgin asshole.

"Damn! Shit Bobby, you should feel this guy's mouth. He must be queer, no dude sucks dick like this without experience." Bobby took his place beside Sam and wrestled the thick piece away from Billy, then he grabbed the back of the boy's head and pushed his prick into Billy's mouth even as the kid sputtered and gagged. The velvet lips and warm mouth felt terrific on his cock.

"Maybe he's a fast learner. Is that it, boy? Are you a fast learner?" Sam slid his index finger in and out of his mouth. He squatted down behind Billy and took his well-lubricated digit and pushed it passed the smooth hairless little crack. He paused only a moment before roughly shoving his way into the boy's asshole. When he reached the middle knuckle on his finger, he rotated his finger around inside the tight hole. Billy squirmed and worked his interior muscles to push the finger out of his ass, but Sam was stronger and responded to the challenge by inserting a second finger.

"Lick those balls, boy, suck them balls real good. Open your ass up, it'll be easier that way." Sam cheered Billy on as the boy licked and sucked at Bobby's pendulous and hairy balls. Sam pushed Billy down onto his stomach while Bobby's cock slid out of his mouth. Billy wrapped his hands around Bobby's ankles as an anchor, while his body stretched out over the dirt road. Sam straddled the helpless hostage, pushing Billy's knees apart, sliding them over the rough ground. Billy pressed the side of his face against the ground as Sam slapped his cock back and forth across Billy's ass. Sam rubbed his cock up and down Billy's moist crack, brushing his cockhead against the pink pucker of Billy's asshole. Sam's face

was inches above Billy's ass as he spit into the boy's virgin butthole. Bobby watched as the spittle dripped slowly from Sam's mouth onto Billy's hole. Pulling the quivering cheeks apart, Sam positioned his cock inches away from the virgin butt, poised for entry. He eased his cock into the opening, watching as the rim stretched around his cock, squeezing it tightly. Billy screamed in pain as the thick, purple-veined prick pushed against his muscles, straining at his butthole.

"Aghhh...Noooooooo! Please don't! Stop it!" In his anguish, Billy let go of the guards' ankles and struggled to get away from the attack. Suddenly he heard the click of the revolver at his head.

"I warned you once, you little fuck. You give me a hard time and I'll blow your brains all over this field. Now you just rest that pretty ass cause I just got started. Bobby, you gonna like this one cause he is so tight. There's nothing like a little redneck butt to perk a fella up." Sam put his revolver away and shoved his cock viciously into the boy, his coarse pubic hairs rubbing against Billy's ass. His balls audibly slapping against the firm, fleshy buns as he invaded Billy. Billy sobbed hysterically as the guard continued to push his swollen member up to the hilt in the tender asshole, pumping and tearing as he went.

Down by the lake, Brett looked up toward the road when he heard Billy's anguished cry. He tried to pull Max along with him in the direction of the van. Max dug in his heels resisting Brett's pull on the cuffs that held them together.

"Never mind it, man. It ain't our business. We best stay put." Max looked out over the lake and tried to ignore Brett's puzzled expression.

"I can tell this is your first time. At The Academy you'll learn to keep to yourself. You don't see anything, and you hear nothing. It's advice to live by and I mean that literally." Max listened to the sounds of the lake and the trees. It could be a beautiful world. It was the people in it that spoiled it.

Sam continued to fuck Billy. He pressed his hands against Billy's back supporting himself as he plunged his entire lower body against Billy. He pulled the shaft of his prick out of Billy until just the head rested against the rim, then he plunged inside as savagely as he could. Billy crushed his mouth against the ground and suffocated on his screams as Sam continued to tear into his butt. His cheeks were sore where Sam held them apart in a fist tight grip. When Sam finally pulled his prick out of Billy, Bobby took

his place. Bobby pressed his cock slowly against the opening until it glided on its own inside Billy. The heat around Billy's asshole excited him as he used his fist to pound into Billy's back, so great was his passionate excitement. Sam yanked Billy's long blonde hair upward, forcing the boy's neck backward. He had removed his pants and now his thighs pulsed with tense muscle and gleamed with fresh sweat as he knelt before Billy. His cock swung back and forth in its semi-flaccid state as Sam guided his dirty prick towards the boy's mouth.

"Suck that dick, boy. This pretty head of hair ain't gonna help you at The Academy but it comes in handy now. You suck that dick like it's your last meal. Get your tongue around it. Stick it in my

"Lick those balls, boy, suck them balls real good."

pisshole, baby." Sam pulled his cock out of Billy's mouth and with a few quick strokes, he exploded his load over the boy's face. Then he shoved his dick back into the kid's mouth as he continued to shoot his load down Billy's throat. Billy gasped as the hot liquid spilled into his mouth and oozed over his lips and dripped down his chin. Bobby dug his feet into the ground as he slid upwards into Billy, he could feel the pull of the boy's spincter rim as he lifted his body up and over Billy. Only his pain, exhaustion and humiliation kept Billy from shedding any more anguished tears. His asshole was numb and the soreness carried through to his abdomen. Even the taste of the guard's cum burned in his mouth.

"Yeah, Yeah,...Goddamn it!" Bobby yanked his cock out of Billy and slapped his cock furiously against the boy's backside. His spunk squirted out over Billy's red and trembling ass cheeks. He rubbed his throbbing cock across the tortured butt. Holding his cock in his hands he held it steady and guided his pulsating cock once more into the boy's asshole. All resistance beaten down, the oppressive guard spent the last of his load into the whimpering Billy. Sweat

poured off all three of them as they lay exhausted on the ground.

Not much time passed before all three prisoners sat quietly in the van as it continued on to their destination. Spending time to refresh themselves by the lake, the guards had gathered the three boys together in the van with a silent warning. Max and Brett said nothing but carefully avoided making eye contact with Billy. Billy sat apart from them, hot tears rolled down his cheeks. Rage and anger boiled over inside him.

Dean Baker Kincaid swung his binoculars over the road leading to The Academy. Damn drivers were at least two hours late. With the heat the way it was, they might have stopped for a couple of beers. You just couldn't get good help these days. They thought he wasn't aware of all the laws of The Academy that they broke. He made it his business to know everything that went on inside and outside the Academy when it came to his employees and his boys. He put his binoculars down and returned to his desk. In his air-conditioned office he was comfortable in his conservative three piece suit. The suit fit loosely over his muscular frame. His ill-fitting suits were as much legend as he was. Baker had long, wavy, jet black hair with streaks of white in it that matched his goatee and mustache. He had inherited The Academy from his father who had built the institution in the late forties. The recession had turned it from a private institution to a ward of the State.

His father had been a strict taskmaster and believed in the strictest discipline for the slightest infraction. Behind his back they called Dean Kincaid "The Medusa" because of his curls and his stone like gaze that froze inmates and guards alike in their tracks. He didn't care about that as long as he received the respect and obedience due him. Underneath his suit he wore the metal studded harness that bound him across his chest and the leather thong that fastened securely around his cock and balls.

Every movement reminded him that he was wearing an item of extreme discipline. His identity tied in severely with this single item of leather restraint, it defined who he was and how he felt. It gave him supreme confidence and made him very much aware of who he was when he confronted the inmates and guards. It amused him to wear the harness to State dinners while entertaining the governor and the press; if only they knew.

He thumbed impatiently through the three folios on his desk that contained the histories of the new boys. Max Jackson, repeat offender. He rubbed his crotch as he thought about the muscular, black youth. He had been a hard case in the beginning but he eventually learned the hard way that Baker Kincaid had a severe case of meanness. Black or white, it didn't matter to Baker, but we all have our little fantasies. He and Max understood one another.

As he read the file on Billy Scott, a twenty-one year old loser, he read with peaked interest. It would be his first time at The Academy. The Academy would always welcome good looking boys. Baker hoped he wouldn't have to single Billy out for any discipline. If Billy boy stepped out of line just once Baker would know about it.

Finally, Brett Monroe, a real celebrity. From the first time Baker saw his picture in the paper, he had followed the trial with great interest. He got copies of every commercial and had even secured copies of the boy's modeling portfolio. He had prayed that Brett would end up here at The Academy. He lay Brett's portfolio down on his desk and opened to an 8X10 glossy of the boy. Baker leaned back in his chair and pinched his nipples under the cotton shirt. Brett's defense in court had made sense to him. An abusive father, an abused child who had grown above it. Baker put his hands behind his head and thought about the case. He knew very little about the whole thing. Curiously, he wondered just what it was that had finally pushed a son to murder his father.

That was the trouble with boys today, they didn't respect their fathers and they didn't respect authority. Joshua Kincaid had been a strict father. He was to later become a role model for many youthful offenders. He expected his son to become the example. Baker leaned back in his desk chair and stared at the portrait of his father that adorned his far office wall. The wall faced the window, because Joshua loved the wind and the sun. He worshipped the elements and raised his son to respect the whimsy and gifts of nature.

Baker recalled his freshman year in high school when he had returned late from basketball practice. Joshua had locked him out of the house for the night. Forcing Baker to snuggle up aside the house as torrential rains poured down across the military compound. Had he sought shelter he would have been punished for not being there when and if

Joshua had opened the door to admit him.

The hot sun had baked his skin a dark brown the day Joshua had tied his son up with rope, that crossed his body, and attached to pegs that had been driven into the ground to secure the boy as he baked under the hot sun. He couldn't remember what he had done that had brought on the punishment. All he knew was the humble gratitude he felt when Joshua came out every hour to rub suntan oil over his semi-naked body and let him sip water from the silver flask that his father always carried in his pocket.

It would have been easy to call his father cruel and unbending, yet a day never passed that Joshua did not caress his son and tell him how much he loved and adored his son and that whatever punishments he had been dealt were for the good of appearances and camp discipline and that he would not have been the excellent commander he was if he had shown preferential treatment to his only son.

The leather harness had been his father's as well as other assorted leather garb, which Baker wore whenever he wanted to feel close to his father. His mother had died tragically and Baker had only his father. They had only each other and their love to rely on. Joshua told him this repeatedly. And after every severe beating with the riding crop or the horsehair whip, Joshua would caress his son and convince him in the sincerity of his actions and the love that fueled it all.

When the Army jet crashed, taking Joshua away from him, he had been in his early twenties. He grew cold and distant and missed the firm hand of his father that had guided him since he was born. To carry on the tradition, he joined the military and every deed that he performed was for the memory of his father. But there was no lover, no wife or son to congratulate him or beat his flesh when he didn't pass drills. When he took over as Commander of The Academy, he saw boys like him who had lost the guidance and lacked the firm hand of a father in their life. Joshua wanted him to be their guidance, it was a task Baker took to with relish.

He held Brett Monroe's picture up to the light. The same piercing blue eyes and jet black hair. The bone structure could have made them twins. Brett was his father reincarnate. They could have been twins were it not for the age difference. Yet this boy obviously knew nothing about respecting his elders. He placed the photo back on the desk and

studied the eyes of the portrait.

"Yes Dad, I hear you. I know exactly what you want me to do." Baker tapped his fingers on the photograph, leaning back and closing his eyes he could see Joshua resplendent in harness and chaps. His thick cock, proud and heavy, as he waved the cane above his head. A fifty year old man's face slowly dissolved into the face of Brett Monroe.

Sam and Bobby turned the van onto the road that went directly to The Academy. The building looked like a cross between Southfork Ranch and West Point. The neatly manicured lawn and the main building sat back a mile from the road. The entire complex bordered securely by a sprawling, twelve foot high, brick fence topped off by rolls of barbed wire, with glass imbedded in the top of the wall. Guards sat passively in their gun towers, spread at various points across the estate. Beyond the gate was a 20 foot moat that went around the complex. The van rode over the dusty bridge toward the main gate.

Once their papers were quickly processed, Sam led the inmates over to registration. There, all their possessions became the property of the State.

"Welcome, lads, to The Academy, your home for the next..." The guard glanced at the clipboard, tallying up the stay of each prisoner.

"Let's just say for quite a while. Max, welcome home, we thought we'd be seeing you again. You know the procedure; help your buddies out. Strip and fold your clothes into this cage along with the rest of your shit. When you get out of the shower, your new clothes will be waiting for ya." The guard turned to talk to Sam as Max led the other two boys to the showers.

The water was warm and refreshing. Brett felt his aching muscles soaking up the relief of the hot water on his sticky and sweat covered body. He grabbed for the soap and lathered up his entire body. He rubbed the soap against his aching balls and tightly clenched butt. He rubbed his chest while his nipples became taut and erect, buried under a white foam of lather. He continued to perform self massage for himself. Becoming aroused, Brett remained totally unaware of the discretely hidden monitors.

end of part two

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

ON THE ROAD AGAIN...

Guy Baldwin is probably one of the most well-known titleholders in the Gay Leather Community today. He didn't get this reputation from standing back and being quiet! Along with prominent Leather/SM/Fetish writer Race Bannon, Guy will be conducting a book signing at **A Different Light Bookstore** on Castro Street in San Francisco. On Sunday, August 29TH, at 8 PM, all who are interested are invited to an evening of brief readings, questions and answers, as well as scribing their signatures to their latest publications. Mr. Baldwin's books, *"Ties That Bind: The SM/Leather/Fetish Erotic Style -- Issues, Commentaries and Advice"* as well as *"The Leather Contest Guide: A Handbook for Promoters, Contestants, Judges and Titleholders"* have recently been published with considerable popularity. Race Bannon's book, *"Learning The Ropes: A Basic Guide to Safe and Fun S/M Lovemaking"* came out last year and is considered a standard within many Leather/SM/Fetish circles. Leatherfolk, from novice to expert are encouraged to attend. This is an opportunity you will not want to miss!



POCONO WARRIORS CELEBRATE NEW LEADERSHIP

At NYC's Spike Bar on June 25TH, the Pocono Warriors elected new officers. This occurred as a kick-off for this club's annual Gay Pride Bar Night. The evening was a success with the proceeds going to Valinor Farms AIDS Hospice and the Pocono Warriors AIDS Fund. The new roster is as follows: **Pres.** - Fred Reichenbach; **VP** - Bob Bremercamp; **Tres.** - Mike Mosbacher; **Sec.** - John Gulick. A number of current "Mr. Drummers" were in attendance from New England, Connecticut and Long Island. Drummerboys came from Philadelphia and Long Island. If you want to get in contact with the Pocono Warriors, write them at **P.O. Box 1483, Woodbridge, NJ 07095.**



HOUSTON HOSTS LIVING IN LEATHER VIII

The eighth annual Living In

Leather Conference produced by the National Leather Association is set to take place in Houston, on **October 8-10, 1993** at the Sheraton Astrodome Hotel. Expect a full calendar of workshops, demonstrations, social events and a Leather Fetish Expo to titillate your every whim and fantasy! A multitude of topics within the Leather/SM/Fetish realm will be presented by some of the most respected leaders in their respective fields. The annual Mr. and Ms. NLA Contest will take place with some great entertainment as well as a few new surprises. There will be receptions, 12-step meetings, dungeon play parties and any thing else that will feed your Leather/SM hunger! Call the Sheraton Astrodome Hotel at **(713) 748-3221** or **(800) 325-3535** for rates and availability. The special "LIL VIII room packages" are going fast! Registration before September 1ST for members is \$105 and \$140 for non-members. After September 1ST, the rate increases to \$125/\$170 respectively. Contact: **NLA INTERNATIONAL, 584 Castro St. #444, San Francisco, CA 94114-2500** or call **(415) 863-2444.**

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Drummerboy:
SHANE McGANNON

Mr. Great Lakes Drummer:
J.D. LAUFMAN
Drummerboy:
MARCUS BIPPOLD

Mr. Northeast Drummer:
ROBERT GORDON
Drummerboy:
SPANKY

Mr. Northwest Drummer:
BARRY GAGLIARDI
Drummerboy:
CHRIS BECKER

Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer:
BART PLUMBLEY
Drummerboy:
RANDY BODLE

Mr. Northern California Drummer:
GRAYLIN THORNTON
Drummerboy:
PAUL "SPOT" GILEA

Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer:
DAVID SCHAUER
Drummerboy:
DANNY CLOUGHERTY

Mr. Southern California Drummer
Wolf's
2020 E. Artesia Blvd.
Long Beach, CA 90805
818-551-0031
John Hare
August 7, 1993

Mr. Gulf Coast Drummer:
KRIS RABONZA
*See below

Mr. Southeast Drummer:
BARRY BISHOP
Drummerboy:
OWEN GRISWOLD

Mr. Southwest Drummer:
BLADE
Drummerboy:
JAMES DANFORTH

Mr. Florida Drummer
The Stud, Fort Lauderdale
1000 W. State Rd. 84
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33315
305-525-7883(w)/305-523-8374(h)
Todd Fulton
August 14 & 15, 1993

* Correction: Last issue we listed the name of the 1st Runner-Up as Mr. Gulf Coast Drummer. This has now been corrected with our apologies.

Time is fast approaching the Mr. Drummer Finals on
September 23-25 in San Francisco. Call (415) 252-1195 to reserve your tickets NOW!

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L-R, Mr. Southeast Drummer 1993 Barry Bishop; Mike Feinstein, Sponser & Owner of The Atlanta Eagle; Owen Griswold, Southeast Drummerboy 1993



L-R, Terry Miller; *Kris Rabonza, Mr. Austin Drummer & Mr. GCD 1993; Dean Walradt, Mr. Texas Drummer 1993; J.D. Buchert, 1st Runner-Up for Mr. Leather Dallas; Kirk Lively, Mr. Brick 1993. Photo by Cary Glenn Birdwell



Mr. New England Drummer '93; John Paul McConnell



L-R, David Schauer, Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer 1993; Danny Clougherty, Mid-Atlantic Drummerboy 1993.



L-R: Mistress Syo, Ms. Leather Toronto; Paul Weeks-Bassett 1st Runner-Up; Sean Martin, Central Canada Drummer '93; Blaze, 2nd Runner-Up; and Jay Wagner, Drummerboy '93. Photo by Dan Bowers.



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LEATHER CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

1993

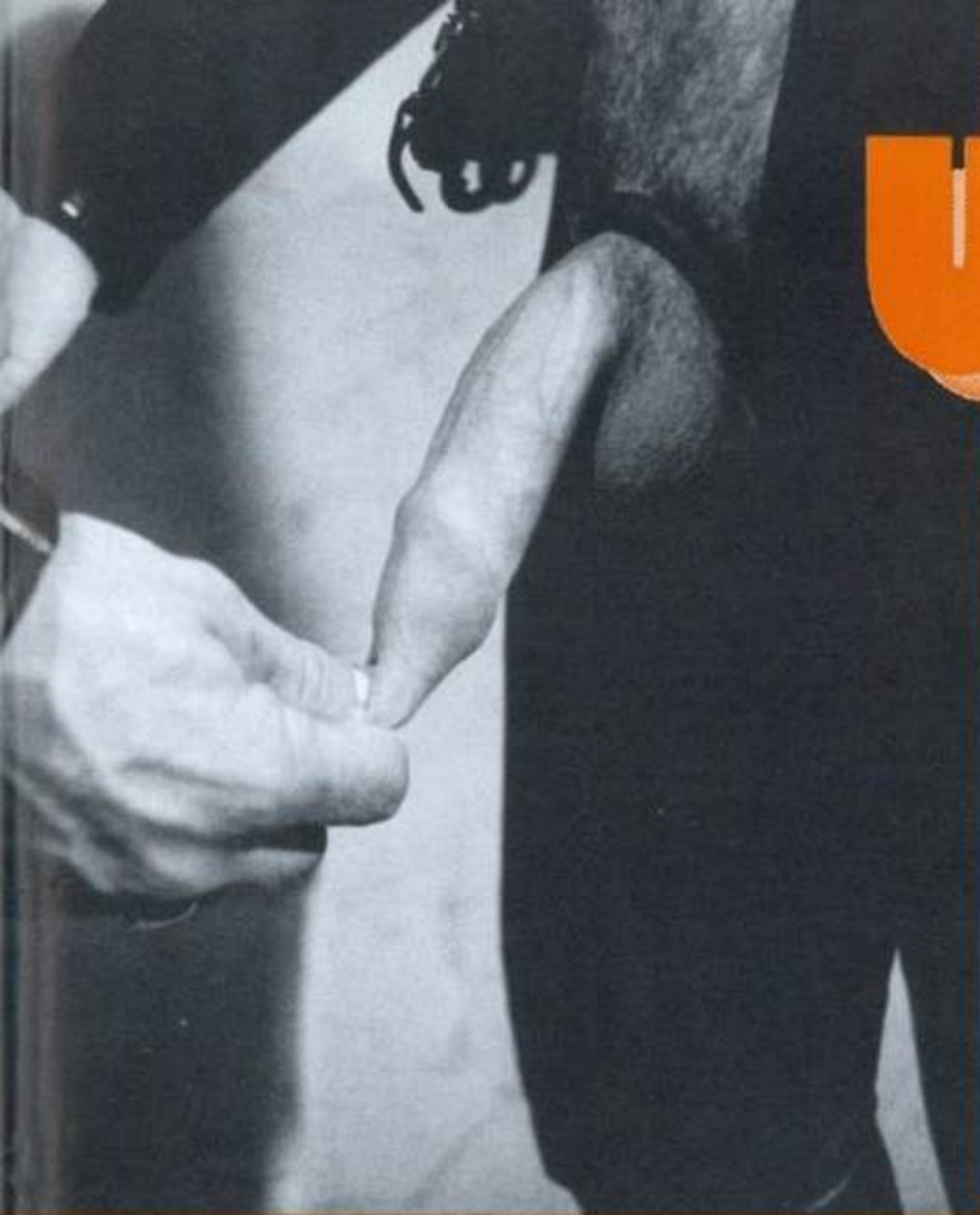
SEPTEMBER

- 2** Griff's Nite / LA, CA
- 3 - 6** All-American Bear Festival / Phoenix, AZ
Badger Flats Run / Satyrs MC / LA, CA
Lief Erikson 93 / Vikings MC / Boston, MA
Spearhead's Round-up 93 / Camp New Moon / Toronto, Ont
- 4** Blue Max MC Leather Sale / Outpost / St. Louis, MO
- 5** Calif. B&B Corps Beer Bust / Gauntlet II / LA, CA
- 6** LABOR DAY / USA & Canada
- 8** MAST's Master/slave Meet / Griff's / LA, CA
- 11** Inferno Nite / Hellfire Club / Chicago, IL
- 15** NLA Class / Griff's / LA, CA
- 17 - 19** "Bound By Serenity" Conference / L/SM Round-up / SF, CA
10TH Anniversary Run / Cowtown Leathermen / Fort Worth, TX
American Brotherhood Weekend / Quorum-Lost & Found / Washington DC
Griffin Flight 93 / Griffins MC / Newark, DE
- 18** Dungeon Party / 15 Association / SF, CA
VASM's SuperMarket Demo & Potluck / Dufferin Hotel / Vancouver, BC
- 19** RMMC Aspen Run & Beer Bust / DAD'S / Denver, CO
SML Brunch / Spag's / Seattle, WA
- 19 - 26** SF Leather Pride Week / SF, CA
- 22** Avatar / LASFAS / LA, CA
- 23 - 25** DRUMMER'S LEATHER FETISH EXPO / The Concourse / SF, CA
MR. DRUMMER FINALS / The Concourse / SF, CA
- 24** Water Boys Beer Bust / Wolfs / San Diego, CA
- 25** Blue Max Clubnight / Gabriels / St. Louis, MO
- 26** FOLSOM ST. FAIR / SF, CA

OCTOBER

- 2** Mr. Moon Contest / Outpost / St. Louis, MO
- 3** CASTRO STREET FAIR / SF, CA
- 8 - 10** 15TH Anniversary / Reading Railmen / Reading, PA
Living In Leather VII / National Leather Association / Houston, TX
- 8 - 11** Hot Air Ten / Motorcyclen of New Mexico / Albuquerque, NM
- 9** AUA LA Function / TBA / LA, CA
- 10** AUA Beer Bust / Griff's & Gauntlet II / LA, CA
- 11** City Biker's Beer Bust / Triangle / Denver, CO
- 15 - 17** 24TH Octoberfest / Vanguards MC / Philadelphia, PA
25TH Anniversary / Rocky Mountaineers MC / Denver, CO
- 22 - 24** P-Town Pilgrimage / Entre Nous / Boston, MA
- 31** HALLOWEEN
New Artist Contest Deadline / Tom of Finland Foundation / LA, CA

UNCUT



Photos By:
Stephen Sutton

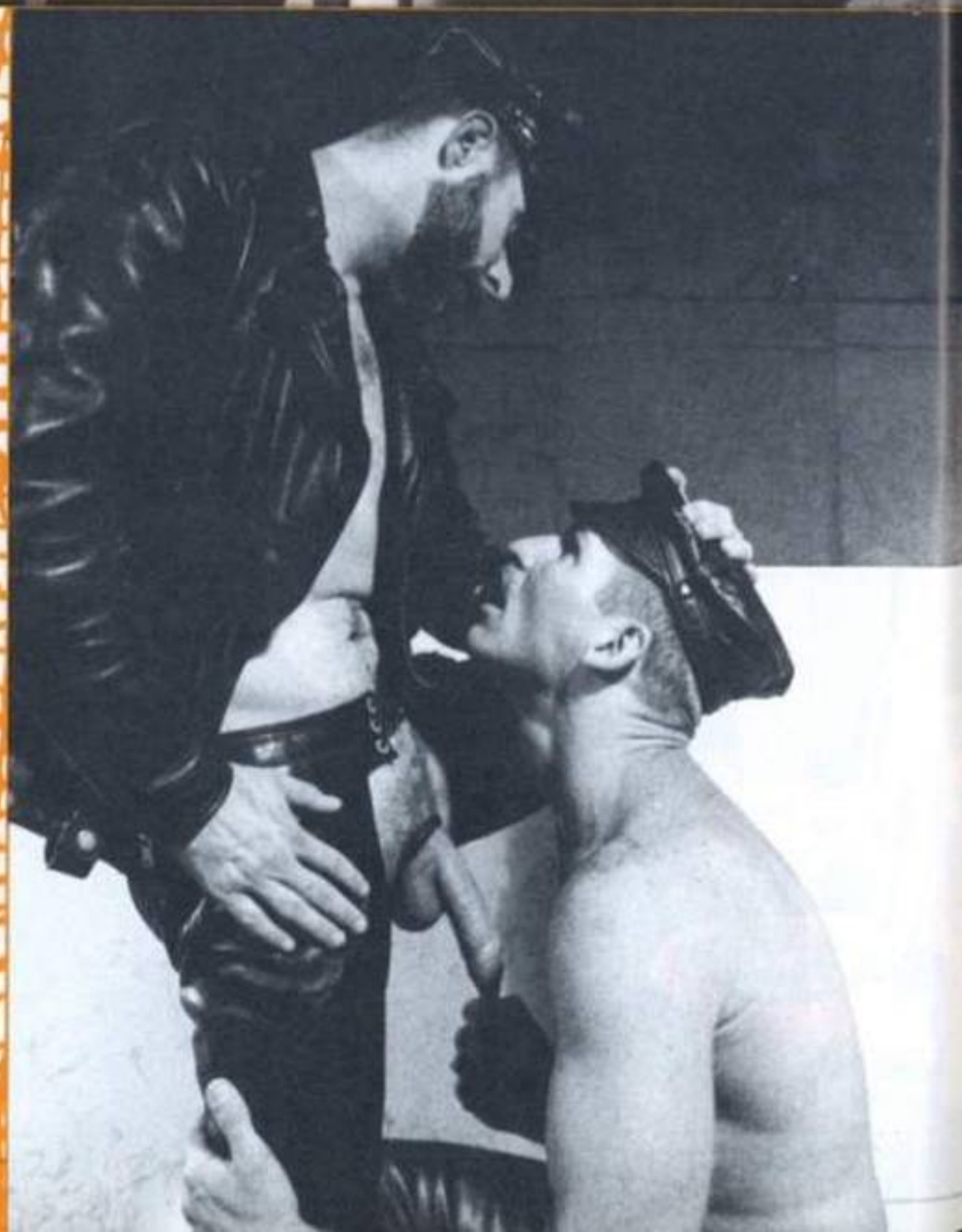
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San Francisco

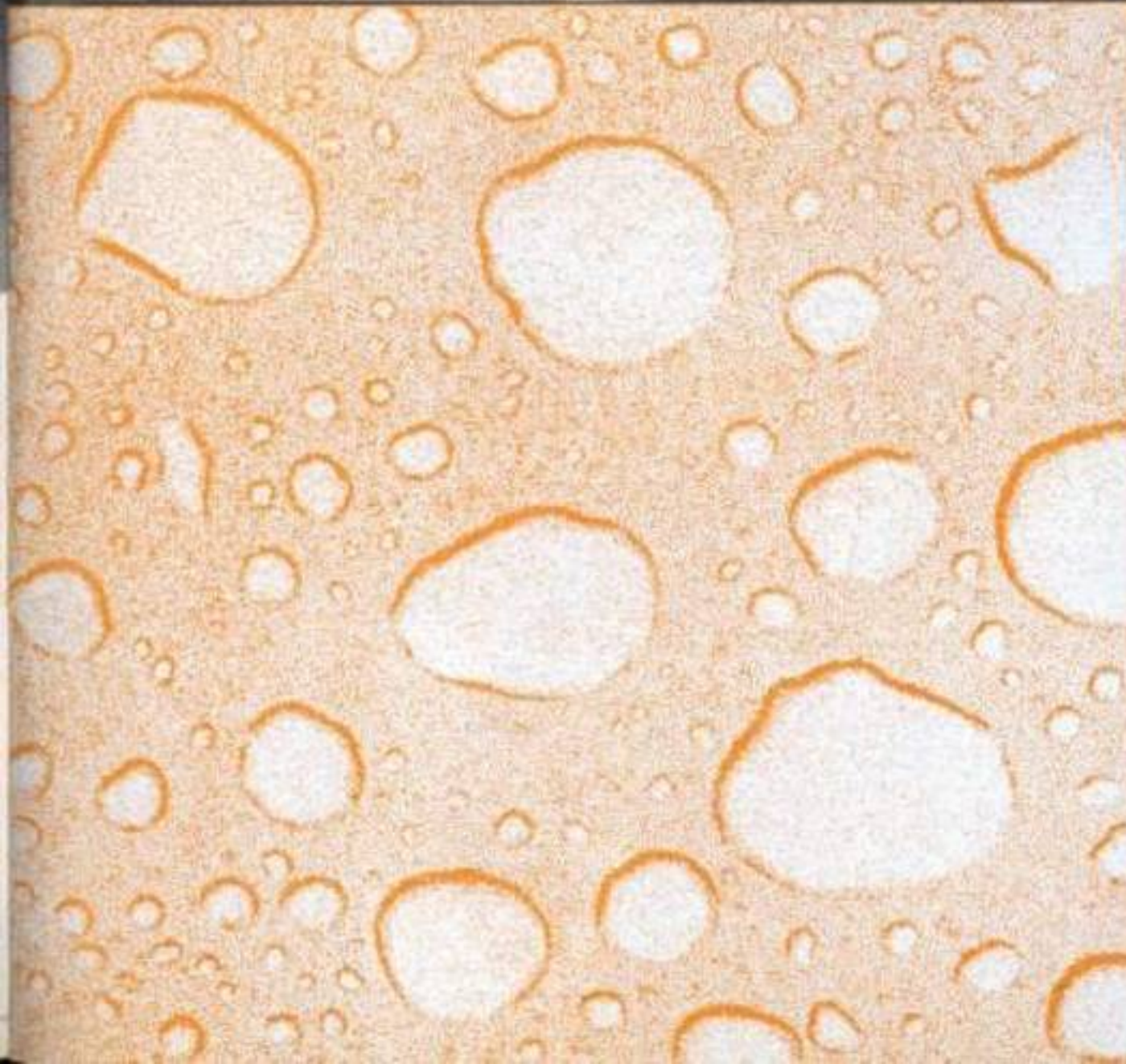
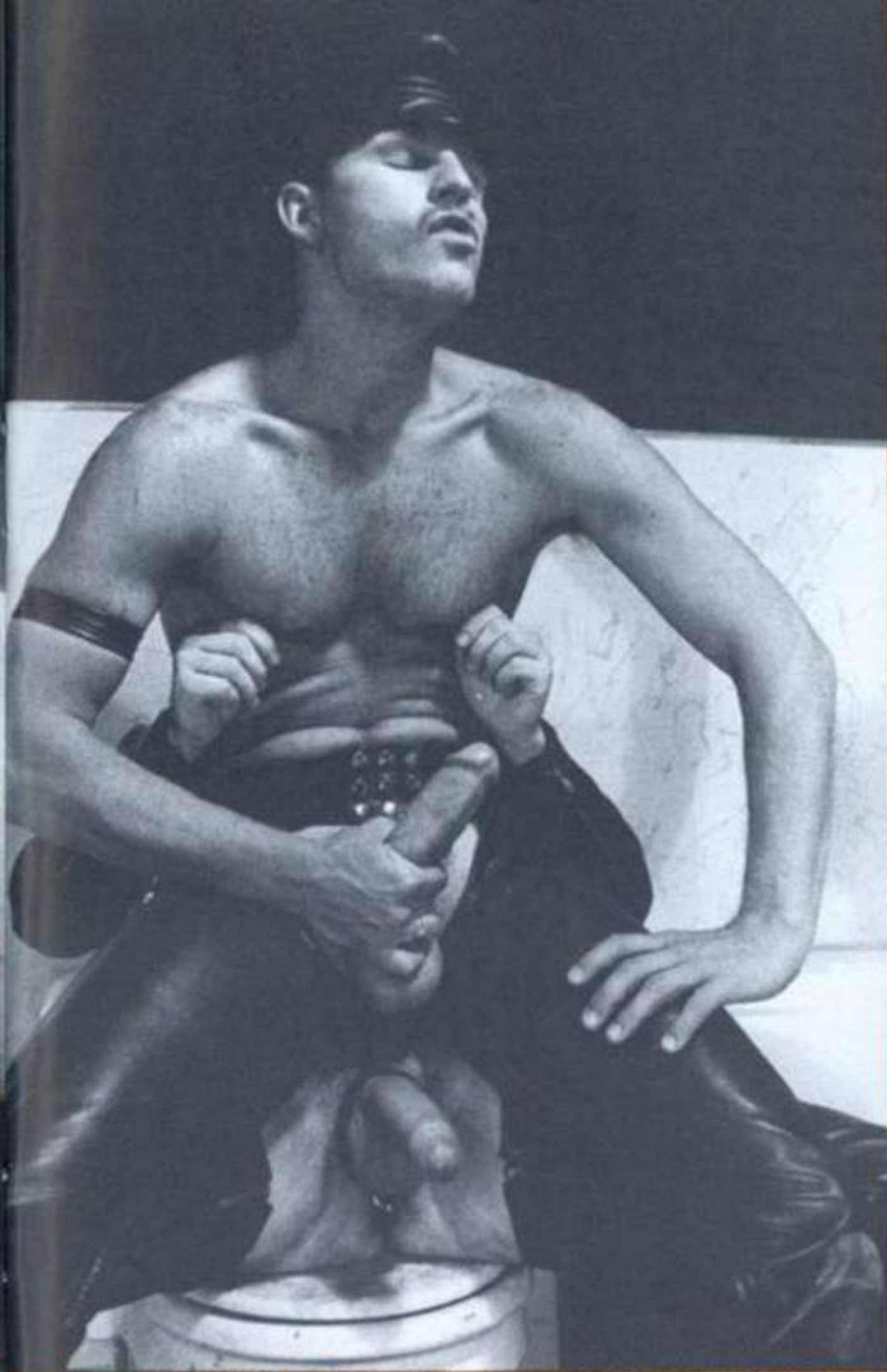


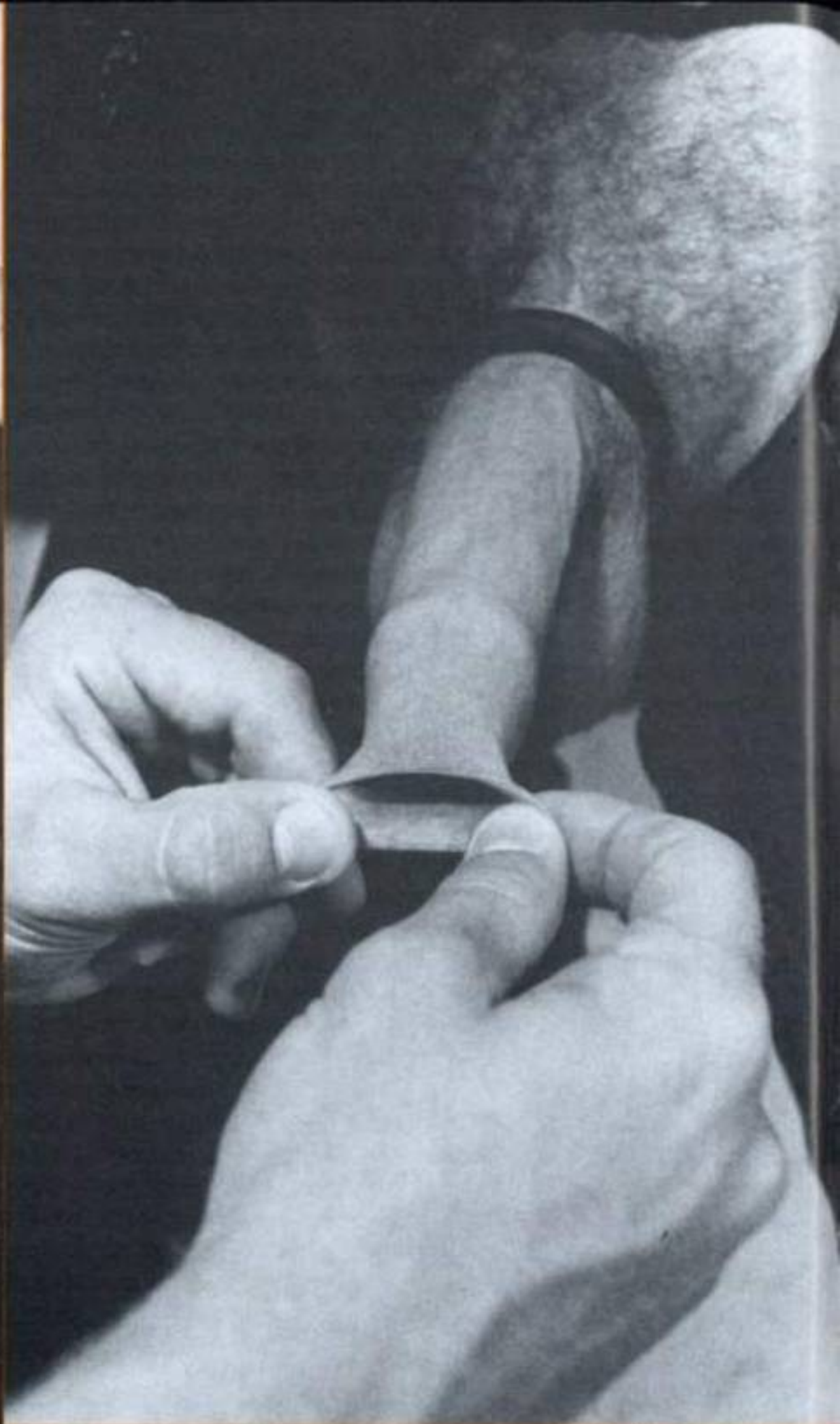


**What is it
about an
uncut cock?**

**That extra
strip of skin
as it slowly
recedes back
to reveal wet,
sensitive
flesh...**

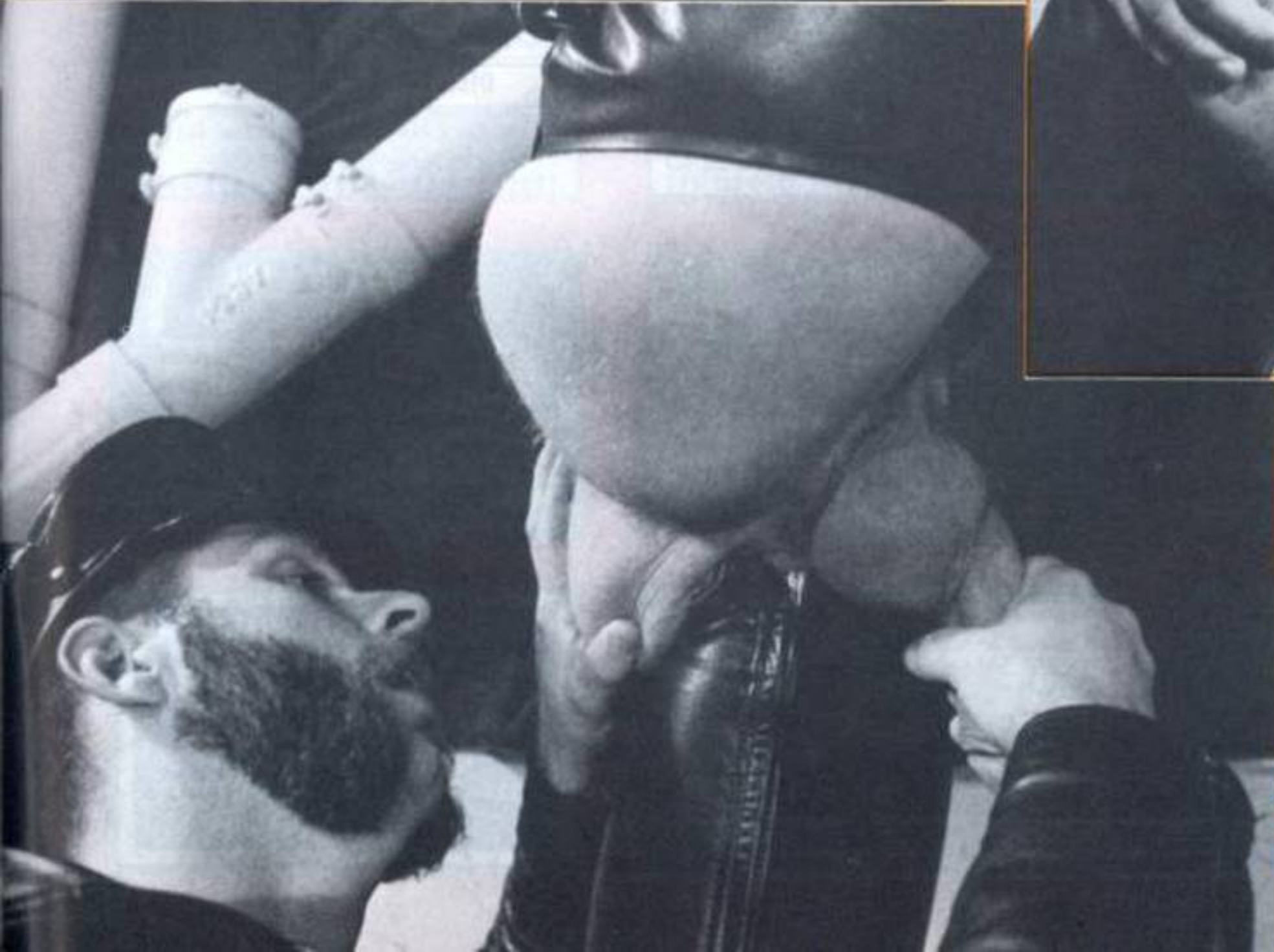
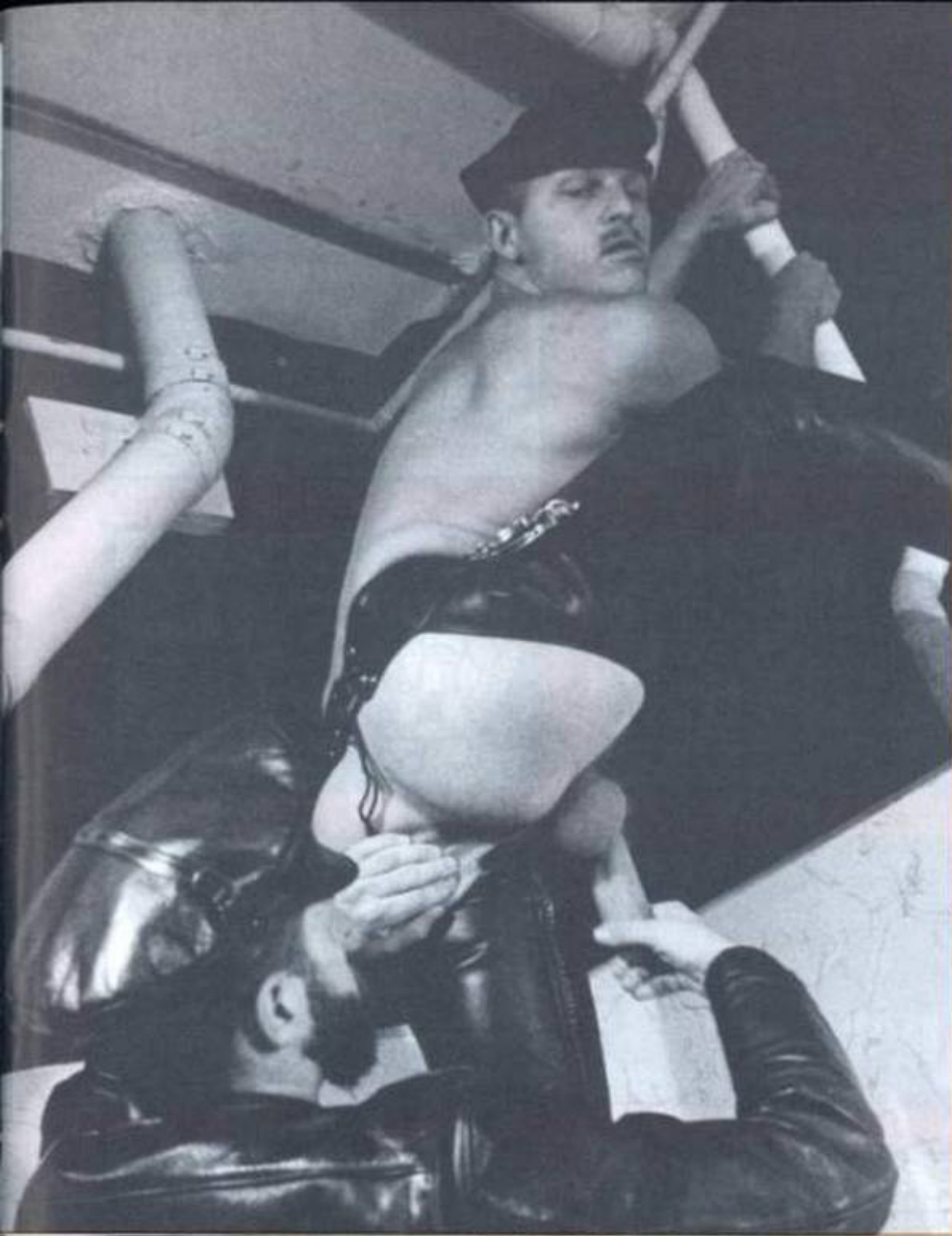






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Help us to alert *Drummer* readers and travelers to the right place to go and meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be, let us know about that, too.

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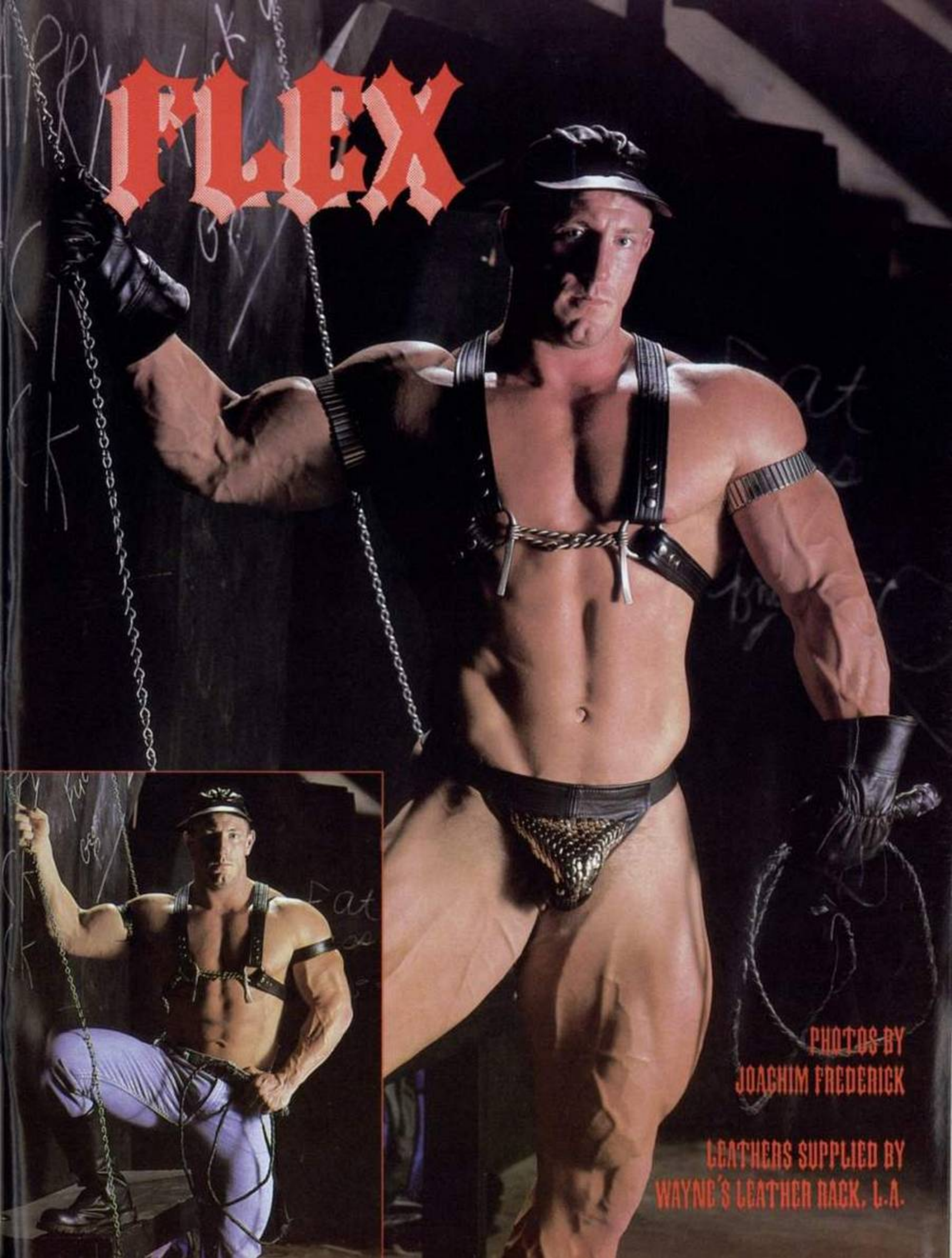
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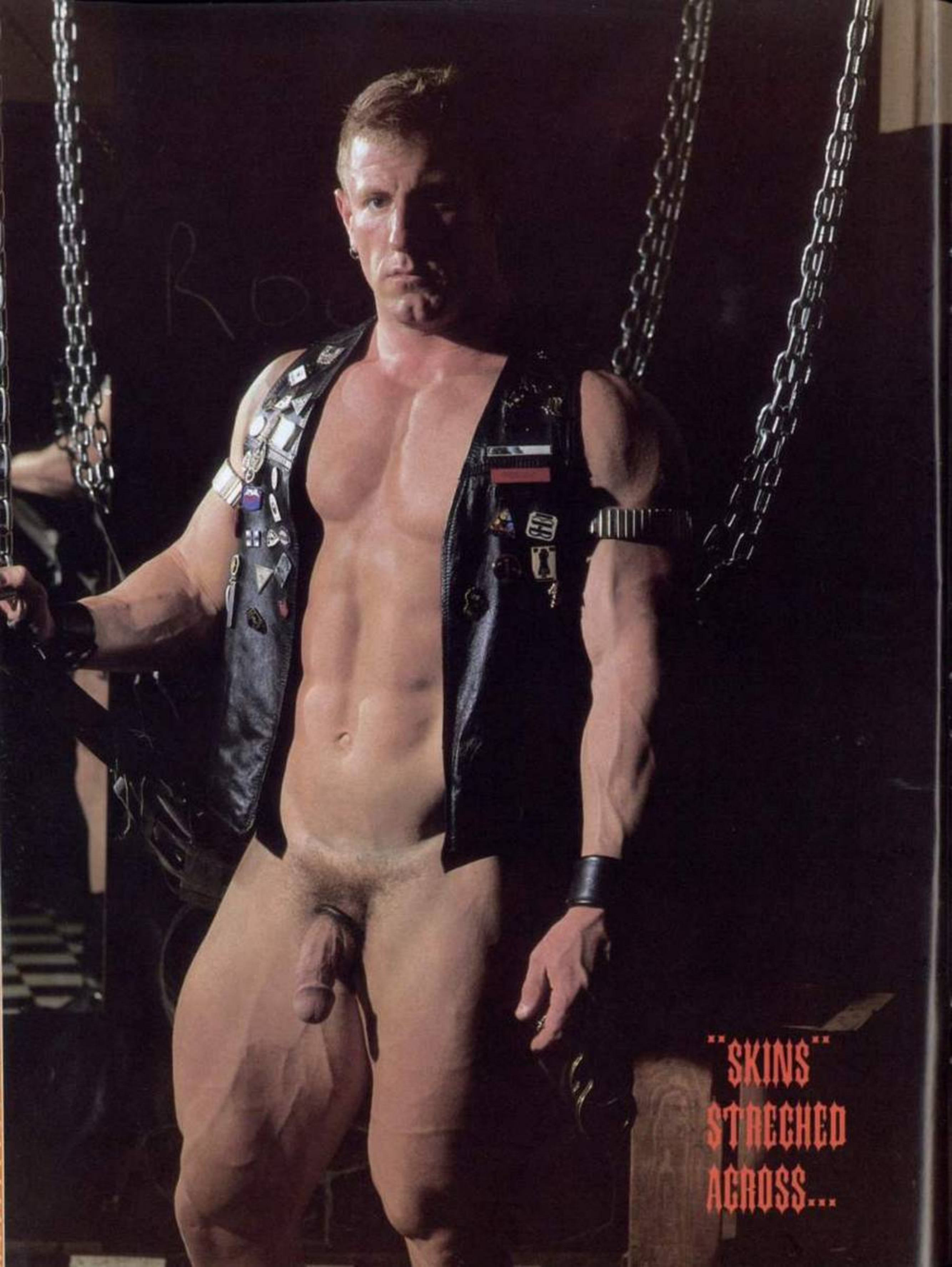
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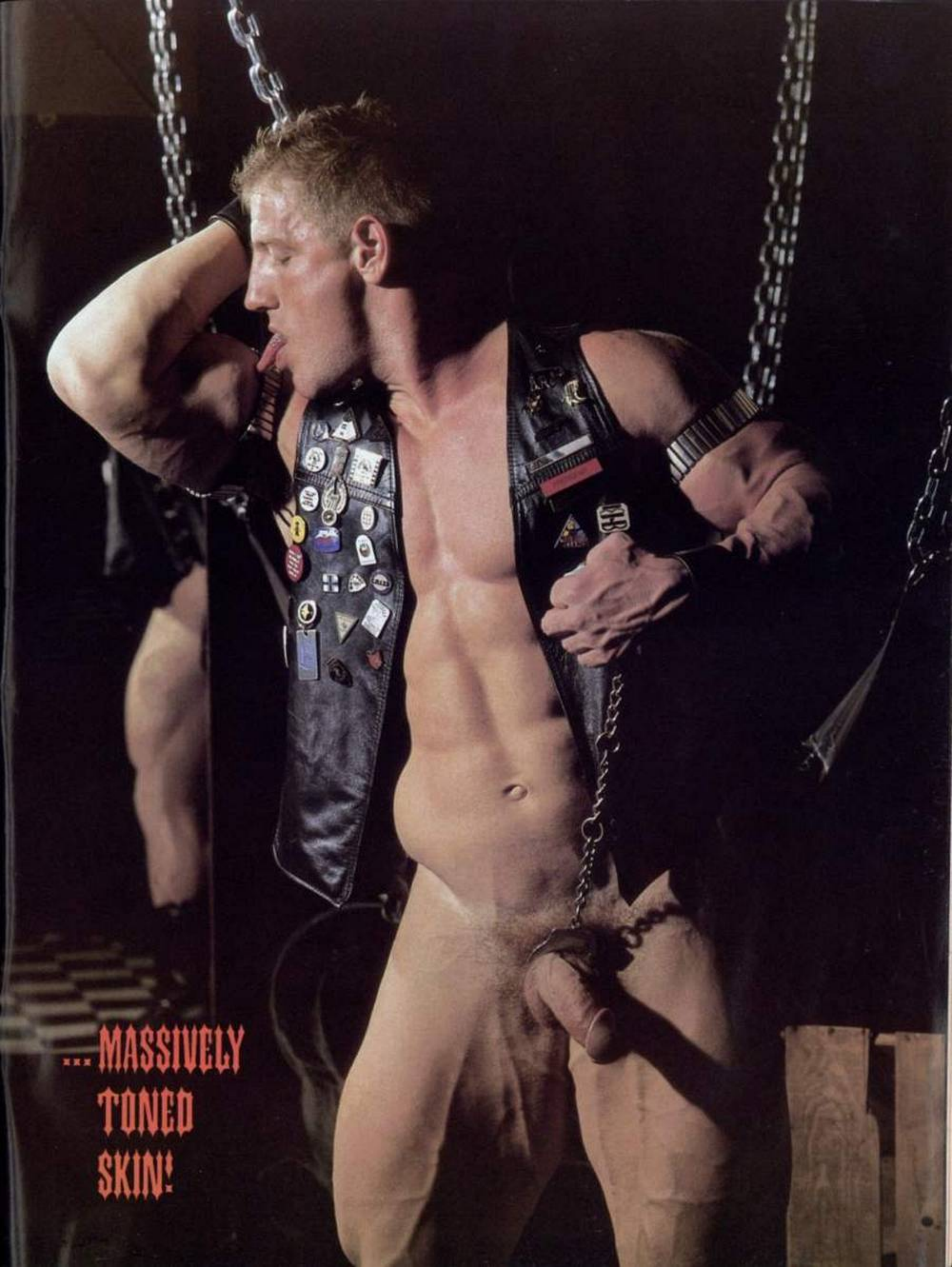


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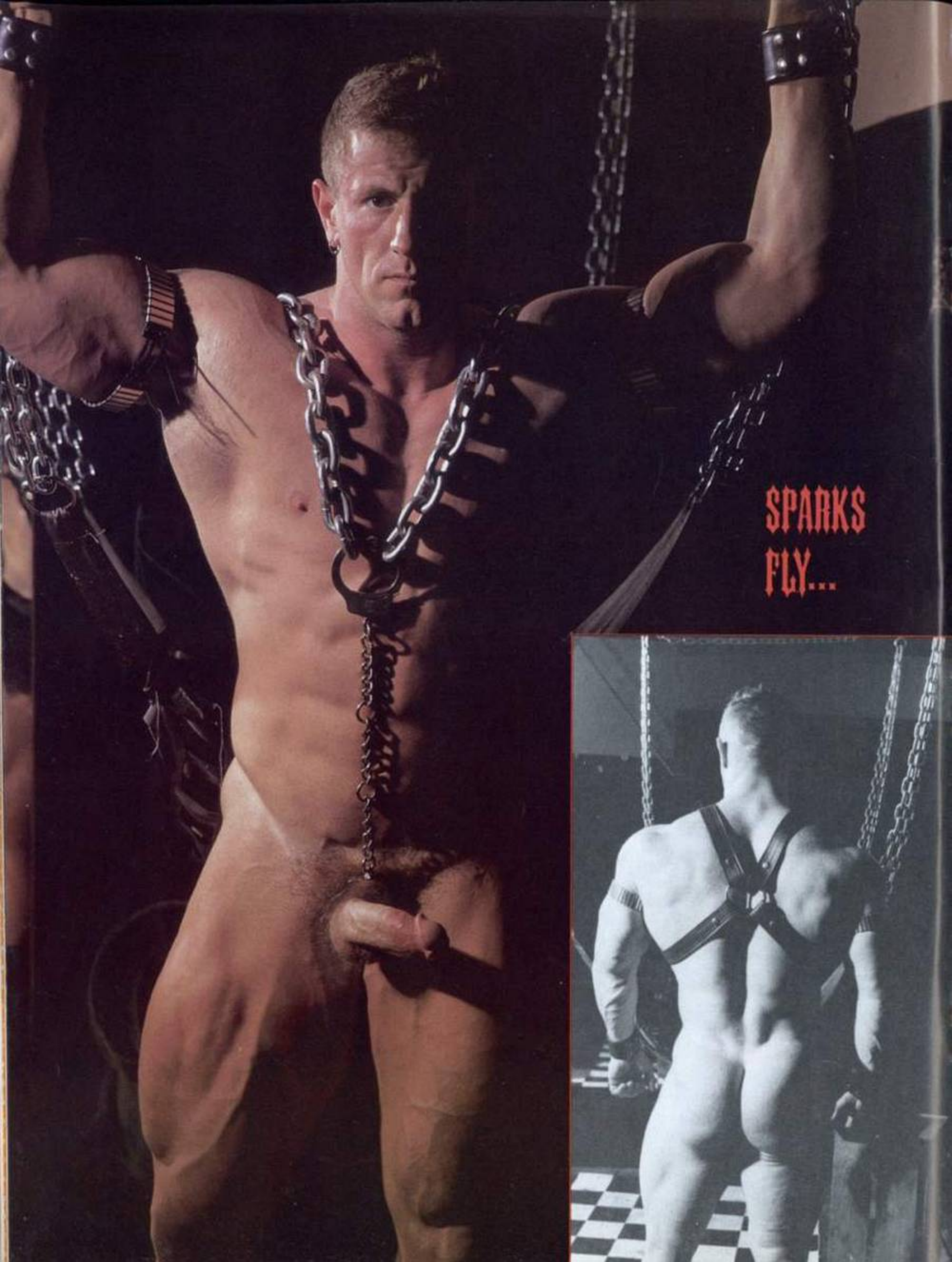
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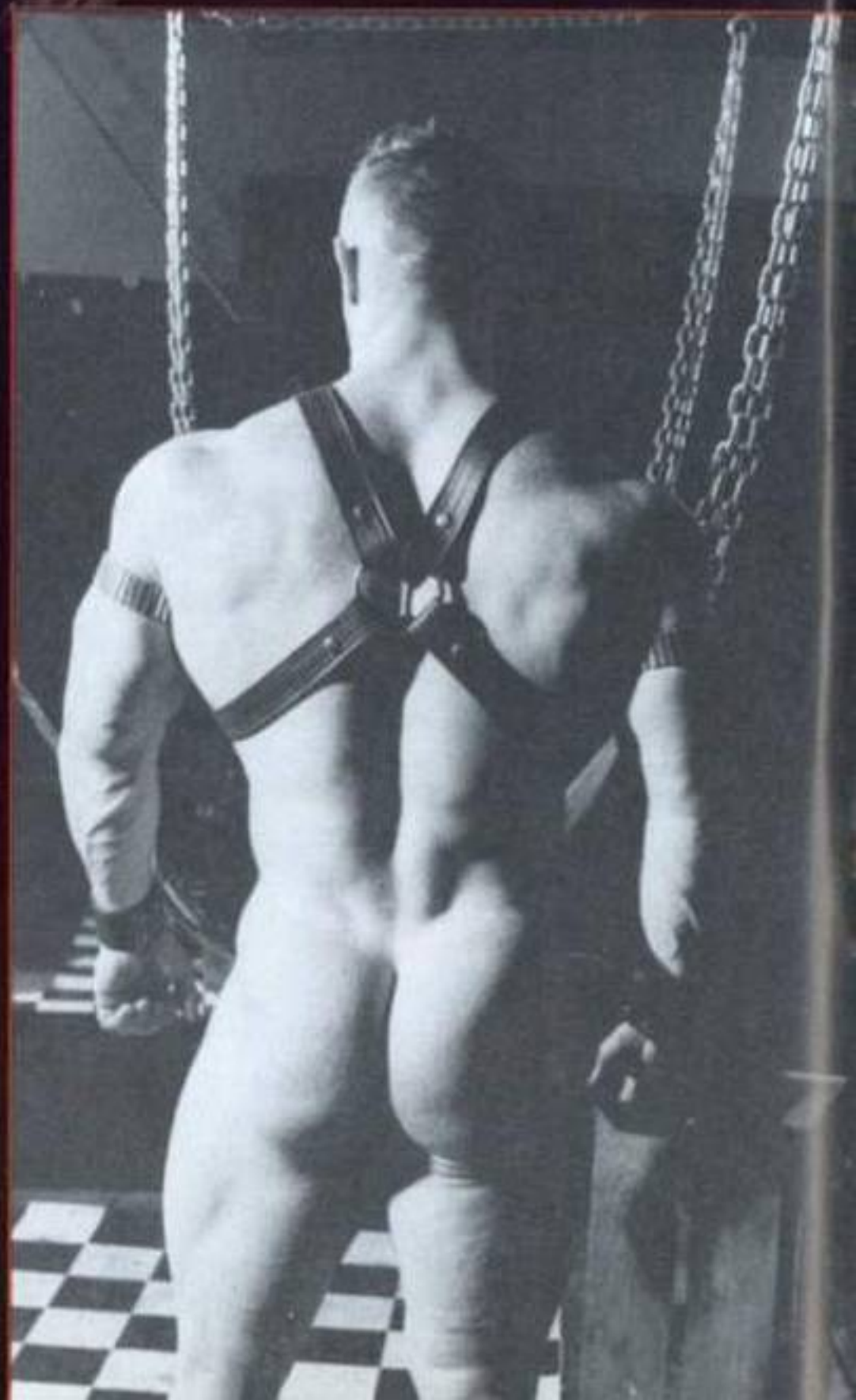
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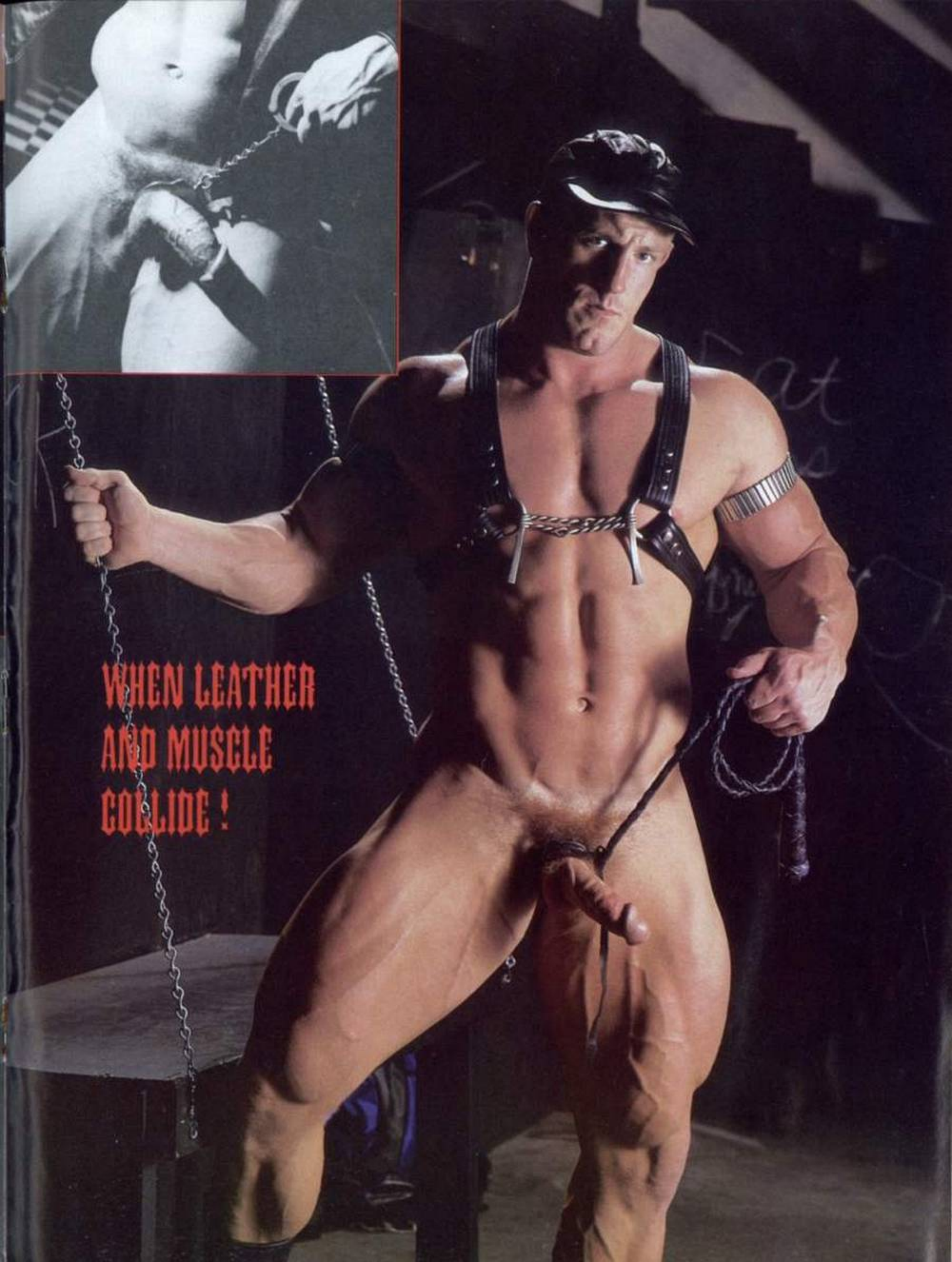


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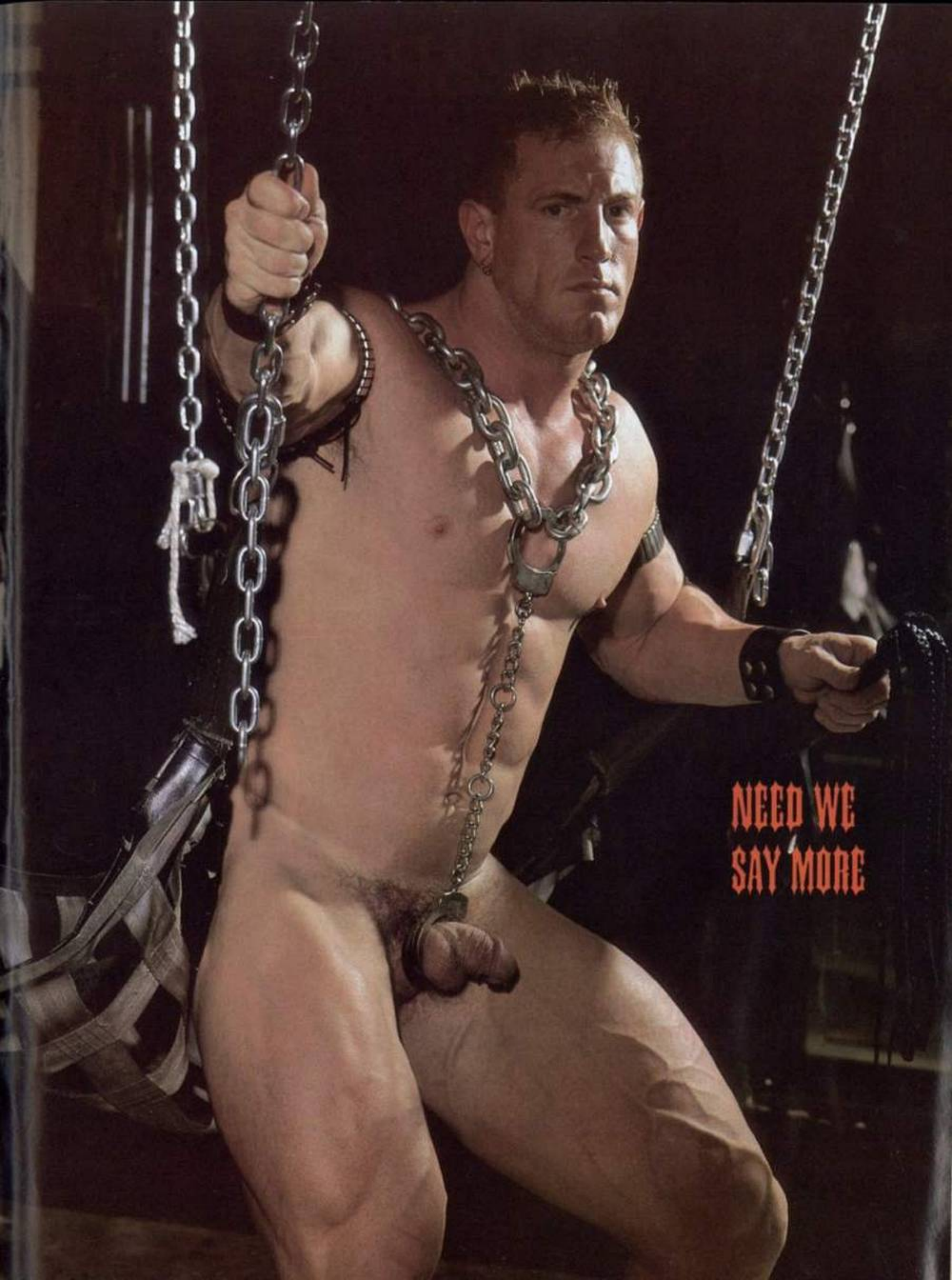
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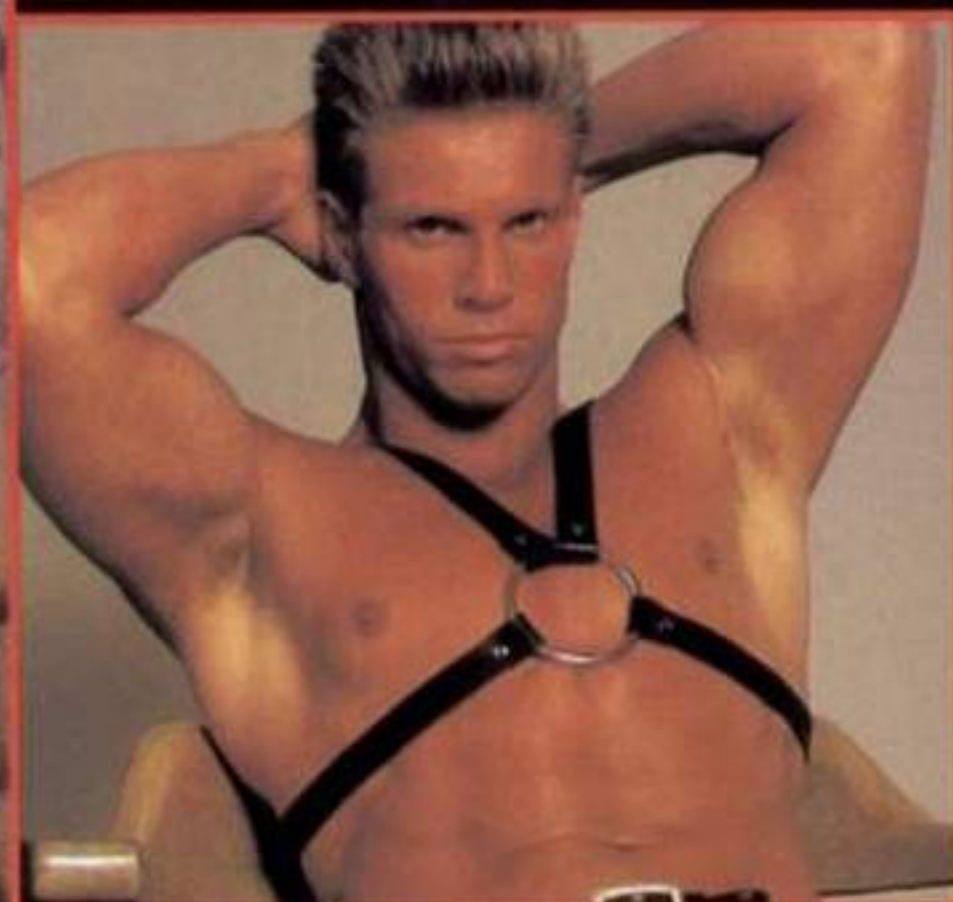
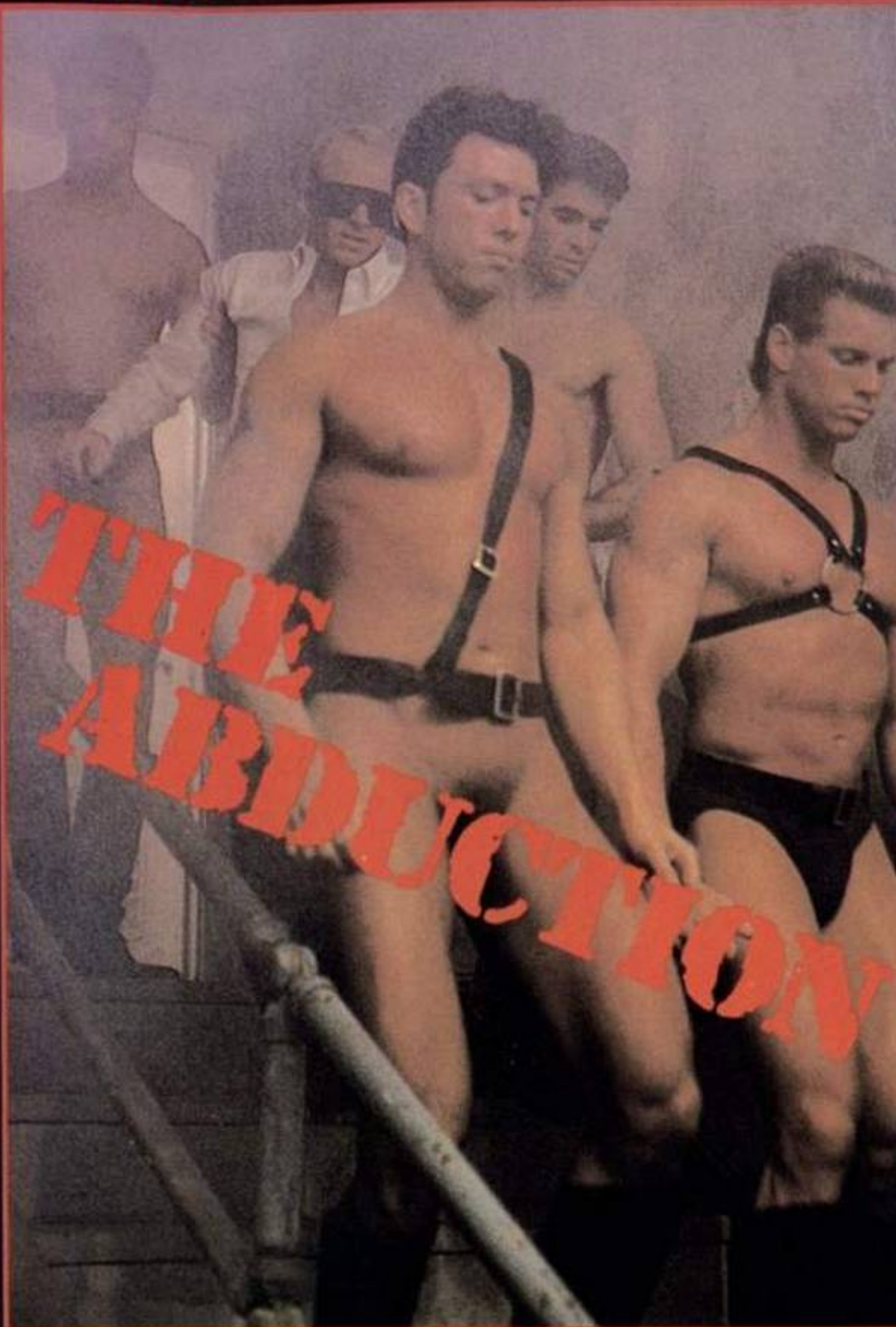


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GREASE MONKEY

by Richard A. White
Illustrations By R.A.W.

The words "GREASE MONKEY" fit him perfectly. He was coated with long, silky fur all over his body. Barrel-chested and thick-armed, I could see him easily lopping from vine to vine in the canopy of a rain forest. Clint. Short for Clinton, like the President, only Clinton was his first name. Tyler was his last name, but I don't think I ever heard anyone use it. Clint suited him, as perfectly as "GREASE MONKEY".

We were working on the longest oil tanker ever built, over one hundred yards long. The only space that could accommodate such an erection was the river alongside the (formerly) Brooklyn Navy Yard. No more sailors in slinging whites walked these yards. The spaces had been sold to corporations like ours for building contracts. "Biggest thing I ever saw lying down," Clint surveyed the nearly completed barge. "Kinda like a buildin' takin' a swim on a hot day," Clint grinned showing the tiny space between his teeth. He spat through that slit whenever he drank beer, he dribbled a bit on his perpetual five o'clock shadow. I wanted nothing so much as to kiss the heated beer off his skin. And he knew it.

"Been around faggots all my life," Clint said once. We were in a cab back to Brooklyn from a night of bar-hopping. "I know that look when I see it," he patted my thigh. It wasn't patronization, not pity, not contempt or condescension, he understood. He was kind. He was a mellow drunk, not a rowdy one. I began to feel relief come over me. Relief that he knew

I wanted him, and he was not angry or hateful. His thick paw rested on my thigh. That was the minute when desire for him went all the way to the top. To affection... tenderness... things people who love one another can share. Nice dream, kiddo, I thought.

"Do me a favor Clint?" I gently asked. "Watcha need?" he turned and faced me. The night traffic made glints flash across his obsidian eyes. "Don't call us faggots, we call each other that but it's usually in jest or a dish... better if you say Gay, if that's OK with you." I wasn't going to push too hard on the politically-correct-issue, especially if he felt any resistance to it. "Sure... gaywhat? Gay guy?" he asked, "it's alright to call yuh a gay guy?" I grinned... and nodded. His hand was still on my thigh, and he patted me again, then took his hand back. It was our first real talk. All half-dozen sentences of it.

He was of Black Irish descent. White alabaster skin, no freckles or blue-pink skin like most ruddy Irish. His body hair was so black it was almost blue, even in daylight. He was Catholic, from Boston. "Hated all that standin', kneelin'... standin', kneelin'... why couldn't we just sit and let 'im preach at us? Hated it," Clint grinned, sipped a beer and spat onto the inlet from the East River that stretched along the navy-yard. Sunset had splashed golden light across the Manhattan skyline. It was clear, and all the buildings could be seen, crisply outlined against a rare July sky: no clouds, no smog, no haze. Clint was still going on about his Catholic youth, but I heard little. The sight of Manhattan's "Oz-like" glow and his sweat-wet chest hair filled all my senses... not just my eyes.

Clint fiddled with the small "Miraculous Medal" that hung between the coiled, black tufts on his chest. "Only thing I keep from all that church stuff. My nana gimme it." Odd to hear him use a word like 'nana'. "She was a real believer.

Taught me to read and write 'fore I ever went to school. Taught me about God... and eternity... and lovin' everyone as best yuh can. Great lady, she was." His eyes seemed to glaze over... or was it just the summer heat making them water? There was still a little grease under his index fingernail. He noticed it as he fingered the silver chain on his medal. "Missed a spot. Not that it's gonna make any difference. Them Manhattan ladies don't take well to my hairy ways", Clint spat another beer-glob into the river. "Only thing makes it worth goin' to town is you makin' me laugh, Len." He stunned me with that one. "You mean you don't make out with women?" I asked cautiously, and yes, hopefully. "Nahhh... not since I moved here. Down in Boston I did OK, though. Guess the women here want someone rich or lean... and I ain't neither." Thank God, I thought. His thick body was the perfection of my standards.

"You mean you ain't been laid in six months?" I feigned a horror at his celibacy. "Yep... that's right... 'cept for my good right hand," he chuckled, and made a thick fist. "Don't look at me like that, Len... you ain't been all that busy either, unless you sneak around and I don't know about it." Clint lived across the hall from me, so if I went out, he'd hear the door close. "No... I ain't been sneakin' out. But I have been gettin' head regular," I beamed at him, almost taunting him. "Well, you fuckin' pig! Whatcha been doin'?" Clint asked and laughed at the same time. I grinned proudly.

My memory quickly flashed to the load I shot just this afternoon. Noel was his name. (I seem to be on a roll with men who have very appropriate names!) NOEL... a big Christmas package of muscles and tattoos. He'd worked on roads all through his late teens, twenties and thirties, so he always had the remnants of a tan. His big, creamy butt was eggshell-smooth and white and one of the rare stretches of his dense body that didn't have at least one tattoo. At forty-one, he could easily pass for ten or fifteen years less than that except for the deep smile-lines on his face. Sunwrecks havoc on the face, but on him, the lines were only flattering.

Noel, being in his forties, had passed through all the years of denial of his sexuality: repression, torture and lies were a thing of his past. Now... he fucked men with relish and abandon, and often!

Something about getting into your forties that makes time fly faster, so you want to fill it as fully as possible. Time also reminds us that we may not look so good for very long, so better make the most of it while you got it. Noel could fuck and pop a load four, five, even six times a day. Now that's determination! Must be his German blood. Or those goose-egg sized nuts of his that hang a third of the way down his thigh. Plump with prick pudding. He was my main squeeze. And how he loved having those big plums clamped in my palms, and squeezed into exploding.

Noel had been pipe-welding in the section where Clint and I were lubricating the hydraulic doors. He wore no shirt, just his metal welder's helmet and a leather apron and gloves. His frayed jeans were drum-taut over the crack of his meaty arse. He knew I watched him from time to time. But my eyes were mostly on my work or Clint.

In the showers, one late Friday afternoon, I watched him deliberately soap up his manhole, bend over. Clint had gone to towel off, and I stood there, adjusting the water to COOL off from the heated vision of Clint's big, uncut cock. Noel spread his cheeks wide as he soaped his shitter. Inside all that white suds it puckered out, purple and pink. His head hung down around his ankles when he spoke to me. "Forget him... by the time he figures out what he wants, he'll be too old to fuck." Noel grinned at me as he slid two fingers up his shitter. Foamy water ran down his low-slung balls. My cock rose to attention, despite my icy shower. I turned off the water and said nothing to Noel, and left the shower stall. I went to my locker, next to Clint's. "Noel givin' you grief?" he asked. There was concern in his voice. "Nahhh... just bein' an asshole", I said. So he knew about Noel. How? Just from talk? Or from observation? Or experience? I didn't ask.

The next time I saw Noel, I was takin' a dump in the bar across the avenue from where we were building 'The Big One'. This dive was called Rex's Recovery Room. Whatever that meant. It was a man's bar, which meant they didn't dust often, and the john smelled of cigarette butts, beer-piss, and saw dust. The toilet was vest-pocket size with a urinal, tiny sink and stall, with a door that could be locked. I heard it latch from inside and saw Noel's big feet turn toward me in the stall. The stall didn't have a lock. Noel had locked us in the bathroom. Maybe he figured we wouldn't be noticed in the bathroom, for a while. Whatever his thinking, he whispered, "I guess you know I like my butt played with," he said as he slowly opened the door. "I love it when a guy knows how to work my gristle. You game?", he asked unbuttoning his fly and buckle. He knew my answer, though not a word passed my lips. Only my tongue. I wet my lips in anticipation of eating that shiny, hairy hole I'd seen in the showers. He grinned. He turned and tugged down his drawers. His legs had soft, tawny fur on them, but his ass was smooth except for his slit. That had the darkest, slickest hair on his body. I dove for it! Hours of sweating behind that welding flame had made his slit bitter, salty, tart and wonderful!

Lunch hour had never been better or less fattening! All I ate was bun! Noel spread wide for my face to dive in. He hissed with approval at the first deep suck I gave to his asshole. His balls swayed and swelled, gathering a storm of cum inside. He reached down between his spread legs and grabbed my cock, "Good one... good sized crank yuh got there, boy." I was rock-hard from the first acidic taste of his ass-hairs.

He jerked both of us off while I nursed his hole and squeezed his balls. His moose hips bucked as I drove my lips and tongue deeper inside him. His grunting got so loud I was afraid we might be heard. No chance. The juke box drowned us out. I felt his asshole muscles tighten. I knew he was getting close. I quickly puckered my mouth tight around his hole and blasted air up

there. He moaned in delight. Then I sucked the air back out, ripe with the smell of his innards. And that did it! His load shot all around my cock and balls. Hot, syrupy streams... six, seven, eight pops of fluid. Grunts turned into growls as he pumped the last heated globs onto my thigh. I lost it. The taste of his asshole and the feel of his cum sent me over the edge and I shot in his palm. He let out a deep sigh of relief as a wave of shudders went through him. His asshole relaxed and parted open for me, for one last lick of manhole. It was over too quickly.

I saw him again at the bar later that night. Clint and I stopped in for beers before buying a pizza for dinner. Clint went to piss, and I wanted to go and watch him pull back the hood on his meat. I wanted to watch that gush of steamy, amber juice splatter in the urinal but I sipped beer instead. Noel had been at the juke box, and with Clint gone, he slipped in beside me. Muffling his words in his fist he said, "I know a place... one o' the front holds is finished... just needs a paint job. Empty all day. Meet me there tomorrow... end o' lunch... one-thirty. It'll give us half-an hour to get it on." And he walked out. Fuckin' rude. Fuckin' presumptuous. Fuckin' arrogant! He was just what I wanted to eat for lunch. Dinner however was a more sumptuous, more romantic ritual, and it was on its way back from the bathroom. Clint was French cuisine, fine wine, and creamy, syrupy dessert, all rolled into one. And that banquet would probably never be served. So I said yes to my lunch date. "Whatcha been doin'?" Clint asked, muffling a laugh, "playin' drop-the-soap in the showers or something?" I was still grinning proudly about the fact that I'd been gettin' it on, and Clint hadn't gotten off in months. "Nope... but I been doin' it on The Big One," I led his curiosity on. "Yuh fuckin' sneak! When d'ya have time?" he wanted to know more. "You think I just spend twenty minutes in the can every lunch hour?" I beamed at him. His face, even with the days stubble, was chiseled and handsome compared to the rugged mug of Noel. I felt a warmth of affection longing for Clint that I could never feel for Noel. Noel was too gruff, too remote, and too piggish for anyone to feel anything but heat for him... but not warmth. "Every lunch hour ??? Y'mean everyday yer fuckin' yer brains out? EVERY DAY???" He was genuinely shocked. "Yep... least for the last month or so," I said.

He looked away. Something had changed his expression. Maybe he had this lily-white picture of me that I'd destroyed. "I thought you were smarter than to just go whorin' every afternoon, Len", his voice had softened, his laugh faded. "I am smart... smart enough to know that when I'm in need and someone offers it to me, I say 'yes'!" I wasn't going to push him to far, so I stopped there.

"Some ONE? Y' mean it's only one guy y'bin screwing around with?" he asked, facing me again, his smile coming back. "Course! Ya think I been fucking the whole crew or something?" I laughed. Then he laughed. It seemed like relief. "I mean there is such a thing as AIDS, ya know fuckin' around a lot ain't the..." Clint started, but I cut him off. "I know what to do... and what not to do... I didn't get to be thirty-five by bein' stupid." His black eyes widened. "35??? Shit! I figured... 27, 28... maybe. Christ I only got a year on you!" I smiled and patted his bushy belly, "weight makes you look older... and I think you've had a tougher time with livin' than I've had. I don't think you make life very easy for yourself." (Was I probing too deep? Did he sense the direction I was pushing him in?) "Pretty fuckin' smart y' are... yeah... I seem tuh always take the hard road... bangin' my head against walls to learn stuff. Never was good at takin' advice. Never trusted anyone's word, had tuh always find out for myself if what they warned me about was really dangerous. Not too smart, huh?" You could see the years of pain in his eyes. I'd been close to him, seen him as such a heroic icon that I'd missed

what the brutal Noel saw right away: Clint needed a man's love. And he wouldn't give himself up to it. "I think maybe you know more than you wanna know, and it hurts. Pain makes the face age. Specially if it's a pain in the mind and the heart, y' know", I rubbed his shoulder. He smiled and slid his rough hands around my shoulders. I let him give me his awkward version of a hug. My eyes went down to that prairie of a chest of his. His nipples swelled and spread wider as I watched them. His hugging me had an effect on him that he wasn't even aware of. His nipples peaked into strawberry pellets as I watched. I said nothing. I just took the fleeting affection he offered, and I knew I would torture Noel's butt with feral hunger tomorrow, out of sheer frustration!

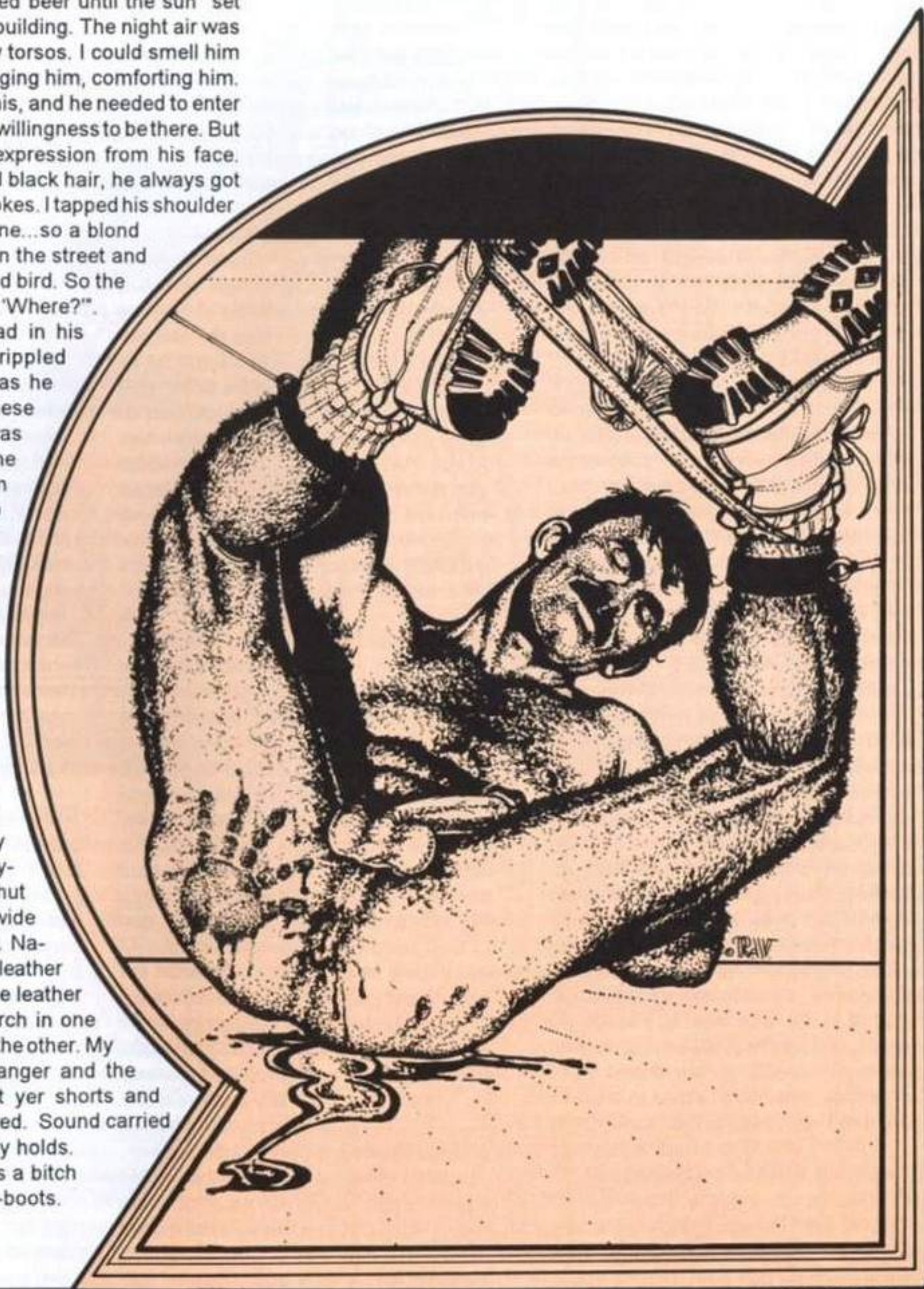
Clint let go of me. We sipped beer until the sun set behind "Oz". We walked to our building. The night air was beginning to cool off our sweaty torsos. I could smell him in the breeze. I had to resist hugging him, comforting him. The battle for his sexuality was his, and he needed to enter the arena alone...and of his own willingness to be there. But I had to erase that hang-dog expression from his face. Since I was blond, and Clint had black hair, he always got a good laugh from stupid blond jokes. I tapped his shoulder "You gotta look at me for this one...so a blond and a brunette are walking down the street and the brunette says, oh look a dead bird. So the blond looks up in the air and says, 'Where?'". That got him! He stopped dead in his tracks and howled. All the rippled muscles in his belly tightened as he bellowed, "Where do you get these jokes? You make um up?" He was still laughing all the way down the block. Sometimes, I make them up, especially when I want to help this sublime man lift his spirits out of the gloom of his brooding thoughts.

As I watched Clint's meaty butt mount the stairs of our building, my thoughts strayed to that first "lunch date" with Noel. I can still smell the clean metal of that newly-finished hold. Unless you've been on a spanking-clean, brand-new ship, there is no description that can do justice to that supremely male smell of metal, oil, and hydraulic fluid. The door clanged shut behind me, and from behind a wide metal divider wall strutted Noel. Naked except for work boots and his leather apron, his hard-on tented out the leather in front. He held his welding torch in one hand and a can of machine oil in the other. My cock twitched at the hint of danger and the unknown. "Strip everything but yer shorts and shoes and socks," Noel whispered. Sound carried and echoed in these huge empty holds.

I did as I was told, but it was a bitch peeling my jeans over my work-boots.

My hard-on never slacked, though. He stared at it, grinning. I poked out the side of my jock, and my balls hung down under it. I stood up and walked towards his huge leather-clad body. There were small, clerestory slits in the ceiling that let in some daylight.

The shafts of light lit his chest and arms; small scars the size of dimes were sprinkled across his pec's, like he'd been shot with a gun filled with pellets. Thoughts of menace rose in my mind, and my cock throbbed. He set the torch and oil down. He grabbed me by my hips and lifted me into the air effortlessly. He raised me over his head and turned my body to face down at him. Then he fucked his mouth with my cock, slowly raising and lowering my body to his face. My jock rubbed against my balls and asshole, making them painfully raw. His power was astonishing! He devoured my cock with moans, grunts, and



slurps, like a dog having its first meal in days! My balls grazed against the stubble of his chin and I was afraid I'd pop my load too soon. I gasped, "Not yet...I don't wanna cum yet!" But he didn't stop. I was flying mid-air when my cock unleashed its load! He swallowed some, bathed his face in some, and licked the rest off the end of my cock. I felt like I was gonna faint from the giddyness of cuming in mid-air. He set me down on the floor, on my back. I was still gasping from shooting. He raised his apron and squatted over my face. He tented the apron over me. His smells had made the apron reek of his ballsweat. His thighs were dripping from the exertion of holding me aloft. His balls were even wetter, swinging under his boner.

I opened my mouth, wanting his bone whole. But he wanted his nuts worked first. He gripped them in his hairy fist and shoved them into my mouth. Big, furry plums. Bristly cock bush surrounding them and I stretched my lips to get them both in my mouth. His cock's fore-lube was dribbling onto my nose and eyes. It burned with salt and acid. I managed to slide my tongue out past his balls and lick a few stray drops of juice. Once I had both balls in my mouth, I started to chew on the scrotum flesh behind them, chomping down hard. He hissed in approval and pumped his balls deeper into my throat. He worked himself into a foamy fury and I could feel by the swelling in his balls he was ready to blow.

He tore his balls out of my mouth and slammed his cock in, just as the spurting of pudding began. His sperm was watery this time, maybe some piss was mixed with it. It was a bigger drink than I'd seen in that stall in the bathroom. I gulped until his cock was drained. I thought he would roll over and lie down next to me for a few seconds, but he stood, still hard. He reached into an inner pocket of his apron and pulled out two dog-collars and leashes. The collars were too small for my neck so I knew he had other plans. "Raise yer legs, pig," Noel whispered. He attached the dog collars to my ankles. He wrapped the leashes behind me and tied them there. (My cock was chafing from my jock-strap rubbing against it. I was still hard, though.) He tied the leashes around my hands as well.

He lit his welding torch. Now I was really afraid! No one knew we were here. If I yelled, who would hear me, if anyone? He took the oil can into his other hand and straddled my hips. He began to slowly pour the oil on me, heating it as it passed through the flame of the torch. It was warm enough to excite but not enough to burn me. I was coated like a rod in a crankcase. Then he put down his tools. I expected to be fucked raw. But I was wrong. He squatted down over my cock and gripped my shoulders. "Now, yer gonna give my gristle what it wants. I'm gonna suck yer cock with my asshole." I writhed under him as he pumped on my cock. His own hard-on still dripped juices and flopped in the air as he rode me.

His assring clamped down on me, and I knew I wouldn't last long. He tore at my tits while he bucked fiercely on my boner. I couldn't move much, so I just feasted my eyes on this big moose fucking himself with my cock. Without even touching himself, he shot his load onto my chest. He growled and grunted his way through a thicker load than the first one. Not as much liquid, but pearly white gobs spattered all over me. He barely caught his breath before he spun me around, still astride my hard-on, and spread his mammoth cheeks so I could see his hole being rammed. He was going to bring me off. He spread my own cheeks and smeared more oil on them. He never missed a beat, pumping my cock with his hole. His fingers found my long-neglected butt-eye. He shoved his thick thumb in my sphincter and began massaging his way in deeper and deeper, still pumping himself with my cock. I'd never seen such a creamy white expanse of butt. Huge, smooth and hard as a pair of white bowling balls. I don't know what pushed my buttons more, the sight of this big buffalo

fucking himself with my cock, or his fingers ravaging my asshole, or not being able to escape. All three! I warned him I was cumming and he slid off my cock and dipped down to drink my cum. His slimy asshole twitched and puckered in the air while he slurped my spurting syrup. I felt like I was cumming out of my toes, the climax was so fierce!

Without a word, as soon as I finished shooting, he gathered his torch and oil, then walked behind the dividing wall to dress. I lay there still leashed and unable to move. I waited. He returned with wet rags and bathed the oil off me. Then he undid me. It was all rushed and cold. He'd cum twice and was ready to go back to work. Once I was untied, he left, not a word. Well, I guess afterglow wasn't on the lunch menu. As I dressed, I wondered about those little round scars on his chest, but I wouldn't find out about those until later. I had Noel up against the wall fuckin' 'im from behind. He reached for his welding torch, then pulled some solder from his apron. He melted drops of solder, molten-hot, onto his chest! He yanked at his cock as they cooled. As soon as I shot my load on his ass, he ripped the pellets of solder off his chest, tearing hairs and skin with it. That was what had caused the tiny round scars. My many "lunch dates" with Noel had gotten my cock off, but left me longing for more. Our wordless animal grapplings were fast and fierce, so I found myself treasuring just the slightest touch from Clint's hands. A casual hug, a quick rub on the shoulders, a patting on my leg...anything, anything that was gentle and tender, and came from his heart. For all that Clint was powerfully built, and had a rock-hewn face, warmth and tenderness oozed out of him, despite his trying to hide it. His dimples dug deep into his cheeks, still smiling from my blond joke. We reached our landing and Clint said, "Too hot to cook...how 'bout I spring for Chinese...my treat...lotsa overtime this week." I had my keys in my hand, about to go into my apartment. "C'mon, shower at my place. I got air conditioning in the livin' room too, y' know." His gleeful smile could make me wash floors for him. He was kidding me that I only air conditioned my bedroom. Too expensive to cool both big rooms, I thought. The offer of free food, cool air, and Clint's company was irresistible. I followed him inside. He immediately hit the switch on the A.C. "Why don't you shower first? By the time yer done it'll be nice 'n' cool in here." Clint said over his shoulder. He went to the kitchen for beers and the telephone. I went to the shower and it dawned on me that I'd never been in his bathroom before. Only the living room, and that was just to wait for him to get ready for work.

It was so neat. Not the bachelor bathroom. No toothpaste gobs in the sink, no smears on the mirror, no socks on the floor. I realized I was assessing him...wondering what sort of life-partner he'd be. Better make this shower a cold one.

By the time the food came we were both showered and in shorts. His shorts. He loaned me a clean pair, saying, "Cain't wear them grungy ones; yer clean, boy." I told him more jokes while we ate, to keep him up and laughing; and to keep my mind off his practically bare-assed body sitting next to me on the sofa. The breeze didn't help at all. I got more mellow and wanted to touch that fleecy black fur on his chest and legs. Every now and then a flash of ebony cock-bush flashed out from the fly of his boxers. I told another joke.

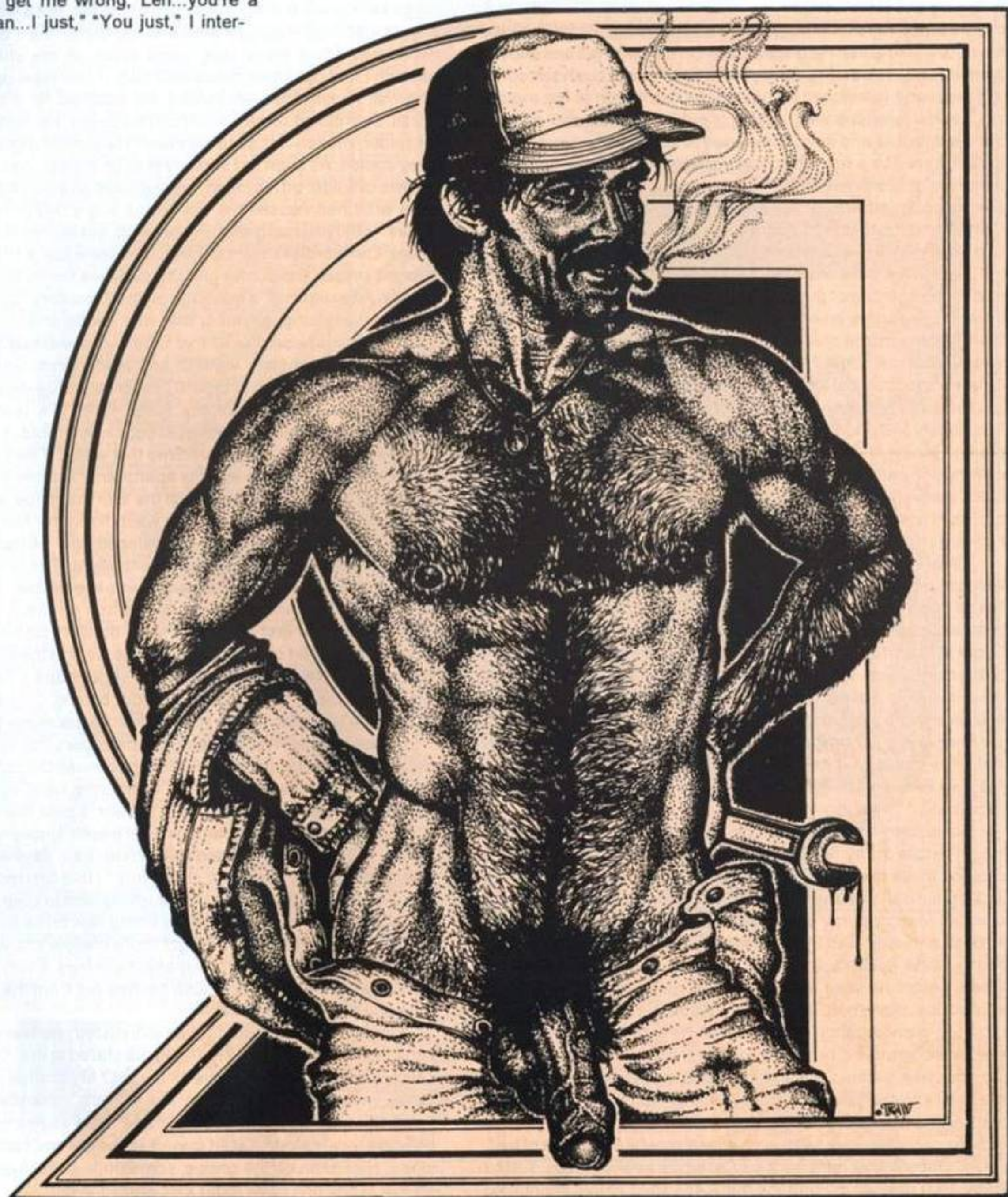
Finally, food gone and jokes exhausted, he leaned back, satisfied. His arms behind his head, he stared at me. "I told yuh I'd been around you gay guys all my life? My brother was one. Broke my heart. I loved him like a hero...guardian angel. Football star, father of three. And one night I see him parked behind a local saloon. I start to walk to the car and I see he ain't alone. He's sittin on the cock o' some dude in the front seat of his car. They don't see me. I just walked away."

I was speechless, powerless to do anything. I stared at my beer can.

"I was gonna be jus' like him. Played ball with him, worked out with him, changed his kids' diapers." I had to stop the melancholy... I had to change how he saw things. "So you withheld your love from him because of who he was?" I said gently. Clint sat up straight, stared at me. "I...guess I...never saw it like that...I thought I hated him for lying to me...being a...don't get me wrong, Len...you're a good man...I just," "You just," I inter-

rupted him, "can't handle your idol being a human being...who just happens to like men." He stared, not blinking. "You make it sound so simple." "It is," I gently insisted, "You just make it hard for yourself by all the Catholic shit you heep on it. You say you hated all that religious dribble, but you're wearing a symbol of its spell over you! I know, I know, it reminds you of your grandmother. So would a photo-

graph! I think all that church shit, as you call it, is still hanging around...around your neck." He fingered it, then looked at me. "You see things different...like you can clear the air by seein' things from another angle...gets me outa myself. My stupid thoughts." "Not stupid," I smiled and took his hand, "just inherited points of view that don't amount to shit. We can't do anything about me bein' a blond or you



bein' a brunette anymore than I can do anything about lovin' to fuck guys. It's just the way we grew."

"That simple?" he said, beginning to smile and clutching my hand. "That simple...forgive him...call him...tell him you love him...you don't hafta tell him whatcha saw him doin'. Just love him anyway," I said.

"I done it, ya know...I fucked wit' a few guys," he stammered to get the words out. "I just couldn't kiss 'em...or anything...just get blown. I kept thinkin' about that car and my brother...and I couldn't cum." You gotta get outa that car," then I leaned over and wrapped an arm around his shoulder. "Besides, kissin, don't hafta go with sex. The guy I fuck with on The Big One, hell, he don't kiss either! Just has what he wants and leaves, don't even say a good-bye or thank you or see you tomorrow...just leaves. That's how some people are. They don't wanna kiss. So what?" He grinned, now staring at me still. "You sure make things sound easy...but y'know, I could...kiss you, I think. I care about ya. That's why I asked about the sex you was havin'...make sure you'll be around for a while." It's Noel...and he's a crude fucker, to say the best about him. But I get off and I get rid o' my frustrations...at least for a while."

"Why frustrated? What's got you wound up?" he asked, in innocence. I just stared back at him. That was my answer. He swallowed hard, looked down at our hands, holding on. He looked back, took my face in his other hand and pressed his clean shaved face to mine, lips as soft and sweet as ripe strawberries. Then he quickly pulled back, looked in my eyes, and saw the relief there. "I'm sorry...I kept gettin' all them subtle messages from yuh, but I didn't wanna hurt you. You deserve more love than I can give you. I ain't even sure I know how." "You do...you show love for me all the time in your concern for me. You listen to all my stories and stupid jokes, and you take a real interest. If that ain't love, I don't know what is. You don't have to jump in bed to show love for me." I said, still not letting go of his shoulder and his hand.

"I...maybe I should do what I know best, and if you don't like it, tell me to stop," he whispered. Then he kissed me again. "I only know how to do...well, like with women...with guys I'd let them do all the work."

"Well, now you got the best of both in your arms," I grinned at him the way I do when I tell him jokes. He leaned back in his arms, cradling me, caressing me. If this was how he did it to women, it was fine by me. The gentle strength of his touch sent shudders into my whole body. This was the affectionate embrace I'd been craving for so long...and only from him. I could feel all resistance and restraint melt away into complete surrender to his fingers and lips. Slowly, so slowly he covered my whole body with the tips of his fingers. He sighed in approval...my solid body must please him.

I was completely enveloped by his arms, legs and thick torso. My cock raged through the fly of the shorts I'd borrowed from him, and ached for freedom. I reached down to slip them off but his hands stopped me. He wanted to strip me himself. He kissed me all the way down my belly to the shorts, then peeled them off with delicate kisses and deft fingers. He moved back to slide his drawers off, but I reached down for them first, smiling at him. I slid down and buried my face in his hairy belly, wrapping my arms around his hips. I slid my tongue into the popped open fly of his shorts and felt his cock throb from the heat of my tongue. I slid the shorts off and finally saw his fat horn unsheathed. The foreskin had slithered almost all the way back from the fat helmet on top of his cock. Thick and long and engorged with cum and blood. I took it all the way down my throat in a long, slow swallow that made him gasp. I was gentle, since I knew that getting blown had not worked so well for him before. I cupped his furry sack in

my hand, temporarily rubbing his swollen balls ever so carefully. He was writhing to my touch. Whoever had sucked him off before must not have known how to really please such a man. They probably just nursed him to satisfy themselves, not thinking of how it felt to him. I would open whole new worlds of sensation for him. His legs bucked and scissored as I slid slowly up and down his fat shaft. I was doing it right, his body told me.

Then, he suddenly pulled me up close to him, kissing me. "I don't wanna cum like that...I wanna be in you...kissing you," he whispered. I stood and took him by the hand to the icy cool bedroom. I lay down next to him and the flood of kisses began again as he rolled on top of me. Slid his cock between my thighs.

"Wait...it won't work that...lemme show you. You have safes?" I whispered to him. "Uh huh," he bent to a small table by the bed and pulled them out. "And lubricant?" I asked. He had a water-soluble one, thank god. "Men need to be lubed...women carry their own inside," I was squeezing the grease all over both our cocks. His grin widened, watching me teach him how to love a man. I pinched an inch of safe then slid it on his boner. It barely went halfway down. "Guess we gotta get bigger ones," he chuckled. "No need, long as it don't break or leak," I assured him. Then the kisses began again. He laid me on my back and held my shoulders so tight I had trouble breathing. But who cared? I could feel his cock working its way to my butt-hole. I raised my legs and wrapped them around his waist, giving him better aim into my guts.

The first pressure of his huge prick made me wince, and he stopped. "Am I doin' it right?" he asked, kissing my lips. "Just fine...it's just been awhile...the pain will ease in a few seconds...as soon as you're all the way in." He kissed me again and pressed his cock-head against my hole again. His caresses eased whatever pain there had been. I pulled him close and felt him go all the way in. God, he was huge and so gentle. "God baby...yer arse is tighter than anything I ever been in...like a fuckin' vice on my cock...goood." He was reaching full stride now, gushing with confident cum. He ground his cock in deep, then slid back to let me feel every fat inch grinding back into me. This was what he needed, someone to respond to...someone who wanted to please him...someone who could match him, hunger for hunger. I couldn't tell who was more ravenous for satisfaction, him or me. He rode me in long deep strokes. I raised my butt up to meet every powerful slamming of his cock and balls against my cheeks. His cockbush rubbed against my balls and made them swell in delight. It was cumming too fast. I wasn't even gripping my cock, but the feel of his hairy belly thumping against my erection was building it up to a terrific explosion. I tightened my ass-ring around his cock to hasten his cumming, and it worked. He was plowing fiercely Wham! Wham! Wham! And then it hit. We both thrashed in mutual eruptions. I spattered all over both our bellies. I felt his cock engorged and throbbing, spilling its load in me. Finally! He'd been with a man and had cum!

We lay entangled in each other's arms, afraid to let go. Afraid the spell would break. He sprinkled tiny baby kisses on my neck. I stroked the long sweaty hairs at the base of his skull. Not a word. For who knows how long. Then I could feel his cock deflating inside me. "Be right back...gotta piss deep," he said. I stopped him. "Wait," I tugged at the bloated cum-filled safe, letting his juices spill all over me. He rubbed it into my skin, mingling both our loads. He went to piss. I followed. Pissing at his side had been a long-held dream. It was worth the wait. We rinsed off in the shower, then headed back to the cool sheets. We embraced and slept entwined. It was a sleep of surrender and peace. I stroked his head until he slept in my arms. It has become his favorite way to sleep.

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

DESMODUS, INC.

PO Box 410390, San Francisco, CA 94141-0390

(415) 252-1195

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of my ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Desmodus, Inc., is in no way responsible for any transactions that occur between myself and any persons I contact through their publications. Desmodus, Inc., has the right to publish my advertisement and photo (if sent) in the classified section of Drummer Magazine or in Tough Customers Magazine.

**SIGNATURE
(REQUIRED)**

IN THIS CATEGORY:

☐ Personal ☐ Models/Escort ☐ Commercial

See price index below

UNDER THIS HEADING:

☐ Home State☐ Commercial

Write in Heading—Video, Mail Order, etc...

☐ Nationwide☐ International☐ Other

(If you do not select a heading, we will place the ad in your home state.)

COST OF AD:

Read across to the amount in the right

margin of the last line you have used:..... \$

Number of times ad will run:..... x

Subtotal = _____

For 4 or more insertions, deduct 10% from subtotal:.....

Box Number (One-time charge of \$5.00)..... + _____

Telephone Number in ad (Add \$2.00)..... +

Include my photo
(Models/Escort add \$35.00, Commercial add \$50.00)..... + _____

Total: \$

OR: Sign me up for the Leather Fraternity! This includes a *Drummer* subscription, a personal ad (maximum 10 line ad), and free forwarding as described on the facing page, all for only \$185.00 (\$240.00 outside the U.S.).

Method of Payment: Check (Payable to Desmodus, Inc.)

_____ Money Order

☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard

____ American Express

Card #: _____ Exp. _____

Your signature is required here for credit card authorization:

Allow at least 60 days for your ad to be published.

BOLD HEADING

(25 letters and spaces maximum)

[illegible]

AD COPY: (One letter or character per box)

																Dear Sir	Leather	Models/	C o m -
																MIN.	Fraternity	Escorts	m e r c i a l
																AD			
																COST			
																\$12.50	FREE	\$18.75	\$25.00
																\$16.00	FREE	\$24.00	\$32.00
																\$19.50	FREE	\$29.25	\$39.50
																\$23.00	FREE	\$34.50	\$46.00
																\$26.50	FREE	\$39.75	\$53.00
																\$30.00	FREE	\$45.00	\$60.00
																\$33.50	FREE	\$50.25	\$67.00
																\$37.00	FREE	\$55.50	\$74.00
																\$40.50	\$37.80	\$60.75	\$81.00
																\$44.00	\$75.60	\$66.00	\$88.00
																\$47.50	\$112.40	\$71.25	\$95.00
																\$51.00	\$150.20	\$76.50	\$102.00

Need more space? Print or type the rest on a separate sheet, and for every 25 characters/spaces you use, ad: \$3.50 for Dear Sir Personals; \$42.00 (\$3.50 x12 Issues) for Leather Fraternity Personals; \$5.50 for Models/Escorts; \$47.00 for Commercial.

HOW TO PLACE YOUR CLASSIFIED AD:

- Fill in order form and grid.
- Enclose check, money order or credit card information.
- Mail to: Desmodus, Inc., PO Box 410390 San Francisco, CA 94141-0390, Fax: (415) 252-9574 (Credit Card Orders Only).

BOX NUMBERS: Use a Drummer mail box to have your mail forwarded even after your ad expires (let us know if you move) - cost is \$5.

PHONE NUMBERS: You can get an immediate response to your ad by using a phone number - cost is \$2. You MUST verify your phone number by calling us at (415) 252-1195, about two weeks after you mail your ad. Be at the phone number in your ad so we can call you back to verify the number. Business hours are 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Pacific Time, Monday through Friday. If you have not verified your ad within three months, we will publish the ad with a box number only.

We verify phone numbers one time. If you renew your ad at a later time and use the same phone number, just attach a copy of the printed ad to your new ad. We will NOT publish voice-mail service numbers in personal ads. Please include your area code.

PHONELINES: In addition to our mail box forwarding, you may call us at 415-252-1195 and receive a voice mail passcode. You can then leave your ad or any message to another ad on our phoneline.

All current boxholders and Leather Fraternity members may call us to receive a voice mailbox number and passcode for their current ad. Your voice box will be active in the next available issue of Drummer magazine.

CHANGING OR CANCELLING YOUR AD: Changes must be in writing along with your payment of \$10. We will not refund money if you cancel your ad.

PHOTO ADS: A photo with your personal ad can only be considered for *Tough Customers* (see page 80 for details). Models/escorts and commercial advertisers can have a 1 1/4" photo printed with ad - models/escorts pay \$35 and commercial advertisers pay \$50. Enclose a 3" x 5" black and white photo along with a signed statement saying you are at least 21 years of age.

SELECT A CATEGORY: Prices vary, see grid for details. Personals / Leather Fraternity • Models/Escorts • Commercial.

EXCEPTIONS: We reserve the right to edit or to refuse any ad for any reason. We will not publish references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs.

DEADLINES: Your classified ad will go into the next available issue. Allow 60 days to see your ad in a future issue. Remember it takes time for people to respond to your ad as well.

HOW TO RESPOND TO A CLASSIFIED AD:

For ads with ☐ symbol:

- Seal your reply in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap.
- Use correct postage - domestic (US) costs 29 cents for the first ounce, 23 cents for each additional ounce; Canada and Mexico cost 40 cents for the first ounce, 23 cents for each additional ounce; foreign overseas is 50 cents for the first half-ounce, 45 cents for the second half-ounce, 39 cents for each additional half-ounce. Foreign overseas vouchers or money cannot be used. Foreign country responses: If US Postage is not available, we will provide postage. For 1-5 letters, send an additional \$2. For 5-10 letters, send an additional \$5. Postal rates are subject to change without notice.

• Put the sealed letter(s) and a \$1 forwarding fee (include a note if you are a LF member) per reply in another envelope and mail it to: DESMODUS, INC., PO Box 410390 San Francisco, CA 94141-0390

- Letters not properly prepared will be returned to sender.
- Desmodus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However we cannot guarantee that old addresses will be valid.

For ads with ☐ symbol:

- Using a touch-tone phone dial 1-800-959-8684 (\$1.98 per minute billed to your credit card) or 1-900-468-6844 (\$3 first minute, \$2 each additional minute billed to your phone number).
- Follow the voice directions from the phoneline. For 1-800 calls have your credit card number and expiration date ready. Also have ready the four-digit number appearing at the end of the ad you want to contact.

NATIONWIDE

"EAGER BOY"

40's "boy stud" - 6'4", 218# - "new to scene" seeks tough "Daddy" and/or "Master" into all aspects of graduated sensual SM. Recently discovered "true self"; it is time to expand with "experienced hands". T. travels wide geographic area. Phone (515) 532-3707 before 11pm CST, or write Box 8923LF

"LEATHER BOY"

Exhibitionistic, smooth, tight and hard wanted for wild, hot, bound, dungeon sex; then bound cuddling or at my feet. Live in leather, spandex and rubber, shackles and collar, in public and private. Me 20's, 150#, smooth and tight. I may look like an innocent boy, but I ride my boys hard. Photo/phone to Box 8852LF

15 INCHES OF COCK

on 2, well built, Topmen. Looking for hot, 3-way, cocksucking bottom/slave who can take on 2 men. Someone who knows how to obey, serve & please his Masters. Looking for bottoms nationwide, midwest & visiting Ft Lauderdale. Photo to PO Box 973, Oakbrook, IL 60522

2 HUNGRY BERLIN FF BUTTS

Hot, German, leather studs, 44, 183#, 6-3 and 32, 138#, 5-10. Moustache, big nips, pierced, seek for their hungry & deep holes. Tops/bottom with moustache for long & hot sessions in our playroom. Stay with us in our apartment possibly. Hans Abrahams, Stephanstr. 17, W-1000 Berlin 21, GERMANY.

A CHANCE FOR THE RIGHT BOY

Dominant, mature hardbody offers strength, support, security to recruit with mind/body potential for milstyle discipline, real growth, hard love. Trial at first, poss commitment later. Young/little/inexp boy ok; some times they try harder. Be yourself. 8940LF

A BOY/SLAVE WANTED

45 year old Daddy/Master seeks boy under 30 to complete household. You will be loved, used, abused & permanently cared for. You must be ready to relocate to Southern California now. Write w/photo to Daddy Robert, Box 1780, El Cajon, CA 92022

ACHTUNG SS KOMMANDANT

Sadistic. No limits. Jocks, cops, guards, military type for heavy bondage, suspension, whipping, flogging, medical & electric trips. No mercy. Heavy pain. Total control to an ultimate execution. All answered. Photo/phone optional. Can travel extensively. MRC, Box 340529, Tampa, FL 33694 9278LF

AD EXEC - INDENTURED SERVANT

Handsome WM, advertising Exec. available to serve you, your agency or business. A good whipping releases my creativity. I accept punishment for unacceptable work. Brainstorm in bondage. Box 9026LF

AMPUTATION/MODIFICATION

Handsome, athletic, yuppie seeks others into amputation, modification, etc. for sexual pleasure. Doctors welcome. Let's take the trip together. Call (215) 977-8466 or write Box 8976LF

ANGONY AND HEAVY PAIN

Your terror, my turn on. Absolutely no limits except SS/perm. damage. Min 12hr contract. If it's painful, brutal and extreme, it happens. Sadist 6', 170#, blonde. You: 100% maso, -45, Gd bld. Novice ok; no allowances made. Body photo required w/begging letter. 9083LF

ASIAN MASTER

44, handsome, 5'7", 150#, muscular, tan, hung, prof., likes finer things in life. But also hot leather sex. Would like to meet my raunchy equal or hung, muscular slaves. Photo and letter to POB 37901, Honolulu, Hawaii 96837. I travel to Calif. often. 3562LF ☐

ASIAN MASTER WANTED

WM, 5'6", 160#, into verbal abuse & humiliation from Dominant Asian. Make me grovel and worship your Asian cock, balls, feet and armpit. POB 426655, San Francisco, CA 94142

ASSTIGHT SLAVE WANNABE

Seeks right introductions into best Top society. 8" cut, beard, 5'10", 165#, goodlooking, late 40s, Neg., always traveling US/Can. Will submit totally to trim, endowed mentors likewise hungering for their meaning in sex. Ass worr., dogslave, worship. Photo to 9203LF

AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR

NW FLA, on the beach, no bull bottom, 37, 6, 170#, 8 1/2", good shape, sound mind, desires to serve a dedicated full leather or uniformed top: A man who knows who he is, what he wants, and how to get it. Sir, allow me to serve and expand my abilities for your pleasure. No pain for the sake of pain, but please write box 9130LF

BB/CHEST CENTERED MEN

I know the pain that you put into your body - now drain that pain from your muscles to my nipples. Let me worship your 'roided pecs & feel the burn. I'm masculine, muscular, 40, 6'1", 8", pierced tits, stache, huge dick, tattoo & intelligent. Chest Men of America Member. All photo & detailed responses answered immed. Rick, POB 4833, Balto, MD 21211-4833 9015LF

BD LEATHER MASTER SEEKS

boy-type slave, submissive, houseboy, helper, lover for safe, sane sex, limitations respected, but desire to reach new plateau. Into 3-way service, TT, CBT, spanking, worship, BD, light SM. Then you beg for trial period! I'm GWM, 46, 5-10, br/br, 8" cut, very horny Daddy-type. You relocate for job, I help with expenses & provide your daily needs. Indianapolis. Box 8962LF



THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Compare the cost:

Non-Members \$470 - \$510*
Members \$185 (\$240 outside the U.S.)

- 12-issue subscription to Drummer (\$70 Value)
- 10-line personal ad in Dear Sir for 12 issues (\$399 Value)
- no fee for a box number (\$5 Value)
- no phone verification charge (\$2 Value)
- no forwarding fees when responding to other ads (per ad - \$1 Value)
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SAVE MORE THAN 60% -- JOIN THE LEATHER FRATERNITY TODAY HURRY TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPECIAL OFFER BEFORE PRICES GO UP!

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THE NATIONAL LEATHER ASSOCIATION

Presents

LIVING IN LEATHER



HOUSTON, TEXAS
OCTOBER 8-10, 1993

SHERATON ASTRODOME HOTEL

THE NATIONAL LEATHER ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF PLAY AND INFORMATION

The National Leather Association is proud to present "LIVING IN LEATHER VIII" in Houston, Texas from October 8 thru 10, 1993.

LIL is host to workshops and demonstrations along with a weekend of unrivaled social events.

As a pansexual organization representing many facets of the Leather/SM/Fetish community, NLA offers LIL as an opportunity to meet, exchange ideas, and socialize with a wide host of people from around the world.

Please join us for what promises to be the most exciting and innovative LIL in its history.

Enjoy accommodations at the Sheraton Astrodome Hotel next to the world famous sports complex.

Reservations received prior to August 9, will be confirmed at \$79 per night (single/double plus tax) after August 9, rates will be confirmed at \$84 per night (\$10.00 per additional person). To make reservations now, call 713-748-3221 or 1-800-325-3535 and tell them you are registering for LIL.

NLA members with registration postmarked by September 1st pay \$105, after September 1st, \$125. Non-members with registration postmarked by September 1st, pay \$140, after September 1st, \$170.

Destination Tours of Dallas at 214-720-4483 is the Official NLA Travel Agency.

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For Detailed Information And A Free Registration Pack Call Or Write:

NLA International

584 Castro Street, Suite 444

San Francisco, CA 94114-2500

415-863-2444 (Voice)

415-626-3011 (Fax)

VENDOR AREA

ANNUAL GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING

DUNGEON / PLAY PARTIES

AND MUCH MORE!

BIG THICK MANCOCK WANTED

Daddy and boy, 41 & 28, goodlooking, pierced, looking for one or more well built, hung Topmen to abuse our holes with fists, big toys and thick cocks. Facial hair a must. No smokers. Your picture gets ours. Write R.E.M., PO Box 774, Buffalo, NY 14213

BIG MILWAUKEE DADDY BEAR

Needs cub. Me: 45, 8-2, 260#, HIV-, into BD, L/L, TT, Fr/P, Gr/A. You: compatible, in-shape to husky. Must be obedient, submissive, drug/alcohol and smoke free. Cub will become jr. partner in life. Relocation required. Write to: Box 8687LF

BIKER

Heavy into boots, leather, tats, piercing, cigars, w/s, mansmells, safe kink, HIV-. 9166LF

BLACK ARM-REST

Have I got a place for you to rest your arm - up my hot black asshole. This is for studs who are into assholes, not dicks, balls, - my asshole - B.E.C., POB 240, Jamaica, NYC, NY 11431 9236

BLACK MEN OVER 35

Where are you? This beefy, muscled, weight lifter, broad shoulders, big pecs, hung, 5-10, 180#, 40, WM, has a fetish for mature black men, stocky, overweight or muscled. Whether you're Top or bottom, let's meet for safe sex, vanilla to rough. Let me service you the way you need it. Live in Dallas but travel. Box 9000

BOOTED HARLEY RIDIN BIKER

Bim, 35, 5-10, 150#, tight greasy Levis, black leather jacket, gloves, chaps, pants & tall, dirty, biker-engineer-police-climber boots. Looking for bro who digs hot, dirty, worn, leather against leather sessions, boot action. Smell & taste of hot, sweaty leather. Photo gets mine. Box 9018LF

BOXER/CHAMP WANTED

Boxer bottom, 5'8", 170#, WM looking for champ. Lets put the gloves and gear on and swap some real leather. Looking for man/boxer to give me serious pounding. Send a photo and letter to: Jake, 6201 Sunset Blvd, Box 202, Hollywood, CA 90028 9225LF

BOY SLAVE WANTED

full/pt by Dominant, very goodlooking, GWM, 34, 6', 160#, good body, hairy chest. I train boys hard & expect orders followed w/o question. Discipline w/appreciation. VA, BD, CBT + ? You: total submissive slave, under 28, w/ boyish looks & body. Letters/photos to: DS, PO Box 1683, NYC, NY 10011

BOY/SLAVE 1-416-603-9830

Hot boy/slave, 36, 5'6", 130#, long hair, beard, moustache, seeks handsome, masculine, experienced hung Master/Daddy with 9" plus, uncut and hairy a plus. WS, VA, all bodily fluids. Stretch my limits, wreck my holes. Travel/relocation, 1-416-603-9830 3500LF (53)

BOYTOY(S) WANTED

by leather Dads, 47, 5-11, 185#, bearded and 53, 5-10, 190#, shaved head w/beard. Seek eager bottom(s) for BD, TT, CBT, spanking, shaving, suspension, etc. Have equipped playroom near NYC & Philadelphia. Photo/application a must. Box 8965LF

CHAIN GANG/PRISON FARM

Big Bear convict needs 24-hour restraint, heavy irons, SERIOUS whipping, flogging, hard labor. Sex not important, intensity is. Can assist Master, prefer bottom. Heavypain OK, but safe only. I'm HIV-, 44, 6-1, 300#. Will travel. Box 8941LF

COCKSLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

WM, 24, 5-10, 180#, br/bl, will service all. Into verbal abuse, BD, humiliation, bootlicking, cigars, rimming and WS. Satisfaction guaranteed! Call Brian (918) 835-8482. Box 9020LF

CORRECTION NEEDED

by officers. Goodlooking Italian services white, black, hispanics in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber, 3 piece suits, gut punch, enemas, cock & ball, HIV-, can be Top for Master. (718) SM-80-408. Michael P., POB 150-634, Brooklyn, NY 11215-9997. No JO. 7823LF

DAD SEEKS SON TO ADOPT

Prof GWM, 43, 5-11, 215#, goodlooking, masc, G/a, HIV-, dependable, patient, monogamous, strict, caring. Dominant, wants 1 to 1 son; possible legal adoption. My life includes humor, astronomy, photography, camping, biking, computers, travel, woodworking, music, animals and space for a son. You: 18-35, enthusiastically Gr/p, HIV-, inquisitive, shy, share some of my interests. You are submissive, dedicated, monogamous, obedient, eager, honest. You need and want a Dad & friend who provides safety, direction, encouragement, security, control, discipline, affection. You will relocate to me and we will live near mountains, develop Father/son lifestyle with good times and love as earned, discipline & training as you need it. No bars, drugs, BS. Send 2 recent pix, full life bio w/ description of your needs & phone # to: PO Box 52682, Knoxville, TN 37950-2682 8995LF

DAD SEEKS SON TO ADOPT

Prof., 43, GWM, strict, masc., Gr/a, HIV-. You: 18-35, Gr/p, HIV-, monogamous, shy, crave a Dad's control, discipline, decisions, care, security. Relocate for permanent relationship. No bars, dope. Send 2 pix, full bio, phone to: Box 7461, Elgin, IL 60121 9114LF

DAD SEEKS CARETAKER SON

GM, 25 to 50, in shape, serious boy to maintain gardens & buildings of small estate & share the place with Dad, 6-3, 190#, 50's and enjoy safe, sane SM, BD, CBT, TT & leather sex in general. Call (206) 956-0650 or write with qualifications, photo & phone to Box 9001LF

DEPRAVED TOUGH STUDS

Evil, cigar smoking, raunch Master with good body, rounded butt and attitude needed by 6', 180#, scumbag slave in 40's into tats, shaving, fists, BD, ball sac infusions, WS, piercing and anything sleazy. Box 28556, Washington DC 20038 or write Box 9227LF

DOG DAD SEEKS MASTER SON

who will inhumanely abuse, torture, humiliate, train, keep in servitude & fear, no pride, dignity or choice. To exist, Dad must behave as son's mutt who must obey, satisfy & worship a demanding son/Master from hell. Begging for adoption. Write: Al, Box 1356 Madison Sq Sta, New York, NY 10159

DOMINANT ITALIAN TOP

seeks butch/masculine bottom. Big, brawny, rugged a plus. Leather/Levi as routine as a suit. Intense total relationship, but our own rules. Phone/photo Occ. PO Box 91181 Henderson, NV 89009 7466LF

DRUMMER EARLY ISSUES

Issues 1-53 (missing 4 & 49). Make offer! - Also extra copies of 34-47, \$10 each. DRUMMER annuals - 1977, 1978 & 1979; Mach 1, 2 & 3; Robert Payne's "Care & Training" (original edition) (908) 853-0221.

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

E. COAST HARLEY BIKER SEEKS TOP

for live-in biker lifestyle, must be straight looking/acting to fit into straight bike clubs. Long haired, bearded, tattooed types preferred. Dad heavy into FF, dildoes, piercing, burning, cigars, whipping, C&B torture, electricity. Long, all night scenes preferred. Please Sir, no call after 10pm eastern time. HIV+ OK. (703) 802-0404. 8466LF

ENEMA WS, CBT MEDICAL

Shaved, uncut, tattoo, pierced, outdoor, nudist, phototrade. Young men/women. Like all races, rubber and to hear your first experiences with any of above. Prefer Audio Tapes to letters. (714) 272-5274. Mark, 1640 Via Pacifica, F-105, Corona, CA 91720 9207LF

ENGLISH MASTER TRAVELS US

Goodlooking, 31, fair hair, blue eyes, beard, in US often seeks goodlooking men who can take it from this strong-minded guy. Into bondage, SM, FF, WS, shaving, etc. Military & cops real welcome. Write M. Beattie, 64 Romilly Rd, London, N4 2QX, U.K. Send photo & phone, see you soon, boy.

EUNUCH

Me: Castrated, hairless, athletic body. You: Castrated or genital modification/amputation. Photo gets mine. 3529LF

EXPERIENCED TOP

I am a good Top - and a true sadist. I get great pleasure out of showing you how to make friends with pain. There is no part of you that will miss my special hand of love - write to POB 1102, Great Neck, NY 11027 3520LF

FART-FACE SOUTHERN BOY

Handsome, masculine, boyish, BLND/BL, 34, 5-7, 140#, needs masculine, athletic, muscular, creative Daddy, 25-55, for long, verbal, toilet raunch scenes, stinking feet, farts, cigarettes, snot, spit, tit-play. Boy needs to smell Daddy's long, slow dump. No FEMS, W/S. Phone # preferred. 9085 LF

FAT MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

49, 300#, hot, fat Master, strong of mind, will & body wants slave w/ good body to respect, honor & serve this fatman. BD, WS, TT, CBT, shaving. Slave will have but one focus, to serve me. You will be treated as you deserve. Write w/phone & nude photo to Mr. Ross, Box 10107, Columbia, MO 65205. Box 8960LF

FF AND WS TOP WANTED

GWM, 30, 6'2", 210#, w/ 7" wants your dick, 8+ and your arm, big and hairy to fill my body's needs. You: 30-50, hairy, stache a must, beard a plus, tattoos a big +. I am F/A/P, G/P, FF, WS, man, tattooed. Contact Wolf, 112 Woodward #3, Ypsilanti, MI 48197. No bullshitters! 9191LF

FORMER MARINE

30's, experienced Top, seeks young to 22, slender, smooth, cut and versatile male to explore & expand limits. Must be good looking. Send photo/phone. Long or short term considered. Box 9036LF

GET WHAT YOU WANT I

WM, 45, 5-9, 150#, brown hair, beard, 40"ch, 31"wt, big ringed nips, heavy PA, cut, low hangers. Into anything kinky & bizarre. Top, bottom or mutual. Heavy tit work, hole stretching, whippings, raunch, tattoos, sweat, cigars, uncuts, modifications, enlargements, shaving, animals. Heavy metal fan. Those seeking intense torture/whippings - a plus. Those into sex for Satan - a real plus. Age, race, looks unimportant but no fats. Will go as far as you want



AS YOU CAN SEE, HERE AT 'VIDEO XSTACY' WE PROVIDE YOU WITH A VHS BROADCAST-QUALITY TAPE OF YOUR MOST INTIMATE TIME TOGETHER, COMPLETE WITH A CUSTOM MUSICAL SCORE, A FULL PALETTE OF SPECIAL EFFECTS, AND - AT A SMALL ADDITIONAL CHARGE - MY LOVER ED, PROVIDING COLOR COMMENTARY ON THE PLAY-BY-PLAY.



I SUGGEST YOU BE CAREFUL WITH WHAT YOU SAY, DOC - OTHERWISE, SOMEONE IS GOING TO BE THE BUTT OF A HELL OF A LOT OF BLOND JOES...

to go. Toilets welcome. Call mornings or anytime Fri, Sat, Sun. Beer/smoke OK. No phone JO. Compatible roommate wanted. Karl, 836 Wheeler St, Woodstock, IL 60068. (815) 338-9137.

GOLDEN SHOWER BOY WANTED

You be cut, WM, 19-32. With full bladders, let's get so fuckin' perverted. I'm dirty Dad. Be my perverted son. Anything goes as long as it gives us pleasure. Shy? OK, I'll teach. I'm WM, 38, 5'10", 178#, Vernon, 919 Race St., W Dells, WI 53085. Beg for it! 9247LF

GUN TOP

WM, 61, looking for gun bottom for shooting encounters and boot service in uniform. Also masks, hoods, gags & restraints. Specifics of service are negotiable. Top will be armed. Wide variety of gun action possible. Box 9013LF

OUT PUNCHING IN NYC

GWM, 29, 6', 200#, BB, handsome, seeks other hot, muscular men into gut punch/kicks, stomach scissors & other ab feats of strength. Boxers, wrestlers, Karate buffs, esp. welcome. I'm tough enuf, are U? Photo/phone to TOM, 150-30 Village RD, Jamaica, NY 11432 or (718) 591-2691. 8581LF

GWM/6-2/BL-BL/BEARD WANTS

Top in bed, equal out. F/a, G/r/p, TT, FF. Want to experiment & expand limits. Wax, cath., pierced nips, ball & foreskin, all holes stretched. Biker, construction, trucker. Like short hair, facial hair on blondes/redheads. Dk men OK with hvy body hair. Tattoos a +. Aroma OK. HIV-. Send photo & letter. Box 8967LF

HAIRY LITTLE LEATHER CUB

SM novice M/Future SI Can you grow? Cop, USMC and Dad fantasies? Of course you do! Increase my training - TT, CBT, restraints, WTS. I'm young, 40, smart, HIV-, love hairy studs & travel often. Letter/pic to Cub, Box 9070LF

HARD ROCKIN' TOP

Into leather, levis, mild bondage, rock, blues, camping, canoeing, sports cars. 37, 5-8, 145#, very fit & down to earth. Seek masculine, clean man in excellent shape (no fats) with similar interests, solid mind and body. PO Box 654, Putnam, CT 06260

HEAVY PAINSEX

Serious, tough, sadistic Master, 45, 185#, b/b, seeks young, slim, healthy masochist/slave willing to totally surrender body & mind. Long, heavy, creative painsex scenes to take you to new highs. No limits other than safe/sane. Novice OK. Permanent or weekend scenes. Serious only. Apply/reply with experiences, fantasies, photo, phone. Box 345, 70-A Greenwich Ave, New York, NY 10011

HOT LEATHER BOY

42, 5-7, 140# into wearing leather all the time, seeks hot, sadistic-jack-booted, leather Master to train me for duty as his obedient sexdog, torture boy, piss slave. Travel OK. Booze, smoke, etc ok. For info & phone write to ED, POB 108, Dunedin, FL 34697 3582LF

HOT LEATHER STUD

GWM, HIV-, dark hair, and a sexual fanatic Top seeking submissive slave(s) for vigorous rough play. Write Steven, PO Box 43141, Fayetteville, NC 28309. Master loves TT, serious fucking, long sessions, CBT, and much, MUCH, MORE! "Tough Customer #2" - Page 29.



For the leather & fetish lifestyles

- One-on-one
- Group Scenes
- Backroom Action
- Voice Mail by Region
- Gay Owned & Operated

FREE TO CALL*

011-592-1901

*Regular long distance applies

HOT DADDY

GWM, 6'2", 180#, 47, HIV-, Dominant, loving, masculine, successful and professional seeks younger, in-shape, healthy and stable, submissive boy willing to relocate. SM & romance, compassion and caring, can you handle it all? PO Box 3838, Arlington, Va 22203 8333LF

HOT LEATHER/LEVI TOPMAN

GWM, 41, 5-11, 190#, br/bl, moustache, hairy chest (with hard nipples that demand attention), stable, well educated, professional. Interests include hiking, photography, working out, heavy titwork, JO, toys, jocks, leather, cowboys, Asians. You: 25-45 with similar interests, smooth or hairy but a good bottom who knows how to please. No ferns or drugs. Photo/phone to Box 8896LF

HOT AND VERSATILE

Well built GWM, 6-2, 175# working man into hot, intense sex: CBT, TT, Leather, Levi, SM, heavy ass-beating, ass-play and all the extras. If discipline is your desire, submit your needs and expand your curiosities. Serious minded. Let's explore. Detailed letter with photo/phone to PO Box 683, Ogden, UT 84402 8491LF

HOUSEBOY or SLAVEBOY

Ready to commit, under 38, honest, with domestic skills, keen interest in leather, outdoors, & discipline. Permanent position offered by 13 yr. lovers, both 46, self employed, with secluded acreage in N NY. One is Red hair, 5-7, smooth body, average endowment. Other: Daddy-type, 5-6, healthy "HIV+", hairy, bearded, brown/grey thinning hair, well endowed. We offer security, health insurance, education for the right boy. Write an honest letter today with phone number & current photo. Box 9023LF

HOUSEBOY/SON WANTED

(18-26) for permanent, live-in position with Dad, 34, 5'9", 190#, brn/blu, clnshvn, small endow. Boy should be smooth, submissive, HIV- and into pleasing Dad and his leathers. Photo/letter to Boxholder, POB 9126, Newport Beach, CA 92658 9195LF

INDECENT PUBLIC EXPOSURE

Seek men who like to flash, streak, parade nude and JO in very public, risky scenes. Daylight, street scenes A+. Also want videos, photos of same. I can also do it. David, 110-64 Queens Blvd. #239, Forest Hills, NY 11375. Serious, very public enthusiasts only. 9267LF

INSATIABLE FF TOP

Hot, Italian, leather stud, 42, 6', 164#, stache, hairy, big dick & talented hands seeks kinky bottoms with loose, hungry holes for (gloved) marathon fisting. Into depth & width. Also TT, CBT, VA, WS. Cigar smokin', pierced, tattooed leathermen real turn ons. Can host & travel (often in US). No pix, no response. Nindo Brugioni, Via Gino Capponi 20, 50121 Florence, ITALY.

INTERACIAL BONDAGE, SM

partner sought by hot, 33, WM. Mutual support, respect, challenge. No Masters or slaves. I'm 6-2, 185#, blk/br, bearded, attractive, masculine, stable, versatile, non-racist, HIV-. Into leather, uniforms, safe/sane kink. You: Masc, independent, stable, sane, hot, tall, attractive. Photo, phone. Box 9007LF

ITALIAN SHIT

Young, handsome, Italian shit. 27, 6, 170#, 6", seeks his place under a big, experienced Master's Ass. Am a hot ass and bootlicker and when a Master pisses, I obey an order. HIV-, muscular, available in leather or shorts. 3526 (3)

KICK MY ASS

29, Muscular, deep throated. Body/ass licking, punch/kick bag needs mean, abusive Top into humiliation, beatings, and control. Can be public buddy - private lowly queer. Write with interests. 9200LF

KINKY SAFE BONDAGE SEX

WM, 6', 165#, 36. I seek others into kinky sex. Would love to have a bondage slave to sleep with, not into SM, but love breath control. You should be very open minded. Would love to make love with a funeral director. Call 24 hours (516) 239-3321, late nite AOK. 9281LF

KNEELING AT YOUR FEET

29, 5-7, 155#, Blonde, smooth, muscular, professional but unfulfilled without demanding, uncompromising Master. Intense attitude adjustment (BD, WS, Whips, brainwashing, more) breeds enduring servitude and worship. Dark hair, hairy A+. Permanent devotion sought. 9232LF

LASHMATES

National Whipping/Spanking Club, info: RS 496A, Hudson #H-24, NYC, NY 10014

LEATHER MATE

Aggressive, 5'6", 170#, BB, bottom soon to be Top, wants to learn the ropes, chains, and leather lifestyle from the bottom up. Serious, secure teachers/partners only. Will consider all leathersex possibilities. Short in-shape men are a turn on. Replies with photo answered first. Box 8600LF

LEATHER BUDDY

GWM, 49, 5-8, 150#, br/bl, stache, looking for younger bro/son into leather. From affection to kink, must want to wear it all the time. Prefer slim, dark hair with beard & stache, but will respond to all. Photo please. Write: E.M., PO Box 463, Lahaska, PA 18931

LEATHER SEEKS BIG MUSCLES

GWM, 43, new to the leather fraternity, but into leather and all it entails, BR/BR, 5'11", 190#, Balding. Into muscle bound, GWM, 35-50 yrs, more muscle the better. Would worship in any way desired. Tattooed, pierced, PA, BD, light SM, CBT, I adore only you alone. Both of us HIV- 9275LF

LEATHER MASTER DEMANDS

Slave not lover, be open to physical, mental, sexual & spiritual growth. BD, TT, CBT, wax, piercing, FF, WS, cages, total domination and ownership. Send photo, letter & phone to Master A.J., P.O. Box 16515, Phoenix, AZ 85011-6515 8861LF

LEATHER PIG BOTTOM/SLAVE

GWM, 35, 5'3", 140#, seeks to serve one (or more) hairy sadistic Leather Master/Top(s) into SM, BD, TT, whips, wax, rimming, maybe more! Biker(s), tattoos, uniforms, A+. Sir, tie me up spread eagle, I'm yours to use and abuse. Thank you, Sir. Massachusetts 9264LF

LEATHER LOVER WANTED

Leather Dad, 47, 6-2, 200#, wants leather son for life together. Son must be 25-35, athletic, hard working, able to relocate, passive or versatile, no smoking or drugs. Into BD, light SM, lots of tit work. Write about self, photo, phone. Box 8899LF

LEATHERSEX AND COMMITMENT

Attractive Top, 5-9, 35, 169#, HIV-, hairy, Italian seeks one special bottom. Into: whipping, body/ boot worship, BD, TT, CBT, VA, assplay, wax. Facial hair, non-smoker preferred. Long term. Are you ready for what lies ahead? Letter, phone, photo to: Box 8927LF

LEVIS/WRESTLING/LEATHER

WM, 41, 6'4", BR/BR, clean-shaven, levi/leather stud into street fights, SM, BD, ball work (kneeling, punching, etc). Rough, no-holds-barred action. You: 18-35, jock, punk, skinhead, BB, into same. 501's, boots, smoke, aroma, Tops, bottoms, groups, write to 7000 Boulevard E., Apt 315-A, Guttenburg, NJ 07093 3580LF ☎

LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

by cowboy Master with well-equipped playroom. Master is 47, 6-3, 220#, blonde, hazel, hung & experienced. Complete surrender required. Serving your Master will be your life. slave should be under 40. If you are not serious and ready to relocate to New England immediately, don't waste my time. Include photo and phone. Box 9279LF

LOVER WANTED

Looking for young, submissive bottom, under 25, into light SM, BD, spanking, nonsmoker, inexperience OK, cock size not important. Me: 37, 6'5", 230#, hairy, BL/BR, masculine, disease free, and financially secure, 12 mi from UW Oshkosh. Write with photo to P.O. Box 152, Ripon, WI 54971 9124LF

MAN TO MAN

GWM, 33, 5-10, 173#, blk/blu, masc., great shape, BB, wants sweaty, muscle vs muscle, given n' take, sexy submission, wrestling matches with in-shape opponents, nationwide. I'm aggressive, competitive, hairy, good looking. In Houston. Send photo to: Box 8952LF

MAN TO MAN

GWM, 50, 6', 185#, br/bl, clean-shaven, pierced, good shape, enjoys tit work, bondage, whips, electricity and, with the right person, expansion of limits. Seeking possible companion who enjoys giving, receiving same. Reside in Conn. 1 hour from NYC. Box 9039LF

MANRIDER WANTS HORSE

6'-1 1/2", 205#, youthful 63, GWM, Daddy, Top, manrider wants any age big, strong, heavyset, son, bottom to horseplay, mutually workout, swim, watch videos, safe sex, etc. with me. J.L., POB 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160 3585LF ☎

MAN-SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Strong, aggressive, btm sks Sadistic Lthr Top. I'm Ital/Hispan 5-6, 160#, strong, masc, BL/Brn, flat-top, 44" chest, 32" waist, 30"s. Into SM, CBT, TT, BD, Gags, Hoods. Looking for a strong, tough Top to train me hard, abuse me. Over 6, hung, strong, stocky A+ plus. HIV-. Perm relationship wanted. Are you man enough to break and train me? Photo & Phone to Box 9226LF

MARYLAND BONDAGE SLAVE

WM, construction worker, 36, 6', 190#, hairy & muscular seeks demanding Master/Top into leather, boots, uniforms, M/S scenes. Bottom into VA, CBT, TT, toys, BD, domination. Master: muscular, into cock & boot service, safe fucking & total control. Box 8914

MASTER SEEKS SLAVEBOY

WM, 31, 5-10, 148#, muscular, well hung, seeks young, hard bottom into, leather, BD, VA, boots. Under 35, short, slim, HIV-, a plus. Must be submissive and wild in bed. Letter and Photo to PO Box 22355, Minneapolis, MN 55422 9245LF

MASTER OF BONDAGE!

Whips & chains, ropes & gain, pleasure & pain. St. Louis, late 50's Master with mid 30's (9') son. Seeks trim, young slaves. Cum visit & scale great heights of erotica. Safe, Sane, experienced. Send ltr with to box 9080LF

MASTER SEEKS BOY/SLAVE

for weekend or occasional use. Safe, sane, clean and can travel some. Boy must be under 35. Prefer smooth swimmer's build. I'm 44, 5-11, 185#, br/br, professional. Am an experienced Top willing to train a slave. Send picture/phone to Sir, PO Box 21093, Chattanooga, TN 37421 8526LF

MAT TOUGH MEN WANTED

If you are in or coming to New England and think you can handle no-holds-barred battles for top, then I want your ass on the mats. 6', 210#, 40 year old wrestler will fuck you up and make you crawl. Join the list of losers. Rope match, jeans, boots. Name your game. Punk! I'm waiting. Box 8407LF

MATURE BODY SLAVE WANTED

over 40, for monogamous relationship. You must need to serve, be into total submission, crave humiliation, and into licking my feet, sucking my cock, drinking my piss. I'm 60, 5'8", 145#, HIV-. Letter/photo to Box 1329, Sunset, CA 90742 7728LF

MEAN AND NASTY NOVICE

WM, 45, 160#, brn/gm, good shape, above average looks, HIV-, wants experienced buddy to show me the ropes (and more!). I've got an intense, extremely vivid imagination and a sadistic streak a mile wide. Gut-punching, rape, wrestling and boxing scenes, verbal abuse, weapons - anything aggressive makes me hot. Limited resume, but really eager to learn more! Chicago and surrounds. Photo a must. 3546LF

MEN INTO TIGHTS/SPANDEX

GLM, 40, HIV-, seeks men into tights, dance belts, spandex. If you enjoy seeing and feeling your thighs, ass, crotch encased in tights, let's talk. Want GM, tights/spandex buddy for fun/ correspondence no BS/serious. Photo, phone, address. Let's get hard in tights. Box 9055LF

MIDWEST BONDAGE BOTTOM

Butch boy, 28, sometimes crewcut, beard needs firm punishment and discipline from hot, hairy, muscular Daddy/Master. Hoods, SM, BD, VA, TT, spanking, wet jocks, safesex. Train me as your fuckhole slave. Photo/phone. I await your orders, SIR! box 9140LF

MILITARY AND POLICE CLUB

6TH year and worldwide. Very discreet contact club for Police, Firefighters, Military, E.M.T., Paramedics, Correction Officers, & Licensed Security Officers. Proof of service is required to join. SASE & 2.00 credited to MPC-D, POB 22806 Houston, TX 77227 9109LF

MORE HOT CUM - OH YEAH!

GWM, cocksucker/fucker, 38, 5'9", br/bl, stache & hairy chest, HIV-, seeking hot jocks, hard hats, cops, truckers, bikers, & leather studs into mutual oral service, steamy WS & JO. Call Tom (908) 832-6121. 9199LF

MOUSTACHE WANTED

Two German guys, 35/45, seek international friends into leather, uniform and jeans for safe sex and more. Please send photo. We are living downtown Cologne; also often in USA and Canada. S. Gartner, Mozartstr. 2, D-5000 Köln 1, GERMANY 9287

MUSCULAR BD LEATHERMASTER

Seeks boy as houseboy/helper, lover to train in hot safe/sane BD, Lt SM, & gym. Me: gdlkg, GWM, 38, 6-0, 190#, clean-cut built/big. You: in 20's, GWM, HIV-, gdlkg/boyish/submissive, need firm Top to serve. Good opp/home 4 bright, sincere boy. Good letter/photo a must. 9153LF

CLOSE-UP VIDEO

PRESENTS

THREE STEVE JOHNSON VIDEOS HOT HORNY STUDS IN B/D, S/M ACTION

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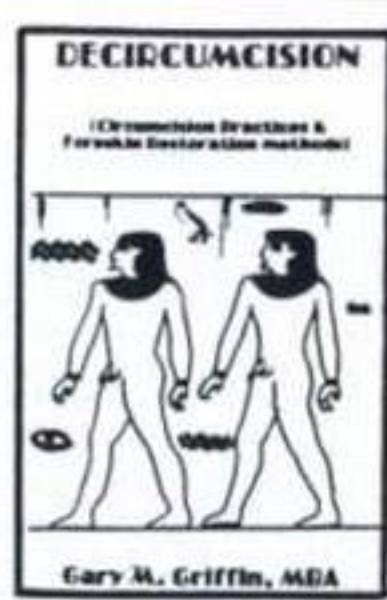
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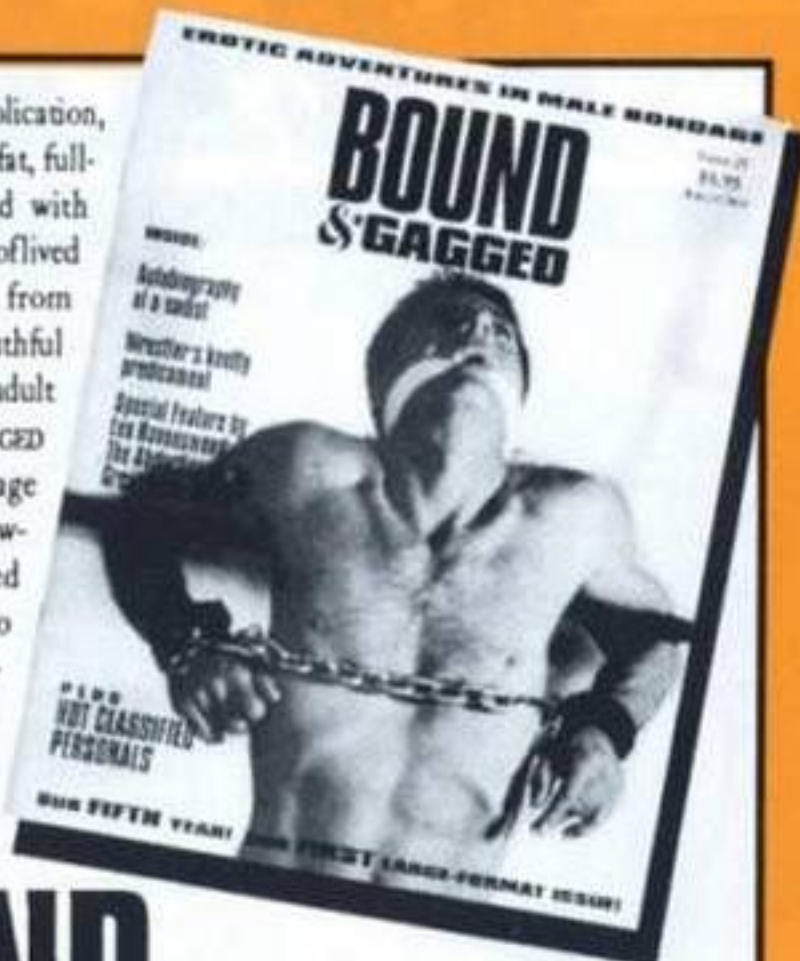
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Permanent live-in slave position. Must have nonquestioning attitude; my pleasure/your desire. Into SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, VA, toys, mind body control & more. Me: 42, 6', 185#, BR/GR, beard, total Top & hung. You: 21-50, bottom. Send photo, phone & experiences to Box 8950LF

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Blonde bodybuilder, 34, 6-3, 190#, HIV-, moustache, needs ONE overprotective, possessive, masculine man, Boss, Dad with a mean streak. Into rape, rope, public humiliation, control of my body, balls & brain. Possible permanent ownership. Tough to break. PO Box 16613, San Diego, CA 92176

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Hungstud top seeks guys into hanging fantasies, SM, BD, and torture, autoerotica. Hot for cowboy boots, sweat socks and nice bare feet. Want execution and foot videos/photos. Reward for source info. Buy good cowboy boots 9 1/2 "B". I'm GWM, 5-10, 165#, 47, BR/BR. Write Jay, PO Box 9414 W.B.B., Dayton, OH 45409 LF

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needed by GWM, leather bottom. Woodshed and school-type discipline and outdoor whippings desired. W/S and BD. Strong fetish for watches and Speidel Twist-O-Flex watchbands. Write Jim, PO Box 66201, Houston, TX 77266-6201 3513LF

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PERFECT SLAVE/SON REQUIRED

Hot, pierced, bearded Top, 6', 170#, Master Daddy, seeks live-in slave/son to care for me & my home. Into Harleys, exercise, outdoors, travel, leather sex. You need good mind, loyalty & desire to grow. Rewards earned for excellence. HIV-. Send pic, letter, phone to get response & possible interview. Box 8881LF

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29, musc, deep throated, bodyfasc, licking, punch/kick bag needs mean, abusive Top into humil., beatings, control. Can be public buddy/private queer. Write with interests. Box 9200LF

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33, muscular, long-haired, foul-mouthed, mechanic seeks slave, BD, intense CBT, alterations, forced multiple orgasms & dry milking, exhibition & self sexual display, WS, VA, mind fuck. Permanent only, ownership required. PJH, PO Box 4376, Suite 502, Houston, TX 77210

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any age, for monogamous relationship. I'm 61, HIV-, attractive, tall, trim, into total submission, hot far out scenes, your dominance, control & power. Sincere only please. Photo appreciated. D.W., PO Box 472, Mill Valley, CA 94942

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37 year old stud, 6', 170#, hot hairy body, great look, big fat prick, low hangers, true Dominant! Looking for true submissive boy for my personal use/abuse. Boy is thin and good looking and will suck dick and dirty ass while tied. Let me plow your boy cunt. Send application w/ photo. 9108LF

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Are you ready and able to take on the demands and obligations of a life of REAL slavery? This is not for beginners. Bottoms need not apply. Only slaves with correct attitude will be selected for ownership. (612) 559-1062. 9216LF

UNCUT DOMINANT WM TOP

Seeks white fuckboy. You: 20-33, HIV-, slim, masculine, loyal and not into booze, drugs, or smoking. You need spanking, heavy ass, mouth, and nipple abuse. Me: very short hair, moustache, 6', 175#, 50, hard body, tough nipples, HIV-, open to LT bonding. Foto to POB 3834, San Diego, CA 92163. (619) 297-3044, 6-11pm. No JO calls. 3568LF (63)

VERY HANDSOME MAN W/ STACHE

Skis same. Top/bottom 4 very hot times. Inexp. a big +! To: POB 571503, Tarzana, CA 91356

WANTED - HOMELESS HOUSEBOY/

SLAVE

for GW couple - must be a well hung, oriental (8 inches hard) head and bodyshaving. Interest also ass eating & dildo enthusiast. 25-35 yrs old - nonsmoker - cooking & housekeeping knowledge. No drugs with good driving record. Write Qualifying letter with photo to T.M., 4579 Laclede #124, St. Louis, MO 63108

WANTED: TOUGH LEATHERMAN

and disciplinarian to train my very handsome 25, year old boy to follow his Master's orders and commands without question. I will hand him over to you for non-sexual training; you deliver him back obedient and submissive. You must have trained before, respect limits I impose and provide references. Send very detailed letter to Training Center, POB 5840, Wash. DC 20016 9156LF

WEALTH HAS ITS PRIVILEGES

GWM, executive, 6'3", 242#, good build, HIV-, travels the world. New to scene, seeks someone I can trust to enjoy my lifestyle with. Me: I'm 48. You? Send photo and phone, a must to Box 572, Gwynedd Valley, PA 19437 - outside Philly. Tell me about yourself. 3526LF (63)

WELL-BUILT BONDAGE BOTTOM

Handsome and well-built bottom, 25, looking for friendship with strong minded & bodied man. Need Dominance, Control, & security at home, while by your side in public. Main focus is bondage and confinement. Interests include TT, CBT, safe sex, shaving, enemas, and catheters. Photo/phone to Jeff Taylor, POB 19288, Pittsburgh, PA 15213 3576LF (63)

WORK FOR IT, SWEETLIPS

Bitch faggots with hairy crotches & pretty boy cunts - I've got 8 big, stiff, red inches for you, if you please me. Safe but intense. VA, WS, CBT, TT. Me: Mean redneck Daddy, 45, ready to rumble. Send photo & letter. Box 8959LF

YOU ARE MY BROTHER

and will live with me under my supervision. But Master owns you, body, mind & soul, as He owns me. We truly exist only to serve Him in total obedience. Master, 39, is utterly sadistic, extremely wise, & very caring. He derives great pleasure from inflicting pain on His slave, 42. I am branded, my right ball will be destroyed & removed when He chooses, as an offering of submission. This is not a game. Faith, devotion, & complete obedience are required. you will respond describing your understandings of your path to present & how you discovered your slave nature. Include the strengths you will bring to serve him. Los Angeles area; slave does not live with Master. Reply to Box 9081 9081LF

ELECTRICAL NOW IN STOCK!

Caution: the basic rule in electrical play is the two leads must be arranged so there is no current running through the chest cavity. Simplified: **NO CONTACTS ABOVE THE WAIST!**

P.E.S. Electro Stimulation Box—THE ORIGINAL INNOVATOR

Our unit offers several improvements over any previous; stronger and more pleasant frequencies, can be used with up to four attachments (2 or 4 attachments on one person or 2 attachments each on two people), instant kill switches for each channel, provides a potential for interesting variations in delivery of the current. L.E.D. indicator lights so you can see the pulse of the unit. Includes AC adaptor or can be used with 9 Volt alkaline battery. Two intensity controls allow you to fine tune the sensations. Separate frequency and pulse rate controls offer the maximum range of stimulation variations. Also includes 2 sets of leads for attachments listed below. Absolute pleasure!!!

—M401 P.E.S. BOX W/AC ADAPTOR AND TWO SETS OF LEADS \$299.95

Aquasonic 100

Ultra Sound Transmission Gel. Water soluble, non greasy and will not irritate tissue. Safe for external or anal application. Solution will add to electrical signal strength, ideal for use with cockrings, or whatever. 8 fl oz. —M503 AQUASONIC \$7.95

Electric Butt Plug

The charge of a lifetime. An ACRYLIC butt plug with two electrodes that stimulate the anal sphincters. When used with the P.E.S. Box that has an adjustable pulse rate, this butt plug can become an actual *fucking machine* sliding in and out of the ass by itself (with proper setting on power source). Available in three sizes. Expensive but worth it.

M554 6" x 1 3/4" BUTTPLUG (LARGE) \$169.95

M555 6" x 1 1/2" BUTTPLUG (MED) \$169.95

M556 5" x 1 1/2" BUTTPLUG (SMALL) \$169.95

ElectroPlate

This is a concave oval of LEXAN with two electrode strips. Designed to stimulate the lips of the vagina, it also works well anywhere on the male body. Try it on the scrotum, inside of the thigh, on the bottom of the foot...—M558 ELECTRO PLATE \$59.95

Sparkler—Cock Head Stimulator

This is a short length of conductive rubber that, when used anally, for urethral insertion, or looped through the acrylic platform, becomes a mystical cock-head stimulator in conjunction with a single cockring at the base of the cock (approximately 6" long by 1/8" diameter). Originally designed for anal insertion. If used with single electrode cockring, the current will pass from the front on the body through the prostrate into the ass. Can be used in any moist opening below the waist including the urethra, but if used for urethral insertion must be a one person toy. Caution this one delivers quite a jolt.

—M557 SPARKLER \$49.95

Cockrings

Lexan cockrings are available in four inside diameters: 1 1/4", 1 1/2", 1 3/4" and 2". Each size is available with a single electrode and conductive material running the full circle, or with two electrodes and separate areas of conductive material on each half of the circle.

M561 SINGLE ELECTRODE COCKRING \$49.95

M562 DOUBLE ELECTRODE COCKRING \$49.95

M563 SET OF TWO COCKRINGS \$79.95

Choose 2 of any size from either of the above.

Please specify size(s) when ordering.



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Fax: 415/252-9574.

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Uniformed, BM Sadist, 40's, wholly gung-ho to mantrap, capture white jock, badboy with a growl in his groin for sadistically inspired physical interrogation. Butthead prisoner will be cruelly mindfucked to beg for release thru enforced multiple orgasms and dry milkings; VA, TT, CBT and foot bastinado/torture. No bullshit jocks, 21-39. Box 8529LF

YOUNGER BROTHER/BOY FRIDAY

soulmate for life; yessir, can-do attitude for use in Cabinet business. Boy who can swap engines or handy with spray gun is on second base for 6'4", 40yr Dad. A tease, experienced with results; likes whips, restraints, VA, and athletic uniform. Boy will work hard and play hard. 8838LF

YOUR PIES AND MY FACE

29, GWM, slave available to get hit with your pies. For private use, parties, or fund raisers. Also seeking "pie Master". All answered. 3535 ☎

ALABAMA

BARE BACK WHIPPING

Looking for step-Dad who believes in whipping son on back, not ass, with razor strop. I got it growing up and miss it. 38, 5-10, 155#, can travel. Serious Dad, not Master, slave, domestic type discipline. Write Box 9243LF

PHONE JERK

Fuckhead wants brain pumped by mean, lowdown, dirty old men of experience and deepshit, virulent intensity. 55yo, GWM, 170#, 5'6", 7 1/2" uncut, neck 16", bicep 13 1/2", waist 32", chest 42", calf 15 1/2", thigh 21. Auditions only after 10pm CST. Survivor; triathlon training, pumping iron. Want my insatiable holes disciplined by hot Tops. (Bobby, 205-976-5318) Box 8516LF

TOPS WANTED - M/F/COUPLES

WM wants to be stripped & bound by sadistic but sane Tops. Make me struggle & suffer for your enjoyment & enjoyment of your friends as you subject me to shaving, TT, CBT, hot wax, electricity & anything else. Mobile, Birmingham, Pensacola area. Group humiliation a +. Letter, photo, phone to: Box 8828LF

ARIZONA

AZ DAD & BROTHER SEEK 3RD

GWM, 58, 6', 230#, Top & GWM, 44, 5-11, 165#, bottom, secure, loving, BD, CBT, FF, toys, playroom, CW/leather. Seek 3rd, 30-55, hairy, honest, in-shape. Let's explore fantasies. Long term possible. Box 12256, Tucson, AZ 85732

ON CALL SLAVE WANTED

Sadistic Master Bear, 53, seeks masochist slave who will serve when called. BD, TT, CBT, WS, whips, pain, companionship. Can lead to live-in. Limits respected. Safe, sane Master knows how to train, use, abuse and to love his property. Tucson area. Box 8997LF

ARKANSAS

MARLBORO MAN WANTED

GWM, 35, red/grn, professional, responsible and fuzzy on the outside. Rebellious teenager on the inside seeks Daddy, big brother, lover. Turn me on with big cigars, heavy smoking, shaving, booze, aroma, encouraged or forced smoking, uniforms, altered states. Box 9019LF

Drummer's new TOUGH LINE

In this and future issues of *Drummer Magazine*, our classified ads will be combined with our new 800 and 900 phonelines.

When you place an ad in *Drummer*, in addition to our mail box forwarding, you may call us at 415-252-1195 and receive a voice mail passcode. You can then leave your ad or any message you like on our phoneline. Tough guys from around the nation can contact you.

All current boxholders and Leather Fraternity members may call us to receive a voice mailbox number and passcode for their current *Drummer* ad. Your voice box will be active in the next published issue of *Drummer Magazine*.

Look for the ☎ symbol at the end of each ad to see if you can call. The ✉ symbol means that you may also write. No symbol after the ad means that this classified is not yet online with our phone service but you may contact them in the usual manner.

TOUGH Line charges apply in all cases when the 800 or 900 service is used.

1-800-959-8684

\$1.98 per minute (credit cards only)

1-900-468-6844

\$3.00 1st minute, \$2.00 each additional min.
(billed to your telephone number)

You must have a touchtone phone and you must be over 18 years old.

NO. CALIFORNIA

ARROGANT SON NEEDED

Seeking arrogant, foulmouthed son who needs a bottom Daddy to deliver hot butt and oral service his way! Give serious corporal punishment, verbal abuse. Taunt, tease and abuse this butt hole. Amuse yourself while teaching lessons in humiliation and service. GWM, 46, 5'8". No Drugs. 8754LF

BONDAGE AND BRIEFS

WM, 40, 6-3, 180#, trim, athletic, seeks masculine, trim, WM/HM, 20's-30's, bottom or Top for BD. Cuffs, ropes, chains, long hot nights bound & gagged w/sweaty briefs, socks, Levis, boots, CBT, TT, shaved balls, WS, lite SM. No heavy ass play. Fresno, Modesto, Yosemite area. Box 9011LF

BOY MASTER FOR SLAVE MAN

Me: GWM, 37, look 30, 5'7", 130#, v-gd/king, built, smth, strgt appr, discr, nice butt, 7 1/2" cut, thk, Top Master. You: GWM, 30-45, 6'+, 185# of beefy musc, strgt appr, discr, v-hairy w/ hairy BBL butt, hung w/o hanging balls, excl hygn esp, a-hole, shaved hole to nuts, btm slave, seeks huge cocks up ass, dwn throat. Is craving to rim, deep FRA/p, hard GR/p, advrtz w/butt esp chaps/ass torn jeans for hung men at sex clubs & 3 ways. I'll cockring, spank, rim, lube, finger, GRa, FRA/p, you btwn men. Once in a while you want ez FF, TT, BD, WS, a shave, spankings, my butt, nudity, beach, suntan sex, jocks, htub, mssge. Friend, trust, fin. sec. a must. Letter w/photos req. VHS prfd. All returned w/ or w/out reply. Bay Area, SF prfd. No fats. Serious men only. 9161LF

BUTCH BLONDE 31 YRS

Athletic, cocksucking pig, 6', 180#, liking for hot, hung Top/Master/Daddy, 35-50, into rubber, WS, VA, TT, toys, rimseat. Seeking perm. position in bed and home; equal out. Reality with fantasy, honesty, integrity, long term relat. Martin S., POB 469012, SF, CA 94146-0921. No Photo, no response (will return). 9143LF

CEREBRAL TOP

Creative, intelligent, healthy, white male, executive in early 40's, seeks curious, fit men for introduction to safe & sane, white hot, SM & BD. Uninitiated bottoms should send fantasy requirements & limits. Not seeking live-in partner but rather a buddy to be challenged. Like-minded, aggressive Tops also welcome for man-to-manscenes. Write Ken, PO Box 70952, Plaza Station, Sunnyvale, CA 94086

HAVE SLING - MUST TRAVEL

Have a hot/secure place to hang Daddy's sling? GWM, 43, 6-3, 190#, beard, hairy, creative/safe & sane, into fantasies, padlocks, B/D, CBT. Seeks GWM of quality, 30-40 with extremely well developed dildo obsession for long, spread-eagle workouts. Submit and release to your ultimate fantasy. Box 3561 ☎

HAYWARD HEIGHTS MOONLIGHT

Young, hard, Latin angel turns most straight guys heads as I strut the avenues and parks in only leather and muscle. I need a tough guy in leather to hold me, kiss me, and love me all night long. POB 652, Hayward, CA 94541 (510-727-0704) Box 8996LF

HOUSE-SLAVE SON WANTED

Drug and smoke free, utterly obedient, slim, preferably smooth skinned, 18-40. You'll live in S.F. with openness, nudity, shaving and whatever else this sane, considerate, trim, retired GWM decides is right for you. Box 8894LF

HUMPY DOG SLAVE

Slobbering, obedient, mutt looking for Master into dog training, bondage, cages, piss, tits, leather exhibitionism, verbal abuse, ownership, heavy fucking, shaving. Healthy HIV+, 5-6, 140#, blonde, 34, tattooed, 8", good hole. Ready for piercing and more tattoos. Can travel. Mark in Santa Cruz, (408) 423-3166. Box 8611LF

I NEED TO SNIFF YOUR HOLE

Nicelooking W/M, 46, seeks contact with younger, dominant guy of any race. If you've been working hard at working out and would

enjoy forcing me to tongue clean your sweaty pits, nuts and worship your ripe asshole, write: Chuck, Box 51202, Palo Alto, CA 94303 LF

LIVE-IN BOY WANTED!

Very handsome, moderately severe, San Francisco Daddy, 42, 6', 205#, average endowment. You must be younger, x-well hung, ready for total ownership; WS, a must. Roy (415) 681-5748. No phone sex. SERIOUS ONLY! Call before 11pm. 3556LF ☎

LOOKING FOR YOUNG LAD

Daddy will train trim young lad in the art of obedience thru bondage and discipline. SF Master is 40, son 30, both are experienced and attractive. Cum visit and submit. Tom (415) 282-5439

MUSCULAR STUD NEEDS DADDY

Handsome, 29, 6', 200#, solid, bl/bl, stache, needs studly Master with muscles, cops, rugged types, cowboys, who can Dominate this hunk with TT, ass beatings, discipline & training. Drilling afterwards. Safe only. Photo/phone # get same. Thank you, Sir! 9230LF

SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA

GWM novice boy, 29, seeks Dominant Tops & couples who can train my submissive butt in SM especially CBT, Spanking, shaving, & TT. Expand my limits. Be willing to workout with me. Hairy and uncut pluses. All answered. Photo/phone requested. 9128LF

STRAIGHT ACTING & APPEARING

Country man, athletic, good looking, contractor, 6'2", 200#, hazel eyes, brown hair, nice smile, HIV+ but healthy, would like to meet a short, stocky buddy with big hands, big forearms, big heart, high energy, hard working, adventurous, emotionally mature, honest & open. A buddy to explore and share our lives together. Lets connect, then meet. Steve (707) 869-2388.

SEEK DOMINANT SON

Retired executive, 60, 5-11, 170#, silver moustache, 7" uncut, seeks son 18 to 32, shorter to 5-9, masculine, boyish, horny, jackass stud who struts his stuff w/hard on and commands (in bedroom only) servility; hard fucking of dad's open pussy, butt rimming of his sweaty boy hole, body worship, water sports. This hot butt, horny senior dad craves to serve son, receive verbal abuse, training, humiliation, mild ass beating, shaving, piss, bondage, smelly armpits, enemas, fucking, cock-sucking. Teach me to serve you and give you total pleasure. No scat, FF or brutality. Out of the bedroom I offer companionship, friendship, and possible relationship. Call (415) 929-7124. 8444LF

SINCERE MANCHILD WANTED

21-35 partner in SM twosome. Who knows love and CP not contradictions. Safe/creative. No games. No ferns. Dad is GWM, 44, 6'2", 170#, BR/BL. Novice ok? If ready for reality, no Fantasy. Honest letters, Photo to: DS, POB 467, El Cerrito, CA 94530 9192LF

SINK YOUR HEAD

& skin in the mental pit this demon will dig for you. Me: 5-7, 140#, 55. You: 30-55, in a bod you respect. Turn up in the uniform you get sweaty to wear: the whip will stripe across it & across your skin, until you ARE the uniform. Box 9030LF

SLAVE SON SEEKS MASTER

Novice slave son, 28, 5-10, 155#, br/bl, moustache, in-shape, desires to serve Topman, Master, Dad, 30-45. Occasional safe scenes, training, SM, BD, TT, CBT, leather, whips, restraints, oil massage. Especially likes intelligent, hairy, uninhibited men. Photo, phone to: Box 9032LF

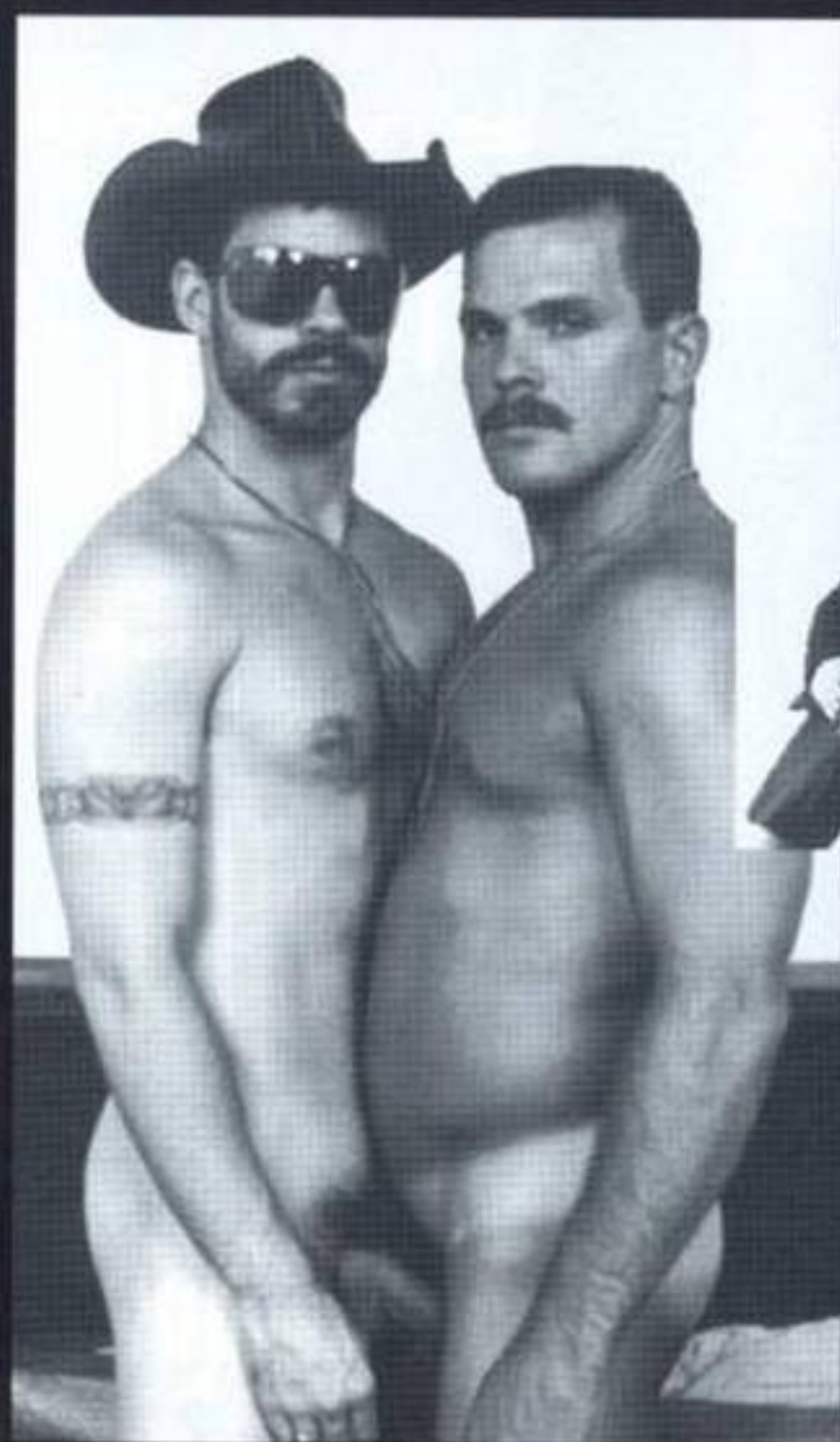
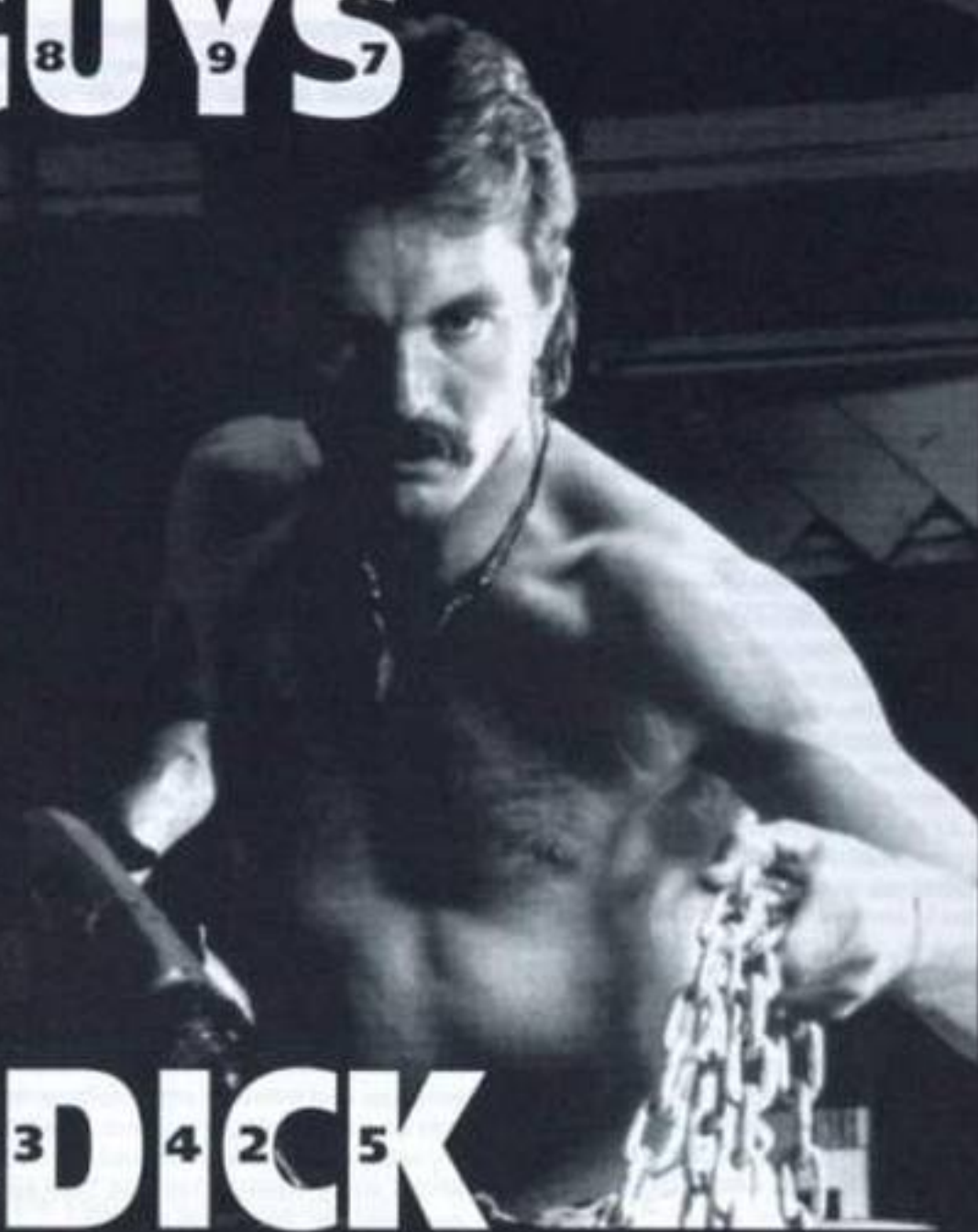
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THE CONSUMATE BOY

Butch, muscular, bottom, 31 yo, 155#, Brn/ Hazel, hairy, nice bubble butt. Looking for hot, mature, self assured Daddy with strong hand and warm heart plus the right combination of sexual energy and affection. Boy is into SM and needs to be taken to the limits. Wants to have the right man make his hole theirs. Photo and phone gets reply. 9252LF

TOP SEEKS ONE WHOLESOME BOY

You aren't perfect butt (sic) you wanted to be a good boy for a fine Pop, late 40's, 6', HIV-, Sil/ blk, hvy, beefy, Super hard dick, Daddy. You 20-40, decent, hot ass/lips. Lil' boy needs Dad's big love, nite after nite. Let's mate. Photo/ phone to box 3547LF ☎

WANTED OVER 40 BOTTOM - S.F. BAY AREA

Are you a SM bottom but not passive - Great that's what I want in my life right now, along with someone who's into expanding limits, (No boundaries; even better) sleazy, pain, and sex. I'm over 6 feet, hairy, tattooed, moustached, pierced and more than many can handle. No drugs. All body types welcomed. all letters with photo answered. Find this ad interesting, but don't think you match-up, write anyway. Box 9113

WANTED: SLAVE BOY-TOY-DOG

Must submit to total control relationship (in/out of dungeon, leather, rubber, boots), and to prolonged heavy bondage, CB&TT, SM, pain training, service and use. Master is 6', 41, professional. We are slim, hung, HIV-, GWM. Responses: CTT, POB 14673, SF, CA 94114 3525LF ☎

WRESTLE FOR DOMINANCE

WM, 28, 5-9, 155#, muscular, aggressive, challenges other men to wrestle for top. Loser humiliated and rammed up the ass! Got 9' cock to fuck you raw, and expect same if I lose. Be same weight, muscular & dominant. I wanna fuck a Topman who will fight to fuck me! Box 9048LF

WRITHE AND SCREAM FOR ME

You securely bound as I torture your cock, balls, thighs, pecs, abs, back, with fingers, fists, whips, electricity, cigars, hot wax, and more. You writhe, suffer, scream, and beg. I enjoy when you beg me to stop. I fuck your face-do it well and I will stop. Probably? Experience is not essential, the hunger for pain is. Safe sex only, no damage. Include info on yourself, your interests, and your experience. San Francisco area. 9292

SO. CALIFORNIA

BD SM BUDDY WANTED

by WM 40, 5-10, 165#, in-shape, ED, prof. for mutual intense scenes, CBT, ropes, chains, FF (optional), gags, romance, massage, relationship possible. HIV-, nosmoke/drugs. San Diego, Mark (619) 689-8108. 9154LF

BI BOTTOM SEEKS BI TOP

WM, 40's, into BD, CBT, enemas, feminization. If you can get off by having this bottom in tight bondage and transforming me into a female with tits and all, let's get together. I like it rough. My wife wants to watch and maybe fuck you while I watch, naked & helpless, then eat your cum from her. Write: Box 8968LF

DADDY SEEKS COCKSUCKERS

GWM, 47, 5-11, 175#, br/bl, seeks cocksuckers who like getting lots of verbal BD, SM. Top is 30, 175#, good build, BR/BL, prof. by day, cowboy by nite. Years of fantasy waiting to try on willing bottom. Good opportunity for inexperienced bottom who wants to explore. You: straight acting, good build. Send response to POB 1178, San Jose, CA 95108. Picture A plus.

DEF. TOP/SHRP MND/FIRM HAND

Strict, WM, 41, 5'11", 175#, BL/GRN, uncut, will redass a man out of brainy, arrogant, rebel rectv fuckhole with attitude. Hot LTHR/501/ uni, man to man, XX in/outdoors. SM, BD, VA, WS, SP - etc. Limits respected/exp. Bi/mrd/ novice/race ok - but in shape, ctn, hvy bblbutt, A+. Submit expl. app/bio/pix to Sir. Box 3524LF ☎

HARSH INTERROGATION

Me: 36, 6', 165#, lean, muscular, lots of equipment. You: well-muscled, sweating, strapped down. How much can you withstand before breaking? Send letter and photo to Mike, POB 586363, Oceanside, CA 92058 8442LF

I GIVE SEVERE WHIPPINGS

Very severe, take it like a man. Your place only. P.O. Box 1051, Studio City, CA 91614

KINKY BOTTOM?

Gdlik Top, 5'9", 150#, BR/BL, workout, HIV-, seeks nasty guys into GR, BD, WS, toys, shave, leather. Bill. Box 3536 ☎

MASCULINE MASTER WANTED

by Asian slave, 5'10", 155#, smooth, young-looking, 42, into SM, BD, TT, whips, dungeon-for-weekend scene. Seeking GWM Master, same age or younger to worship, service, and massage. Inland Empire area. Photo and phone to Box 3521 ☎

ORANGE COUNTY DADDY

WM, 5-11, 175#, 54, young looking, average build and looks, 6" uncut, shaved balls. This Leather Daddy is Top or bottom. Experienced to satisfy your every need. HIV+. Any race answer with picture to: V. Starr, 3410 Meadow Brook, Costa Mesa, CA 92626 3552LF ☎

OUTLAW MUSCLEBOY

I'm turned on by aggressive men in black leather or cycle cop uniform who would like to capture and use a goodlooking, fantasy-oriented, bodybuilder, 36. Muscles are very big and defined, my skin is smooth and tanned. Big, juicy pecs and nips. Into B&D. Tell me what to wear for capture, what to bring for games. Sir, Dark hair and moustache a big plus. Box 8985LF

PISS BOTTOM (THIRSTY)

I'm a GWM, 33yo, brn hair, grn eyes, w/8" cock. You be Bi or SWM between 30-50yo, good shape with a hairy chest, & uncut cock a plus, loaded with piss. Let me completely service your cock. No fats or ferns. I like real Men. Call Jeff at (714) 449-8113; Fullerton, CA. 3543 ☎

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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

SLAVE BOY WANTED

Hot, hairy, experienced, Master in So. Cal., seeks short, slim, hairy, cocksucking, piss drinking, obedient, houseboy, slave who will submit to 5 years full-time hard service, giving Master complete control/rights of ownership, while submitting to heavy, SM, BD, FF, full torture training. No limits. You will be fully trained and caged when not in use. I am 45, goodlooking and always horny, serious only. Submit: 1- Application, 2- photo, 3- Phone No. This is the real thing. 9165 LF

USE/BRUISE/ABUSE ME

WM, 39, 6-2, 190#, seeks Tops into WS, BD, TT, CBT, VA, butt abuse, body punching, humiliation, exhibitionism. Age/race unimportant; imagination, kinky mind are. Turn ons: leather, facial hair, cigars. Photo gets same. 12190 1/2 Ventura Blvd. #161, Studio City, Ca 91604 9149LF

WANTED: BEARDED OR HAIRY

You are Dominant, narrow-faced, like skinned guy who fucks butt. Face to face, the thought of choking, slapping, spit & humiliation makes you hard in me. Cum locked together. I am 39, 5-8, 140#, goodlooking, intelligent, secure, loving, English-Italian. Versatile or submissive in bed, equal out. HIV+ or older OK. Write Box 8911LF

WANTED: MUSCLE SLAVE

Muscular, masculine, leather Daddy/Top seeks men in nipple work, B/D, C/B who get down and take orders. Call (213) 461-3277. 9251LF

WANTS SERVICE

Ver., masculine, dominant, straight-acting, WM, 6'1", 250#, 51 seeks masculine guy who has an internal need to serve a Master/Dad/Bear type guy both in and out of the bedroom. Letter photo/phone to: Thom, 312 West 6th Street #194, Corona, CA 91720. (909) 277-3010. No jackoff/sex calls. Serious only! 9106LF

WHITE TOP/MASTER/DADDY

by WM, bottom/slave. I'm 42, 5-11, 210lbs. Husky, hairy, br/hzl, beard and stache. Husky, hairy, hot tits, mouth & hairy tight asshole. Looking for Master to serve. Am FRA/P (front & rear), GrP, TT, WS, Lite BD, anal play, toys, boots, leather, levis, hairy body A+. Looking for friend/playmate, Poss. relationship. AM HIV- and no drugs, LA, CA area, serious Pls. Jay, POB 87E06, LA, CA 90067. 8366LF

COLORADO

MATURE SLAVE AVAILABLE

Ready & willing to serve Master. Right attitude. Need direction in BD, SM, TT, WS, ass work and more. Have collar. Can entertain & travel to receive proper training. 6', 200#, clean shaven, hairy. Don, Box 9151, Colorado Springs, CO 80932.

TOPMAN SEEKS WHIPPING BOY

Into creative, hot, leather bondage, TT, CBT, heavy asswork & rough face fucking. Top is 5-10, 37, 165#, bearded, br/bl. Country setting, east of Co. Springs. HIV+, safe sex and safe world required. Box 9040LF

CONNECTICUT

ARE YOU A BOTTOM OR SLAVE?

Undecided or don't know? Experienced, versatile, demanding Master (44, 5-8, WM) will help you find out while you learn the difference between discipline & being disciplined. Have usual equipment & interests. Hazing, VA, POW. Seeking well-built WM's under 35 with right attitude. Box 8984LF

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Lovers, mid 30's, pierced, masc, FFA members looking for kinky, imaginative men. Interests include FF, WS, sounds, enemas, tats, TT, piercing, BD, Lt. SM, leather, hoods, & ?. Will teach beginners. Limits honored/expanded on request. Must play safe. 9220LF

HIV+ FIGHTERS

WM, 42, 5'10", 160#, trim, beard, HIV+ seeks rough, erotic combat with like-sized men. Equals locked in bare-handed sexfight - rip, spit, piss, TT, CBT, got the Balls? Send photo and phone and challenge. 9167LF

SLAVE WANTED

Black Master, 45, 165#, 10" uncut. Needs second slave, any race. Must be seriously into FF, TT, ass beating, shaving, raunch, piss, ball work. Serious only, no punks. Safe sex. Visitors welcome. Call (703) 780-5990 or write Box 8580LF

WM BODYBUILDER MASOCHIST

Lean, muscular, 45, 5-11, 175#, 45" chest, 31" wst, x-Navy seal, Fr/A, Gr/P, seeks lean, non-

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BUTCH JOCK BOTTOM

seeks big, husky Daddy bear, 45+, to whip the sass out of my big bubble butt when son pisses Daddy off. I'm 6-1, 215#, strong as an ox, GWM, 40, ex-marine. Into all safe sex, HIV-, with limits respected. I can travel most anywhere. Love truckers, jockstraps, uniforms, belts, straps, paddles. Photo & interests, Sirl Box 8944LF

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Disciplinarian Dad seeks sons, 18-35, needing SEVERE, bare ass flogging -- bloody but safe. I'm sane, very healthy, understanding & trustworthy. Enemas, dildoes, other games, optional. For full details, write Box 3538LF

HOT SUBMISSIVE

Totally submissive bootlicker desires domination. Fuck with my mind. I am ready to submit for your pleasure to long sessions of safe-sex, BD, VA, WS, shaving, spanking, and piercing. Please write explicit letter and photo: all Masters answered obediently. PO Box 4434, Miami, FL 33116 3543LF

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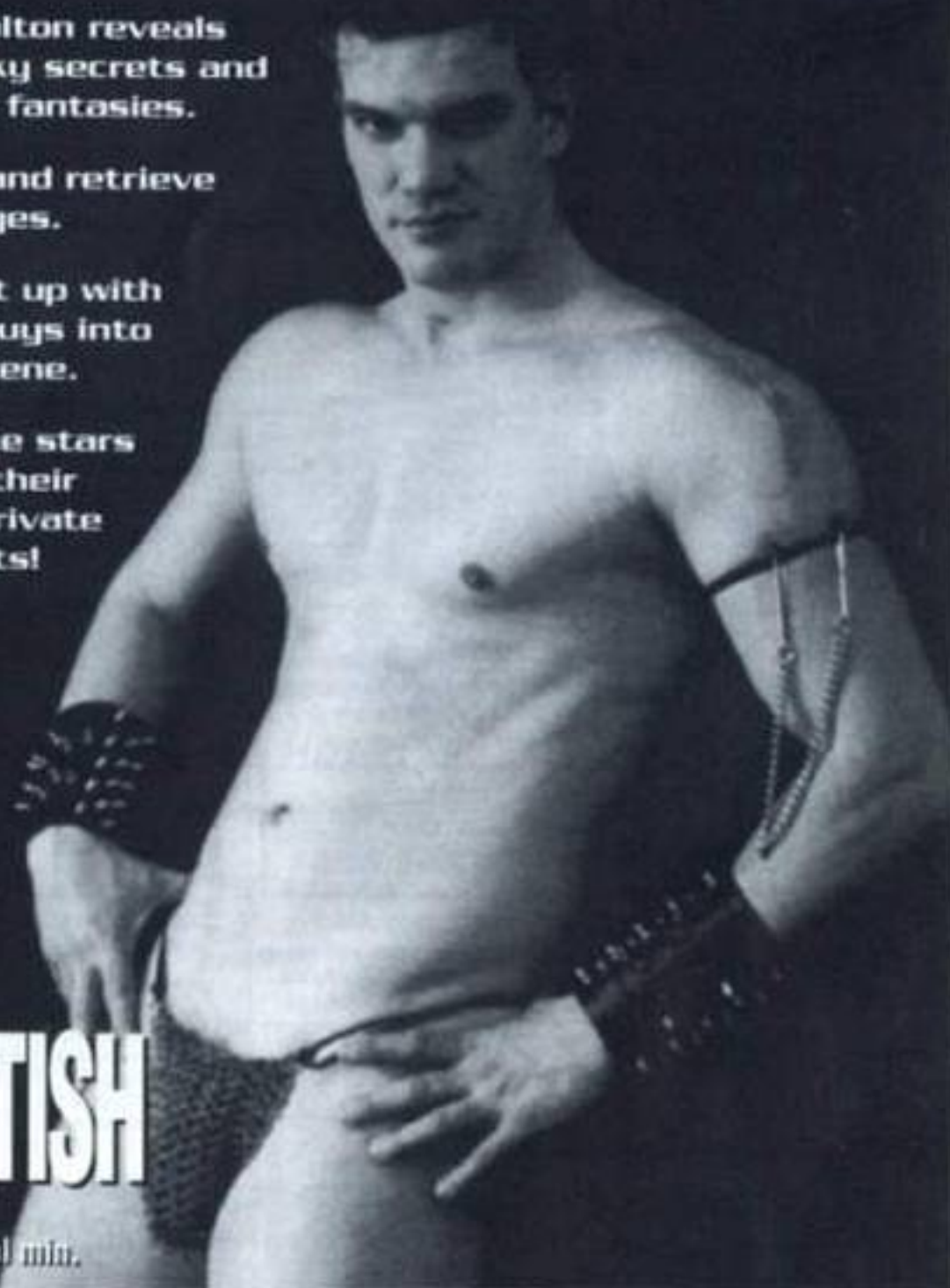
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33 year old, in-shape, hot, ex-college jock seeks real men for strict discipline, frat hazing, butt use, bondage, leather, humiliation and service. 5'11", 165#, travels US & Europe. Photo & phone to PO Box 16135, Tampa, FL 33687. Box 8570LF

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SLAVE SEEKS STRICT MASTER

WM, 30, masculine, attractive, 5'7", 9", HIV+, healthy seeks blonde, blue-collar, well-built Master, 21-45, who commands total servitude/ownership, BD, VA, WS, TT. Your rules, Sir! Fort Lauderdale. Photo/Instructions to Box 9160LF

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GWM, 45, 5'10", 175#, would like to meet a guy who would enjoy a foot massage, J/O & making a guy sniff on his sexy, sweaty, smelly, socked feet. St. Petersburg area. Jeff, PO Box 1165, Elfers, FL 34680-1165 9110LF

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GEORGIA

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GWM, 35, 5-5, 140#, HIV+, pierced, tattooed, hairy, and mean. Seeks slaveboy, 18-30, good looks, toned body, craving discipline, humiliation, and abuse on an ongoing basis. Prefer BL/BL. Apply with photo to: Suite 566, 595 Piedmont Ave. NE, Atlanta, GA 30308 3511LF ☞

DADDY SKS SON/SLAVE

WM, 38, 6', 170#, good build, safe/sane, HIV-. You: HIV- and submissive, no exp. required, no smoke or drugs, CBT, TT, BD, limits disc. Relationship possible. Stand naked and hard for Daddy, ready for inspection and his caring instructions. Mandatory bio. and photo req. to M. Brand, POB 53266, Atlanta, GA 30355 3554LF ☞

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE/FUN

Attractive, hot, GWM duo; full leather Tops - 27, 5'9", 140#, blonde, smooth, 8 1/2" and 40, 5'10", s/pepper, smooth, 7 1/2". Into BD, WS, CBT, Tits, SM, VA, assplay, etc. Any scene safe/sane, mutually agreed upon. Seeking GWM's 25-45, bottoms preferred, versatile OK. No fats, no phone JO, serious only, inexperienced OK. Midtown Atlanta, Call (404) 898-0754, before 11pm, ask for Doug. 3518LF ☞

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE

Hot, GWM duo; full leather Tops - 27, 5'9", 140#, blonde, smooth, 8 1/2" & 40, 5'10", s/

pepper, smooth, 7 1/2". Into BD, WS, tits, VA, assplay, etc. Any scene safe/sane, mutually agreed upon. Seeking GWM's 25-45, bottoms preferred, versatile OK. No fats. No J/O phone calls, serious only, inexperienced OK. Midtown Atlanta, (404) 888-0754, before 11pm. Ask for Doug. 8420LF

PUNK ME OUT

Hot, 29 year old, blonde, bottom boy needs capture, strict confinement & torture. Mind fuck this boy to beg for release through painful torture, humiliation and raunch. Imprisoned, I will strain and fight as you work your will on both my mind & body. Box 8926LF

REGULAR GUY SEEKS HARD TOP

Masculine guy into workouts 37, 6-1, 175#, new to leather scene - TT, CBT, Hard assplay, seeks muscular endowed Top, 45, to help take the plunge & expand limits. Photo/Phone to 9133

STRUGGLE AGAINST MY ROPES

Gdiking, masc, Lthr sadist, 30, 6', 220#, br/bl, highly educated, professional, gdiking, masc, straight-acting, muscle, 21-45 with cocky attitude who needs but resists heavy prolonged bondage, torture, rape, etc. Struggle and scream to no avail! Send photo. I travel. 3516LF ☞

SUBMISSIVE 21 YR OLD BOY

Very goodlooking WM, 5'10", 160#, Bi, cocky, college swimmer. Seeks: Masculine, Dominant and Confident Man/Mentor. I've only 2yrs of experience but realize I was born to serve you. I'm obedient and your needs always put first. Photo/Note to Box 7492, Atlanta, GA 30347 3539LF ☞



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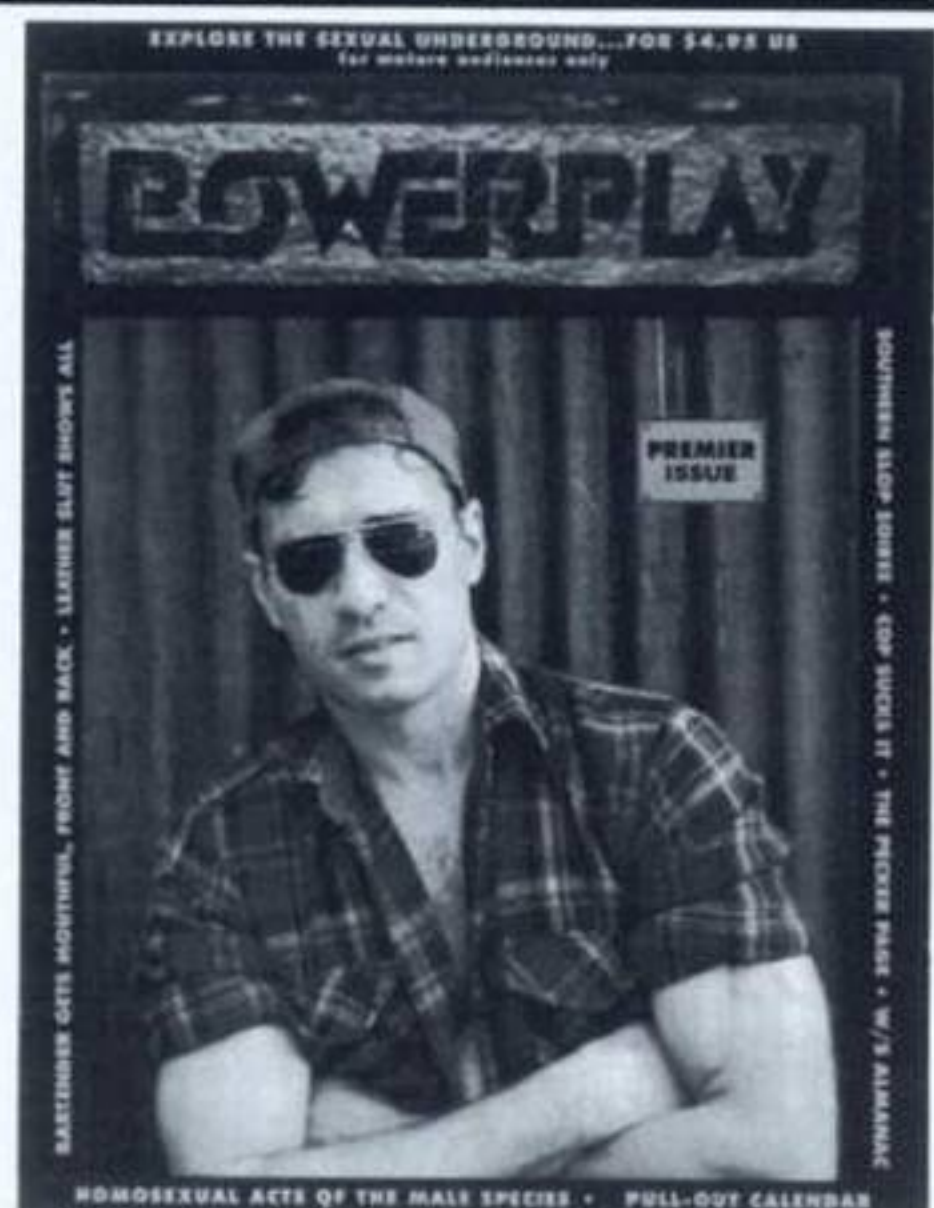
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Two masculine GWM, 34 & 37, looking for hung Top to fuck us. Take that big cock of yours & slide it into our hotholes. Write w/photo when you are coming to Hawaii with that big Daddy dick of yours. Randy & Mike, 377 Keahole St. #6-187, Honolulu, HI 96825

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Muscular, lean, boyish, great ass, 39" chest, 30" waist, 5-7, 150#, needs butt spanked by firm Master with hand, paddle, strap. BD scenes. Photo gets same. PO Box 240272, Aiea Haina Station, Honolulu, HI 96821-9998

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seeks slave or buddy who craves exhaustive ass play. SM, BD, TT, CBT. Require hot, active slave who earns his ecstasy, slim to BB, mature. Master is 43, hot, hairy, 5-10, 165#, beard, bld/grn. Travel to SF. PO Box 390759, Kailua-Kona, HI 96739

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Pig hole wants whole pig. Sir, I need a muscle Dad to abuse this bitchboy pig in heat. Leather, WS, CBT, shaving, TT, toys, dildos. Pig is 33, WM. Call (312) 280-0731 or Box 8889

LONG HOSE BIG BAG WANTED

GWM, 37, 5-11, 215#, blonde/blue, well hung, seeks suds buddy, Top or bottom, I'm versatile. Age 30 to 60 and well hung a plus. Into all types of ass play. No booze or drugs. Let's share fantasies. Box 9006LF

PLUG MY EAGER OPEN HOLES

This hot bottom whoreboy craves sucking stiff dick meat, prolonged assplowing including dildoes and handballing. Needs training in B&D, light SM. Scenes ok, visitors welcome. Safe only. Goodlooking, 38YR old, 6', 220#. Write to: John, 3023 N. Clark, Suite 289, Chicago, IL 60657 3533LF

PRO-WRESTLING FANTASY

CHICAGO GWM, 32, 150#, 5'6", hairy, good shape, HIV-, seeks big, beefy GBM's who get off on beating up men in pro-wrestling style, one-sided brawls. Rope/chain/death matches. Semi-real to all-fantasy. Punch, bloody my forehead. Big or huge Kamala guts welcome. Box 9060LF

WHERE'S MY MASTER

Willing slave, 34, 6', 178#, very att., fit, muscleboy seeks to please/serve similar fit, nonsmoking, cleanhaven masc. man into L.T. relationship. You won't be disappointed! Photo available for insp. Pls include yours. Sir. 9228LF

INDIANA

LEATHER MASTER WANTED

slave, WM, 5'7", 140#, Brn Hair, 48yrs, HIV-wants Master or Masters into TT, CBT, SM, WS, shaving, whips, collar, wants to learn dog training. Please Master, I am waiting to hear from you, Sir! Discretion assured. 9123LF

MAINE

A FEW GOOD MEN!

Who can take it. Wanted by sane, serious, experienced Master, 49, with well equipped dungeon. into all scenes, mod. to hvy. SM/BD. No scat or drugs, trim, masculine, willing, younger men, HIV- preferred. Send PIC. I'm in So. Maine. Box 8619LF

GIVE/RECEIVE PADDLE/STRAP

Long, hard, severe paddlings/strappings on bare ass. Have a real woodshed. Friendship/relationship oriented. Let's talk and arrange to meet. GWM, 37, 5-10, 140#, br/hzl. PO Box 2004, Bangor, ME 04402. Mornings after 7am: Dave (207) 947-2329. No J/O calls, phone sex. 8892LF

MARYLAND

BOUND TO PLEASE

Masculine bottom, 35, 175#, 5-11, br/br, goodlooking seeks goodlooking Top who's masculine, strong, Dominant, caring & romantic. Interested in light to heavy bondage, gags, leather. Nopain, smokers, substance abusers. Please send photo, details of interest to: Box 8929LF

BURLY BEARDED BEAR

GWM, Daddy, 37, 5-11, 210#, br/bl, HIV-, mostly Top, into leather, bondage, lite SM, toys, SS. Wants man with his shit together for sex, relationship. Games are for playrooms. Be a man...and my buddy, on the streets. Photo/letter to: Box 9024LF

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Sensuous TV who's naughty at times needs discipline befitting a wayward girl. Also seeks medical and surgical advice from qualified practioners who can make her a real woman. Box 8677LF

TRY THIS

In-shape, experienced bottom, 50, 5'8", 160#. Heavy scenes: hoods, leather, gags, chains, dildoes, levis, oil, rubber, CBT, bondage, breath control. Serious M's only. No pen pals. Everything safe OK. Slave training needed. 9259LF

TURNED ON BY LEATHER/LEVI

GWM, 5-6, 61, br/hzl, HIV-, works out 3 times a week, likes to see guys in leather, levis & boots. Love to run hands and tongue all over same. Light SM, safe sex. Rural area, restraints in barn. Germantown area. Send name, number and best time to call. Occupant, Rt 1 Box 156, Boyds, MD 20841-9309

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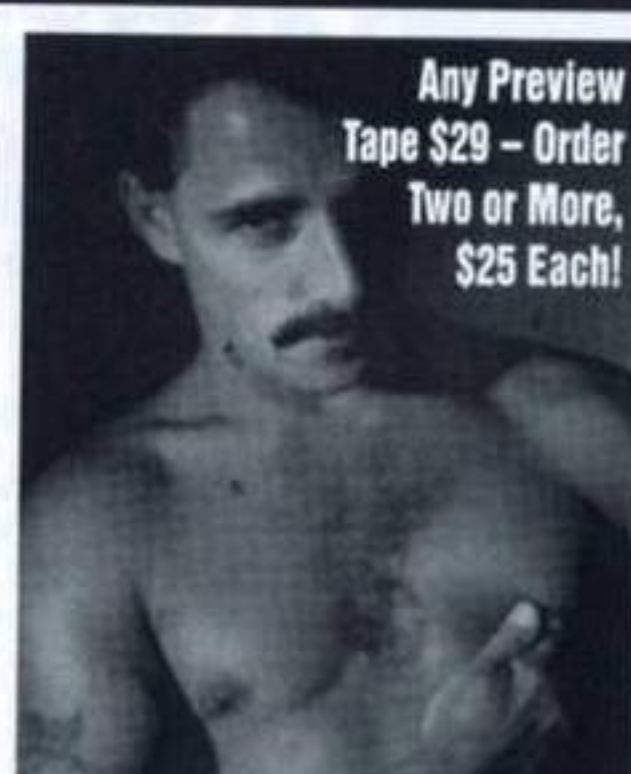


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MASTER NEEDED 4 HOT ACTION

Asswork, CBT, TT, FR, GR, bondage, gags, heavy ass beatings, dildoes, fantasy, rough reality. I want to be your sex slave. I'll try most anything at least once. Try me. I am 39, 5'7", nice build. Any age, race, OK. Let's get into it. 3548LF ☎

WANTED: DADDY COP

This WM, 28, 5-11, 165#, professional, responsible & discreet, muscular boy wants to be there for you after a long day with a horse or Harley between your legs. Officer is WM, 30-50, mature, honest, caring, demanding. Leather bondage & uniforms. You will protect and I will serve. All officers write now w/phone & letter. State, Metro, Boston & MBTA. Serious replies only, please, in the Boston area. Box 8891LF

MICHIGAN

BONDAGE BOTTOM

GWM, 45, 155#, HIV-, above avg looks, nice body & ass, well endowed, uncut, sincere professional. Into extended sessions of BD, ass whipping, etc. safe sex. Experience important, not looks, age or race. Playroom preferable. Can travel midwest. John, PO Box 1571, Dearborn, MI 48121

BUTCH BOTTOM SEEKS KINK

GWM, 32 195#, 6'1", nice body seeks Top to expand my limits. Am fuckface eager to serve under your rim seat. Shove dildo(s) up butt & mouth. Into: FF, Toys, VA, TT, BD, & raunch. I am at your disposal - stretch me out. Use me any way you desire. 9066LF

SPANK MY BARE BOTTOM

WM, 34, 5-8, 145#, wants guys to pull my jeans down to the bare facts. Spank, paddle, strap my naughty, peach fuzz, bare bottom till it burns and blushes. Should give/take spanking. Supply phone #. Bob N., 15075 Lincoln Rd #1015, Oak Park, MI 48237

MINNESOTA

SLAVE/BOTTOM NEEDS MASTER

Hot, horny, GWM, 39, 5-11, 160#, beard, green eyes, br/gray hair, 7" cut, Fr/a, Grip, asshole slave seeks hot, hung, muscled, hairy Tops, 30-50, for SM, BD, WS, TT, CBT, FF, shaving, enemas. Black and uncut a plus. Expand my limits while I worship you. Box 8895LF

MISSISSIPPI

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Kepi to boots Leatherman seeks lean, lusty jockmate whose leathers are daily gear, while riding, working, tromping! Rubbersports? How about rainy rides, woodsy walks, wetsuited

wallowing. Plus, mutual nutkneading. Write Harold, Leather Oaks, Box 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534 3532LF ☎

MISSOURI

BOTTOM SEEKING TOP

WM, 32, into leather/rubber/BD/gags/hoods/enemas. Enjoy variety of scenes. Want man/men to share S&M; permanence not necessary. Invest a letter and/or a picture. You'll get honesty and the same. Lets explore the possibilities. Sir. 8526 LF

MONTANA

TOP OR BOTTOM

8-2, 240#, 34, seeks 25 to 40 for mutual satisfaction into BD, spanking, humiliation & anything else considered fun. Serious inquiries only. Box 9221LF

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Locals and Vegas visitors, any age, into giving head, being videotaped, and much more, sought by flip-flop Master Daddy. 50-something, tall, slim, who, if you're responsive & affectionate, will love you to pieces, even if you're an asshole or are naughty. Photo requested. All answered. Box 8982LF

NEW HAMPSHIRE

EXPERT TOP SEEKS BOTTOMS

GWM seeks younger men sincerely interested in exploring safe, sane & consensual SM, BD, etc. Novices or experienced, long or short term. Must be sincere and willing to learn from demanding, no bullshit Master. Send letter, photo to: Box 8836LF

VICEVERSA

Novice eager to learn both Top/bottom roles hard doing leather/rubber/latex/rope/cuffs/suspension/BD/toys. Enjoy CBT, TT, FF, SM, gags, hoods, collars. Let's learn together. GWM, 44, 5'9", 175#, 8" x 2" round, outdoors, plus no drugs/smoke, safesex, 1-603-474-7048. 9069LF

NEW JERSEY

HOT SLAVE BOY

27, smooth, musc, BB, 5'7", 135#, tight build, great ace firm, round butt seeks hot, hung, L/L Master into BD, CBT, TT, WS, assplay, GR/FR, Dildos, etc. Send Explicit letter/photo in NJ/ NYC area. BB, leather A+. Photo/Phone first reply. 9202LF

LEATHER AND RAUNCH

36, 5'10", HIV+, healthy, dirty minded guy with well equipped dungeon seeks depraved playmates for fun and/or possible relationship. Into S&M scenes, heavy asswork and raunch. I've got average looks and build, enjoy a suburban lifestyle, computers and motorcycles. I prefer Top but will switch for the right player. NJ-NYC commuter. (908) 953-0221. No JO CALLS! 3558LF ☎

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Into training with BD, CBT, WS, FF, VA, racks, enemas, ass work, shaving, nipple work, mind control, servicing. Have play pen plus videos. Am 48, 5-9, 150#, HIV-. Slaves, 25-40, regular build & true submissives write to PO Box 8024, Piscataway, NJ 08855. Limits respected & expanded. Do it now, boy.

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NEW YORK

45 AND READY

wants to fulfill lifetime dream of servitude GWM, goodlooking, beard, 45, 185#, in-shape. Seeks BD, WS, also, a patient teacher for FF. 8845LF

ALBANY AREA

Tall, well-built, well-hung, hot, 41. Seeks hot bottom w/ slim bod, talented mouth/ass, for varied no-nonsense leather sex & poss. relationship. Must be sane, sober, healthy, independent. Detailed reply to Box: 9206LF

ANIMAL LOVER

WM, 38, 6'2", handsome. Would like to meet others. 9076LF

ANSWER THIS

Sexually Dominant guy seeks relationship. I'm successful, NY-based, good looking, in shape, 39, 5'8", 145#, HIV-, Beard, br (balding)/bl, Top but versatile. Like leather, bondage, safe GR/AF/P. You're 25-45, good looks, work out. Crew

cut, BB a+. No drugs, hustlers. Send photo/phone. Box 8974LF

ARE YOU A BOTTOM?

This hot Top (5'9", 170#, Br/Br, mstche, hairy & hung) is looking for a btm who likes to get tied, spanked, and fucked. Photo and phone a must. 3540 (E)

ATTN: MANWORSHIPPERS

Pussy seeks other cunts to join him in total oral worship of the hairy, tall, lean, masc. body, big feet, and suckable cock of mature arrogant VA Master. Sluts, cocksuckers, pigs, asslickers apply with phone#. Master is too much Man for one pussy. 3553LF (E)

BEARDED TOP WANTED

GWM, bottom, 38, 5-9, 170#, works out, trim, bearded, balding, HIV-, shaved balls, Prince Albert. Seeks bearded, booted, leathery, HIV-, Top for servicing, adventure and exploring all areas of B/D & S/M. Boxholder, Box 257, Radio City Station, NYC, NY 10101 9121LF

BODY WORSHIPPER/S�AVE

on call for your pleasure. BB's, uncuts, WS are pluses. Head to toe, your desires are utmost in my mind. Call Mike (212) XUXU-218 til 12 midnight EST or write with pix to: Box 8971LF

BOUND AND GAGGED TOILET

Me: 6, 165#, Br/Br, hairy, good looks & shape HIV+. You: love to keep me tied up, gagged and humiliated with; filthy socks, boots, 501's, jockeys, piss and shit. You: 25-48, gdlng. Relationship possible. I keep healthy playing safe. Smelling & touching is fun 2. Photo and phone preferred. All answered. 9276LF

BOUND AND GAGGED

Me: GWM, 37, 6', 165#, BR/BR, hairy, Gd Lks & shape, HIV+. You: love to keep me tied up, gagged & humiliated w/filthy socks, 501's, jockeys, piss & shit, 25-48, Gd Lks & shape, relationship possible. Keep healthy, playing safe. Smelling & telling is fun 2. Photo/phone pref. All ansd. 9276LF

CBT TT MANSEX

Rough and Masculine, construction worker, WM, 45, bearded, crew cut, 5-9, 160# seeks men into receiving prolonged CBT, TT and serious assplay. You: over 30 and in shape. Big nips, beard, pierced, shaved crotch a plus. Write B.R., Box 168, 70-A Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011 9111LF

DUMP DOWN MY THROAT

Want to suck cum, piss, shit from clean, hairy, HIV-, GWM. Prefer bearded, stocky. I'm GWM, 33, 5-9, 170#. Need discrete man who wants to dump down my throat. Photo/phone guarantees response. Box 8951LF

EXCHANGE POSITIONS T-B WS

Mature leather jock seeks same, 20-45, well built to exchange Top/bottom roles, hard SM, mutual sex; also into WS and real scat scenes; no drugs; your photo gets mine; only those interested in mutual SM/WS, toys, piercings and full leather need reply. 9127LF

FANTASY FUFILLMENT

Goodlooking, 38, 5'10", silver-blond hair, blue eyes, professional, versatile, enjoy younger men, bondage, SM, CBT, FF, shaving. Available with young, Nordic, swimmers-built God. Any scene created. The sex and company will be a great time. (914) 381-3302. LF

Goodlooking White Bottom

(married, 33, 5'10", 155#, very oral with a hot hole) is seeking fuckbuddies (1,2 or more) who are lean, muscular, hairy and hung (preferably uncut) for weekday (8am to 5pm) action (1 on 1 or 1 on group) in Chelsea area. Race is no barrier. You must be HIV- and discrete. Steve (212) 989-8597 - you won't be disappointed in service. 3504LF (E)

HOLE TAKES HORSE MEAT

Hot WM, 31, 5-8, 145#, muscular bottom, seeks massively endowed dominant studs for rough plowing. HIV- only. Photo/phone to G.Stuart, POB 1125, NYC, NY 10113-1125. Fuck me up! Box 8527LF

HOT HUNG TOILET MASTER

Beg to suck my 8" dick and hot hole. Master is a WM, very hot, muscular, 6'1", 185#, 35, brn, hairy mustache. Seeks pig for raunch, VA, piss, shit, humil. You must send photo and groveling letter to Sir. Box 8775LF

ITL WHITE MALE 44

Submissive looking for a bearlike counterpart, my age or older. I'm not into heavy scenes but willing to learn. Sincere only; would appreciate phone & photo. Respond to POBox 522, West Hempstead, NY 11552 9198LF

KNEEL BEFORE ME I

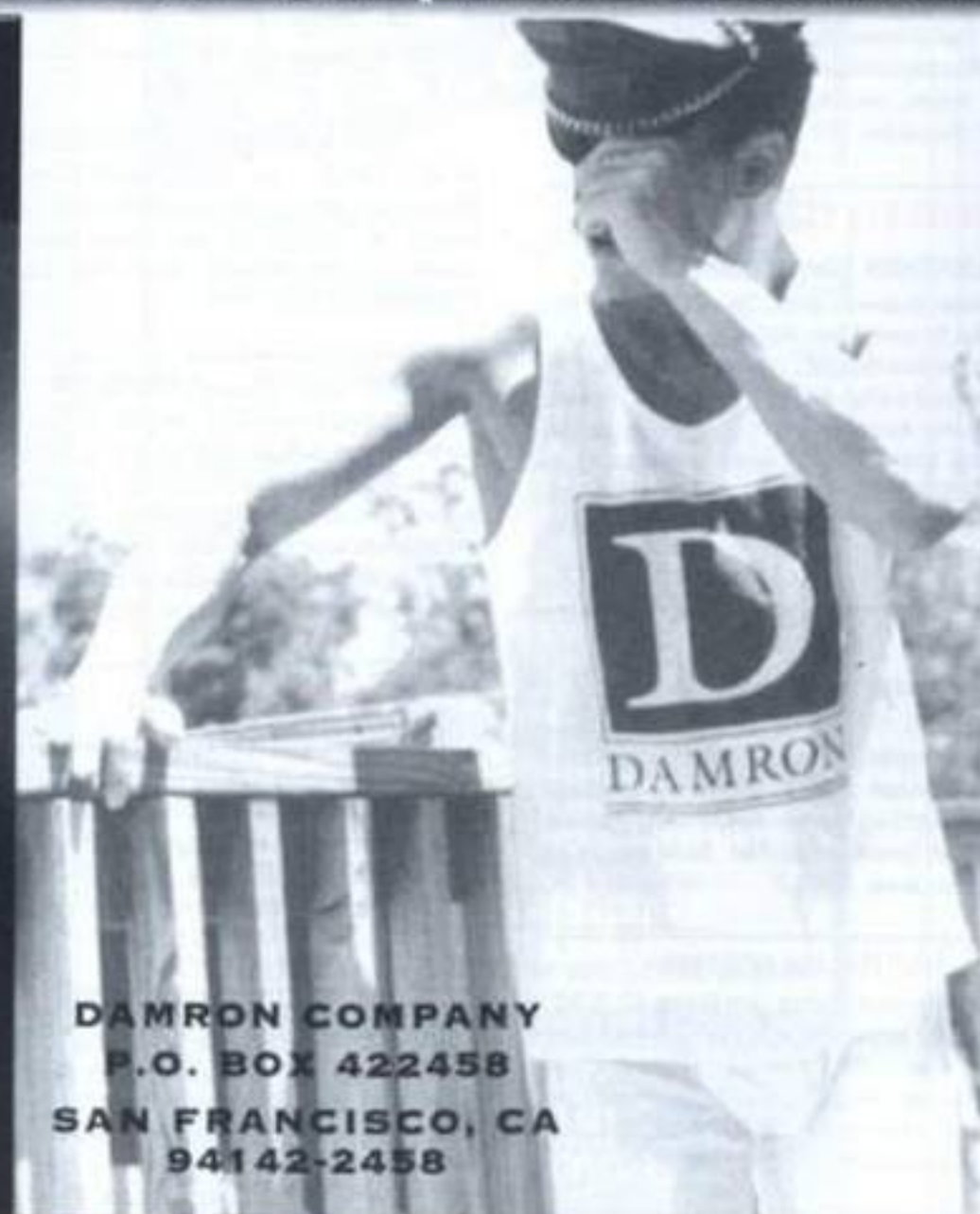
I will control, perhaps even own. Slave will bow to my will, serve my comfort, jump to my command, fear my anger. WM, professional, 52, 5-8, 290#, hairy. Require full mental & physical description of slave. Supplication to: PO Box 2885, Brooklyn, NY 11202

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LEATHER PAIR

Top - 38, 5'8", 150#, BR/GR, moustache, muscular. Bottom - 41, 6', 180#, BR/BR, beard, hairy. Interest - leather, underwear, S/M, domination, humiliation. Wanted - Tops, bottoms, or couples, 21-45, for scenes and or friendship. Write with detailed letter. (photo/phone A+) Box 8589LF

LEATHER TOUGH GUY

43, gym-tough Top, puts in-shape bottoms thru paces, service. Full gear ever ready. Generous with measured sensuous abuse, esp. TT, punches, stretch holds from wrestling. No fats, feds, masculine only. Travel western NY. Box 8963LF

LOOKING FOR SON/SLAVE/BOY

Prof. GWM, 40's, 5-8, 155#, grey/bn hair, brn eyes, seeks GWM slave or son, 22-35, to train & control. Must be into BD, SM, CBT, TT, WS, toys & complete service. Age & experience not as important as willingness to learn & submit. Master/Dad is understanding & patient but demanding. FT or PT position available. Letter, photo required. No fats or feds. Box 9034LF

MILITARY BOY AVAILABLE

WM, 29, 5'6", 140#, crew cut, seeking Dominant cops and other military guys to break this recruit. I am into heavy bondage, hoods, gags, disc., forced sex, by totally masculine men only. I will make the perfect bitch for the right stud. 3575 ☎

MUSCLE WANTED - JOCK TO BB

WM, 42, 6', 185#, hairy, versatile Top seeks big arms, legs, pecs, nips - NYC/Westchester/World - Box 3492, NY, NY 10165

NO IF'S/ANDS JUST BUTTS

This 6'2", 210#, 44, bearded, HIV-, Ass-beater & non stop rimmer is looking for a leather-minded bottom with a beefy butt who can handle an emotional high, a hefty cock, an extremely severe flogging and total ass worship. Age, looks, race unimportant, Good Ass & thighs are. If handsome, manly leather Top makes it easier for you to flip over, get in touch. Rear photo a plus. #174, 1204 3rd Ave, NYC, NY 10021 9150LF

R U MAN ENOUGH TO SUBMIT?

I'm Fr/A, Gr/P. I also give orders & train so-called superior men to obey. Any man can open his mouth or legs. Real submission is HARD - Get hard on command. Fuck me by my rules. Take the punishment if I'm not pleased. Me: 31, 5'7", 245#. U: hndsm/musc, hung. Box 3534LF ☎

REAL SLAVE WANTED

By hot, muscular Top. You want to be owned mind, body & soul. I am 6', 33yrs, goodlooking. Write with photo & phone to Occupant, POB 3607, N. New Hyde Park, NY 11040

SADISTIC LEATHERMAN

Has a real attitude problem with queers. Crotch booted leatherman needs fags to kick, punch, and face fuck. This is not bike club SM. If you're not into this, don't waste my time. Phone a must - photo a plus. As far as you want to go. Other sadistic leathermen welcome to reply. 9072LF

SEEK FRIENDLY IN-CHARGE M

Older GWM sks SS & to be lightly dominated by virile WM, any time, 4AM-6PM, my den, S. Westch. Cnty. vicinity. Uniform & cigar/pipe smkrs + but not essential. No drugs, booze, money. Phone:(718) 884-1081. Or POB 530296, NYC, NY 10463-9992 9112LF

SEX MAKES YOU ANIMAL

Want that literally? Hypnosis may let you feel you're really transforming. DH, PO Box 746, NY, NY 10108

STRICT DISCIPLINE

The best spanking in NYC by GWM, 5-10, 170#, POB 1156 Gracie Sta., NYC, NY 10028

SUBMISSIVE SLAVE

GWM, 48, HIV-, seeks Master any age to be trained as naked house cleaner and toilet slave. Willing to serve groups. 9082LF

SUBMISSIVE WANTED

Dominant GWM in NYC, 50, 5'10", 195#, HIV neg, seeks submissive GWM, 18-50, HIV neg, for bondage, spanking, tickling, humiliation. Open to other safe, sane, consensual scenes. No drugs. 9084LF

TALL HORNY GUYS

Do you want your big feet (size 11+) serviced by a hot WM, 36, 6-1, 185#, very handsome, masculine, works out and sincere? Then call Tony (212) 675-7352 to meet in NYC (no JO). Act out your locker room fantasies - top or bottom, explosive action, possible relationship & more!

TOP WANTS BLACK BOTTOM

GWM, 45, 5-10, 175#, muscular, well hung, into all kinds of kinky scenes and group action. I'm in great shape and adventurous. Looking for a black bottom, Gr/p, in good shape and open. Photo, phone, letter to: Box 8908LF

VOYEUR BLACK-LATIN TOP

Well Ed. 43, 5-11, 165#, avg. looks, wants to watch, but may join in - a masc. gay/Bl or married any race top-bottom, use his well ed., mostly white buddies any way you desire. 1 on 1, 3, or more. In store. Let's share fantasies. Animate! Photo a must S.S. and no S/M. Box 8541LF

YOUNG LEATHER BOY

seeks a special Top who can safely guide me into leather sex, submission & moving past my limits. Relationship desired. Prefer older Brother/Buddy/Master. Boy is: 23, 5'10", 140#. Collars, boots, worship, growth, fun. PO Box 022487, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0025

NORTH CAROLINA

LEATHER TOP NEEDED, SIR!

Handsome, submis. btm, 29, 6'2", 200#, BL/GRN, sks to serve hot, hairy, beefy Top in full leather gear. Into SM, BD, Heavy TT, Ball Stretch, plugs, locked collar & cuffs, shackles. Please Sir, fuck my mouth, ass, mind. Hot scenes, poss long term. Explicit letter w/photo (gets mine) to POB 25835, Raleigh, NC 27611-5835. I want my hot tongue all over you, Sir! Work me. 9258LF

OHIO

BONDAGE PARTNER WANTED

GWM, Top, 33, 5-10, 160#, seeks partner to be tied-up with ropes, chains, handcuffs and other bondage devices. Light to moderate bondage sessions, nothing too serious. Safety guaranteed and all limits respected. Safe sex or no sex. Dayton area. 9052LF

HOT ITALIAN BOTTOM

Handsome, bodybuilding, sex slave, 43, 5'10", 160#, hairy, brown/brown, full beard, non-smoker/drinker, HIV-, wants to serve and service in-shape, non-fat, non-smoking Tops. Photo and letter to Ray, POBox 141553, Columbus, OH 43214 3531LF ☎

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED

You: 21-35, short, slim, for submission, humiliation, basement playroom, SM, BD, kinky, nudity, safe and sane only, no drugs. Letter and phone to Cleveland, Box 8686LF

IF ITS NOT HERE YOU WON'T FIND IT

Hot Top, 31, 5'8", 150#, Blind/Blu, hairy, stache, 8 1/2" cut. Hotter Top/bottom, 36, 5'11", 160#, brn/bm, smooth, stache, 7 1/2" uncut. Hottest bottom, porn star, 25, 5'11", 155#, brn/blk, hairy or ? 10" cut. All HIV-. Into BD, CBT, electricity, FF, shaving, SM, WS, VA, complete playroom A-Z, 2000+ videos, limits respected/expanded. GP, POBox 1413, Mentor, OH 44061-1413 or Call (216) 951-5105. 3501LF ☎

SLAVE BOTTOM SEEKS MASTER

Kinky Exhibitionist, WM, muscular, deep throat cocksucker - my favorite is uncut. Into SM, BD, FF, TT, CT. Display me naked in front of your friends, piss on me, verbally abuse me. Send letter & photo: Ken, PO Box 146, Blaine, Ohio 43909. (614) 633-5709 - JO OK. 9053LF

SM BODY SHOTS & TORTURE

Ohio intelligent professional 42, 5'10", 175#. Let's explore S/M with artful controlled application of elbows, knuckles, knees to crotch, gut, abs, ribs, or TT, BD, submission wins my effection. Thin, defined to BB or avg. A+. No gut or over 210#. Safe, sane, kinky, role-reversal, one night or a lifetime. Topless photo and desires to SMC, PO Box 19830, Cincinnati, OH 45219

SPANKING

WM, 33, 230#, 5'11", looking for young male into spanking or anything. You must supply phone no. and photo to PO Box 446, Napoleon, OH 43545 3550 ☎

SUBMISSIVE BOTTOM SEEKS MASC. TOP

Me: 29, 6'2", Heavy build, beard, HIV-. Into LL, CBT, Feet, Sucking, BD, SM, shaving, WS, Heavy ass work, etc. You: sane/experienced/ Dom/HIV-/30+. Race/WGT open. Letter/photo to J.H., Box 261122, Columbus, OH 43226-1122 9116LF

OREGON

BOY CUNT NEEDS TRAINING

32 yo, 180#, 6-2, slim, masculine novice seeks Master for discipline, training for slavery and indenture. Open to all commands/permanent slavery. Write: POBox 3843, Portland, OR 97208. (503) 251-3752.

MATURE M.C. LEATHERMAN

Harley-riding bootmaster seeks safe sex relationship with bottom into on-going leather experiences. No pain or far-out kink, just healthy leather sex, bootlicking fantasies. If young, you are mature and masculine. If my age, you are affectionate, intense in your dedication to the boot/leather lifestyle. Box 6764LF

SOUTH CAROLINA

COCKSUCKER NEEDS DOM TOPS

WM, 28, oral slave needs to service Dominant, Hung Masters. Use my mouth for your pleasure. I'm healthy & ready to obey! Please write to POB 6947, Columbia, SC 29260. I enjoy WS, BD, toys and have videos for enjoyment. Leather & hairy, rimming & piss. I love it all!

COCKSUCKER NEEDS DOM TOPS

WM, 28, oral slave needs to service Dominant, Hung Masters. Use my mouth for your pleasure. I'm healthy & ready to obey! Please write to PO Box 6947, Columbia, SC 29260. I enjoy WS, BD, Toys and have videos for enjoyment. Leather & hairy, rimming & piss. I love it all! 3568LF ☎

TEXAS

BEAUMONT LEATHER DADDY

GWM, 44, 5-10, 160#, HIV-, blue eyes, brown hair, trimmed beard and stache with well equipped den seeks self assured, aggressive men into TT, BD, WS and mutual service. Box 9047LF

DALLAS BUNKHOUSE FUNK (sic)

Overnight accommodations in the raw - \$10 per night. 5 minutes from downtown Dallas. Refer to my previous DRUMMER ad "MAN/BC NATURAL BAPTIST. Fuckers, suckers, truckers, unbuckle your "Bible belt". V A, B&D, CBT, TT, WS, FF, etc. Call Jp (214) 941-5640. Box 9094LF

HUNG TOP WANTED

GWM, 47, 6'1", 170#, br/bl, HIV-, submissive cocksucker with nice low hangers, into tt clamps, & ball stretchers. Looking for hung Master with similar interests. Robert, POB 27703-424D, Houston, TX 77227

LEATHER RANCHERS & COWBOYS

Ranching your business? Lease available for leather bro on my 344 acre, central Texas ranch. Ranch with a fellow leatherman. Also accepting applications for slave labor on naked chain gang in hot Texas sun. Near Austin, San Antonio. Box 8937LF

LEATHER BOTTOM

Looking for hot Leathermen - North TX, NM, OK, & surrounding area. Into CBT, TT, B&D, & safe SM. Intense pain gets me hot & hard. I'm GWM, 32, 5'4", 135#, good build and ready for action. (806) 353-9452 or write to Box 8440LF

OLDER BOTTOM WANTED

You must be shorter than 5-8. At least 45 years old non-smoker. Fuckable. Able to cook, clean house. Able to relocate for long term permanent relationship. I prefer a short, stocky, gray, balding, man. Write to Morgan Box 227412 Dallas TX 75222-7412. 9197LF

PRETTY HOUSEBOY WANTED

Blonde, bodybuilder, Master, 6', 33, HIV-, seeks to care for bright, handsome houseboy who will cook, clean, serve. Must be young, HIV- (recent proof), thin to muscular. Should be into long hair (headbanger?), body shaving, piercing, nudity, exhibition, CBT, FF, expanding limits. Current photo with qualifications receive first reply. Box 8988LF

SLAVE PIG NEEDS MASTER

WM, 32, 6'2", 180 lbs, HIV-, Brown hair & eyes total bottom. Into leather, piss, scat, cigars. Anything goes and the raunchier the better. Looking for rough Topman to abuse me. Have place/will travel. If possible call Randy (903) 792-0114 after 6pm - Texarkana, TX - or write to Box 9117LF

SLAVES WANTED

Lifestyle Dominant is seeking truly submissive men for BD and SM training. Call (512) 653-7218 after 6pm, or write to PO Box 1712, San Antonio, Tx 78217

UTAH

AUST. BONDAGE BOY VISITING

Oct. 93. WM, 28, 5'8", slim, moustache, looking for bondage in playrooms, TT, CBT, electroejaculation and safe play. 3564 ☎

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

VIRGINIA

COME HOME TO DAD

GWM, bearded, Daddy bear, 47, 6', 240# seeks cub, fuzzy or smooth, for traditional safe bear fun. Non-smoker, stable, desires quality den time, maybe leading to a long-term stay. Bill, Box 2241, Denbigh, VA 23809-0241 3528LF (S)

POLICE OFFICER

WM cop, 32, 6-3, 185#, moustache, auburn hair, hazel eyes, seeks WM, 18-32 with similar interests. Bondage, orgasm control, tickling, slavery, etc. Photo & phone to PO Box 495, Crozet, VA 22932-0495

TIDEWATER BOTTOM

36, seeks local, booted, aggressive Top for regular training. Chained, BD, VA, CBT, WS, humiliation, chastity, electricity, etc. Dungeon a plus. I'm healthy, masculine, discreet, attractive and ready to serve. Phone # gets fast response. 9244LF

UNCUT 9" DOMINANT DADDY

Bl white, married to unaware cunt, 54, 6-1, 195#, seeks cock and cum eating, piss drinking, ass eaters. Photo, SASE or no answer. Randy, Box 7651, Richmond, VA 23231 or leave message (804) 257-9599. No JO calls.

VORACIOUS & HOT

Friend, fuckbuddy, maybe lover, I won't travel. Rimming, ass play (fingers/hands/liquid/toys), WS; vanilla too. If you like books, movies, music, politics, humor, drama, sex, (wildly varied) & are educated. Hairy chest, blind/bl, 38, handsome. You: slim preferred, to 40 years. Dennis, POB 11621, Norfolk, VA 23517

WASHINGTON

ARE YOU WORTH IT?

Masculine, ex-navy, quietly Dominant Top, in-shape, 38, 5-11, 170#. Seeking strong, masculine, adjusted bottom for mutual SM exploration and spiritual growth. Be honorable, know your own worth and not limited by roles. I want honesty, not bullshit. Box 9086LF

LEATHER TOP MAN WANTED

Smart ass bottom wants to be taken to the next level by a man; to explore some reality not yet fantasized by this novice. Into WS, BD and wants exposure to more. 29, 6-1, 195#, hairy, pierced. If you have patience to train, I will expand my limits for you. Box 9005LF

S & M PLAY

GWM, 6-3, 190# in Olympia area, looking for Tops and/or bottoms into BD, CBT, TT, SM, leather sex in general, light to heavy, safe & sane only. Age unimportant. Military welcome, absolute discretion guaranteed. Call (206) 956-0650 or write with photo & phone to: Box 9002LF

WISCONSIN

FULL LEATHERS/BONDAGE

GWM, 39, medium build, non-smoker, in full leathers. Into immobilizing bondage, without pain. Particular interests - full leathers, gloves, hoods, gags, ski masks, spandex, athletic gear, lots of rope. Non-smoker, 40 or under, a plus; mainly a Top, but bottom or mutual OK. Lots of equipment waiting to be used. Photo appreciated/available. 9142LF

TRUE BOTTOM NEEDS USING

Late 30's, GWM, 170#, wants a real man to put me thru the paces and use me the way any true Top dreams. Into leather, bondage, ass play, TT & some SM. Milwaukee, Chicago area. Box 8897LF

COMPUTERS

S/M COMPUTER

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THE HUN

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MODELS NATIONWIDE

BD/SM MODELS WANTED

Model bondage equipment, and other things for photos for DUNGEONMASTER and other publications, perhaps videos. No models fee for other sessions. To reply, send good photos showing clear face and full nude. Indicate particular interests, full contact information, and your availability in San Francisco. Write Box 9291

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Are you in good shape? Masculine? Hot boy? Older Daddy-type? We are interested in photographing you for Drummer or Mach magazines. Frontal nudity is expected. Write Steve Sutton, 584 Castro St. #372, San Francisco, CA 94114. Include a description & photow/your telephone #. Become a DRUMMERMAN!!

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Mark I. Chester will be visiting New York in Oct/Nov and seeks exhibitionistic masochist into bondage, whipping and st torture. POB 422501, SF, CA 94142

MODELS NO. CALIFORNIA

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Dominant, built Top, experienced in extremely gradual, measured, genital torture with a variety of imaginative mechanical & electrical devices. Sensitive & patient enough to teach a beginner the pleasures of sensual pain, sadistic enough to break any man into a screaming panic of tears and sweat. If you need an expert with real technique in sensual torture, this is it! ROGER - Short, hot, built, safe, intelligent and clean cut (at least on the outside). (415) 884-5566, 10am to 10pm, local time. No phone sex.



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MARK CHESTER

I am intelligent, creative, experienced, AIDS aware and absolutely safe. My specialty: explorations in erotic pain, titwork, whipping, CBT and restraint. Beginners and heteros welcome. (415) 621-0420. POB 422501, San Francisco, CA 94142 (Note: New POB number). Call me. You'll like what you hear.

S/M SENSUALITY

-long & slow - my specialty. 6'2", 185#, strong, muscular Master into all aspects of leathersex. S/M, B&D, FF, WS, raunch. Full dungeon also available. When coming to San Francisco call LORD at (415) 431-0959. 9246LF

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25, tattooed, pierced, hung. Page Adamn (415) 202-6154.

MODELS SO. CALIFORNIA

CA/NY HOT LEATHER STUD

Hot, tattooed bottom with a kick ass body and the attitude to match. Masculine and well defined. Handsome face and perverted mind. (can be Top). you be in shape. 31. I am grade A beef! 3505 (415) 3505

MODELS NEW YORK

EXPERIENCED S/M TOPMAN

5'10", 175#, 35yo. Handsome, masculine Top gets off on using you. B&D, playroom w/sling & toys. (212) 366-1709.

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ORGANIZATIONS

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GAY-MALE S/M ACTIVISTS

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M.A.S.T.

Masters and Slaves Together: A social & support group for men actively living or wishing to live a Master/slave lifestyle. Members - national & worldwide. For information send SASE to PO Box 410261, San Francisco, CA 94141

PISS ORGIES IN NEW YORK

Regularly scheduled WS events. Write: NYPT, PO Box 783, New York, NY 10025-0783

POSITIVE IMAGE

Sexual/social network for HIV/AIDS MEN. Send SASE to PIDR, PO BOX 1501, Pomona, CA 91769

SHIT CLUB

Hot ads. Info \$5 (MO or cash) to SCI, 380 Bleecker #151, New York, NY 10014

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Join our gay, Satanic sex church. Receive our "Devil Love," bi-monthly newsletters, ads, international phone numbers, contacts and locations of Satan worship services. Free information: SASE to D.L., PO Box 423701, San Francisco, CA 94142-3701 or call (415) 695-2913.

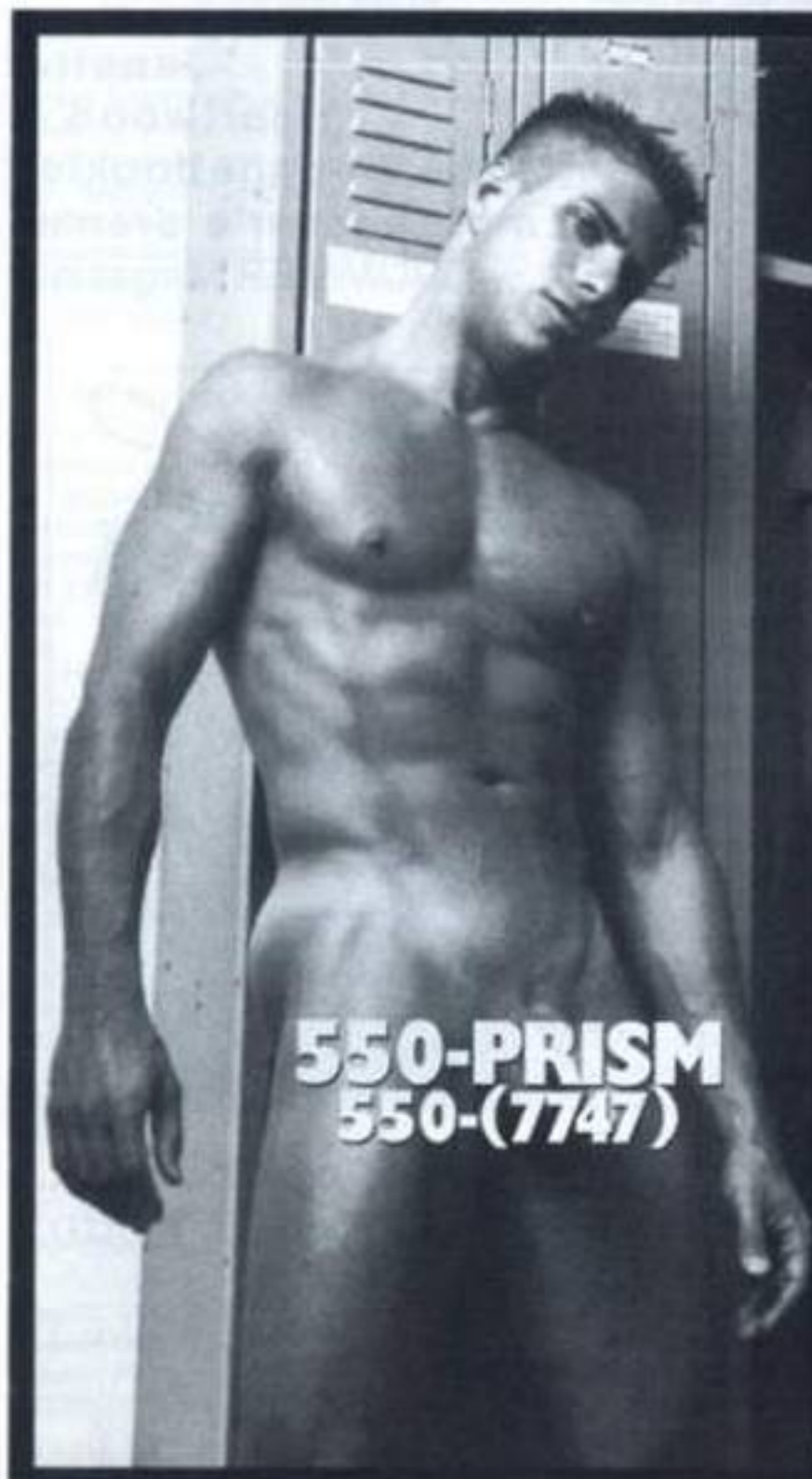
THE CRUCIBLE

Bi-monthly newsletter: Magic, metaphysics, SM, BD, Wicca, fiction, contacts. The Crucible, PO Box 951, Stevens Point, WI 54481. Sample \$5, one year \$20.

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LIFE GOES ON

HIV+ men have a special network available. Place your ads with freedom regarding your status and sexual interests. For information write to The Buddy Network, PO Box 23251, San Diego, CA 92193. Send business size SASE. This is a free service run by a hot man who is a true sweetheart & deserves all the support he can get!

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ENTER LEE'S WORLD

Porno star and director/producer, Lee Baldwin, now offers four lines of videos: 1) The Slick Tapes; 2) The Homemade Tapes; 3) The Cus-

tom Tapes; and 4) Real Men. Send \$10 for a year of mailings (credited towards first order). Lee Baldwin Entertainment, 1050 University Avenue - Suite 103-250, San Diego, CA 92103 9301LF

HUGE MUSCLE

6', 255# of solid, masculine, hairy, muscle. Talks dirty, gets Dominant. Hard and hung 8". Video \$40. J.H.S., 501 Seward Square S.E., Washington DC 20003. (202) 546-0557.

KISS MY ASS, PUNK

Built, mean athlete makes you kiss ass! Heavy humiliation video, \$35, Visa/MC or ck. Andy, PO Box 921, Pocatello, ID 83204-0921. Also, ball-busting phone scenes, only \$20 per 1/2 hr. Call: (208) 233-6372. Beg punk!

STREET LEGAL

TOO HOT to print here, but to get Sizzling details of "Street Legal", the Action Video featuring "14" young dudes and duos galore! Send \$1/cash & SASE, plus sign you are 21. HOLDEN PRODUCTIONS, 82 Wall Street, Suite #1105, New York, NY 10005 (foreign PAL orders OK).

WET AND SHITTY ACTION!

Videos featuring HOT Guys into Pissing & Dumping! Peed pants! Soaked beds! Drenched diapers! Golden arches! Watersports exchange! Plus HEAVY DUTY "MONSTER DUMPS!" Hot enemas! Messy Levis! Send \$5 (refundable) VIDEO CATALOG & HOT SAMPLES! BIG selection of VIDEOS, Books & Color Photosets! (Foreign orders welcome. PAL video/Yes!) MICHAEL STEVEN HOLDEN, 82 Wall Street, Suite 1105 New York, NY 10005

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▲ GAME LAD

Newcomer Lash brings a muscular bod, a handsome face, and a ready rod. His Master Cougar Cash uses him unapologetically while withholding permission for the slave to shoot his load. Lash is put through more than half a dozen securely bound ordeals. He even endures the cravat, a cruel punishment of rigid iron, tethered in heavy chains, sitting on cold concrete, shivering with cold. Master Cougar clearly enjoyed training Lash his way. A one hour color video from Tom "Ropes" McGurk.

PURGATORY WEEKEND

Devon Jeffries is a newcomer who, as instructed, rides his motorcycle shirtless through the streets of San Francisco. On arrival his Master, Cougar Cash, removes the chain he had



locked on the lad's neck the past week. Cougar then takes his trembling lad, who is still sore from last week, down to the cells. What follows is non-stop bondage as Devon struggles to serve his Master. Eventually the slave must endure very tight long-term bondage positions. Full length video color feature.

SPRING BREAK ▶

Newcomer Christopher Valens is as sensual as he is beautiful. He had the good fortune to run into Cougar Cash, a man who knows how to handle nervous first-timers. Ripping the lad's clothes off and tightly binding him for service and submission, Cougar demands and receives everything this slave boy can deliver. This is a very erotic, nonstop bondage and domination feast. Full length video color feature.

◀ TRAIN UP A PIRATE

Christopher Valens' wake-up call comes early, when his Master David releases him from a locked closet in which he, naked and shackled, spent the night. A quick shower and a furtive stiffness are all that's allowed before the slave is put to use. What follows is half a dozen positions of tight rope bondage. Between positions the slave is kept gagged, chained, and caged. Christopher is not only beautiful but passionately turned on to his slavery. A one hour color video.



TO ORDER: Each tape is \$24.95, shipping is free. Check, money order, VISA/MC/AMERICAN EXPRESS, California residents add 6.5% sales tax. All models are over 18 years, proof on file. Check off box each video title, plus one for the catalog, which is \$5.00 or free with purchase.

BUY 3 GET 1 FREE!

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I state that I am over 21 years of age and that I am ordering this material for my personal use only.

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DRUMMER'S INTERNATIONAL CLASSIFIED SECTION

We are pleased to introduce to our readers the expansion of the *Drummer Classifieds*. Because of the increase of International readers, so has the interest to meet each other. In the months to come, look forward to hearing from hot men from all over the world! If you live or will be traveling outside of the US, your ad may be placed under a specified COUNTRY category or ALPHABETICALLY by your title heading.

INTERNATIONAL

AMERICAN IN ENGLAND

Biker in full leather, 40, 5'11", 160lbs. Into leather, uniforms, Bikes, bondage. Looking for G's, Airmen, cops, bikers. SP's, GSP welcome. Should be 21-45, safe, sane, healthy, discreet, bottom. Often in US, so stateside replies welcome. Here's your chance! I can take you where you want to go, but if you don't write, we won't meet. 9067LF

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT!!!

Daddy's man: 30, fit, into anything with a twist. Son's Daddy: 47, bear, fit, and done it all. Surprise! Surprise! Good old Aussie men, no gloss, no frocking, just into men. Prefer men who have sex with men. All letters replied. 9254LF

BOOTLICKER TOILET SLAVE

London based, WM submissive, 40, will travel for humiliation by mature, selfish brute. All ages & races served. Eager for lengthy, total bondage & depravation sessions, licking and

sniffing a dirty, sweaty body. I want to be your toilet. Shaving, insults welcome. Like outdoors & sordid scenes. Europe or NYC. Box 9033LF

FRANCE HARD WRESTLERS

If you are tough guy with balls for rough, no-holds-barred, man-to-man combat till KO muscle pure struggle. 5'7", 141, 29, doesn't matter! Also into gut-punching, kicks, stomach scissors and other AB feats of strength. I'm tough enough, are you? Also military training, uniforms and corresponding and/or exchanging documents/photos. Box 9285

GUT PUNCHING ACTION

GWM, 35, 5'8", 160#, of musc. beef seeks other masc., in-shape men into gut punching tests of endurance. Erotic manhandling to rough punishment - name your limit but make me a challenge! Pec/Ball abuse ok also. Boxers/ wrestlers, imaginative SM scenes (restraints, interrogation, initiation, etc.) welcome. I can take it - can you? Live in France, travel US/ Europe frequently. Can host. Shirtless photo/ detailed letter gets mine. 9241LF

HANDSOME GERMAN MOTORBIKER

29, 183cm, 73kg, crewcut, athletic build, healthy, stable, seeks similar. I'm active/passive, into manly sex in full leather/gloves (mask?), hard fuck dildo, titwork, light SM... Travel often, Europe/US. Full leather a must. No fats, ferns, bald, moustaches. Send photo. 3503LF

HOT CORRESPONDENCE SOUGHT

by Swiss leatherman, sleek body, beard, pierced, uncut, hung, 40, 5-7, 125#, bottom with very rugged Top. Big, hung, hairy, moustache or beard, educated & Dominant Dad. Black or Latin very welcome. Photos a must, no heavy SM. Box 8750LF

MILLIONAIRE DAD

WM, 50, HIV-, seeks WM, slim, butch, college student, 18-25, HIV-, into motorcycles, leather boots, SM, bondage. You may attend college of your choice; generous allowance. Send recent pic and phone # with letter stating why you should be chosen as my son and heir. 9155LF

SEEKS ARABIAN FRIEND

35, 210#, bodybuilder, exhibitionist, very hairy with colossal cock (13") and enormous balls. Looking to exchange photos/home videos of vacuum pumping partner from virile men, very horny types, leather, and big asses. 3555

UNIFORM ON THE EDGE

Horny uniform wearer (cop, fire, prison, military) 1.88m, 85kg, thick, pierced, 19cm dick needs to meet hunky fuckers who want to cum in uniform. Ritual punishment, corporal and capital, either traditional or from your sick, sick mind are a special turn on. Let's walk the edge together, man, and make it real. 9290

UNIFORMS LEATHER

Would like to meet men into leather clothes, boots etc. and uniforms for exchange and to meet. I travel Britain, USA, mainly live in France. Will also buy second-hand leathers, boots, uniforms etc. English and French correspondence. 9288

WHERE ARE YOU HOT PERVERSE MEN

GWM, Italian, 36, 5-11, 169#, BL/BL, HIV-, cocksucker, passive, sensitive nipples, loving aromas, oiling sweaty bodies, slobber, spit, cum, piss, head to foot. Seeks muscular, perverse, healthy man with same, mutual likes; bearded a plus. No scat. Come and see me in Firenze. 9286

AUSTRALIA

BOY SEEKS DADDY

Boy, 32, 6-4, 190#, seeks Daddy. Into CBT, shaving, taking orders, Domination, leather but also responds well to TLC. Age open, but 45-55 preferred. Beards, short hair, balding a +. Please Daddy, your boy needs you. Box 8972LF

FRANCE

EXPERIENCED SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Obedient slave, 27, 6'2", 180#, Brown eyes/ hair, shaved seeks Master equipped with SM toys in leather for bondage, CBT, fucking, hot wax, SM, BD, WS, hoods, gags, collars. Safe sex only. 9289

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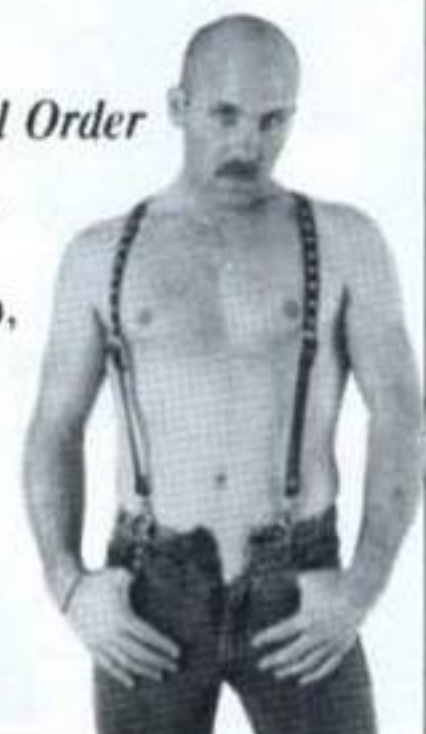
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PRESS RELEASE :

Knights Templar
by Cavelo

(KW:AM - FRANCE -
TEMPLARS) (ON-LINE WIRE
W10:AO749;IRBX;08) (WB)
AM - FRANCE - 18-MAR-
1311 (WB) Judge Says
Security Forces
Definitely Abused Human
Rights From 1307 to 1311
Paris, France -

-King Phillippe's security forces participated in "systematic" abduction, torture and summary execution of thousands of Knights Templar from 1307 to 1311, a judge said Wednesday.

The declaration by Judge Antoine d'Avignon was considered the first formal recognition by the courts that evidence exists to prove human rights groups' charges of an official apparatus for repression under King Phillippe's regime.

Thousands of Knights were tortured and burned at the stake during Phillippe's brutal campaign against the Templars. D'Avignon's written declaration came after he received testimony detailing brutal treatment in the King's torture centers.

He said his investigation was conducted "in view of the unusual seriousness and magnitude of the issues under investigation, which entail the systematic use of kidnappings, subhuman conditions of physical and legal defenselessness."

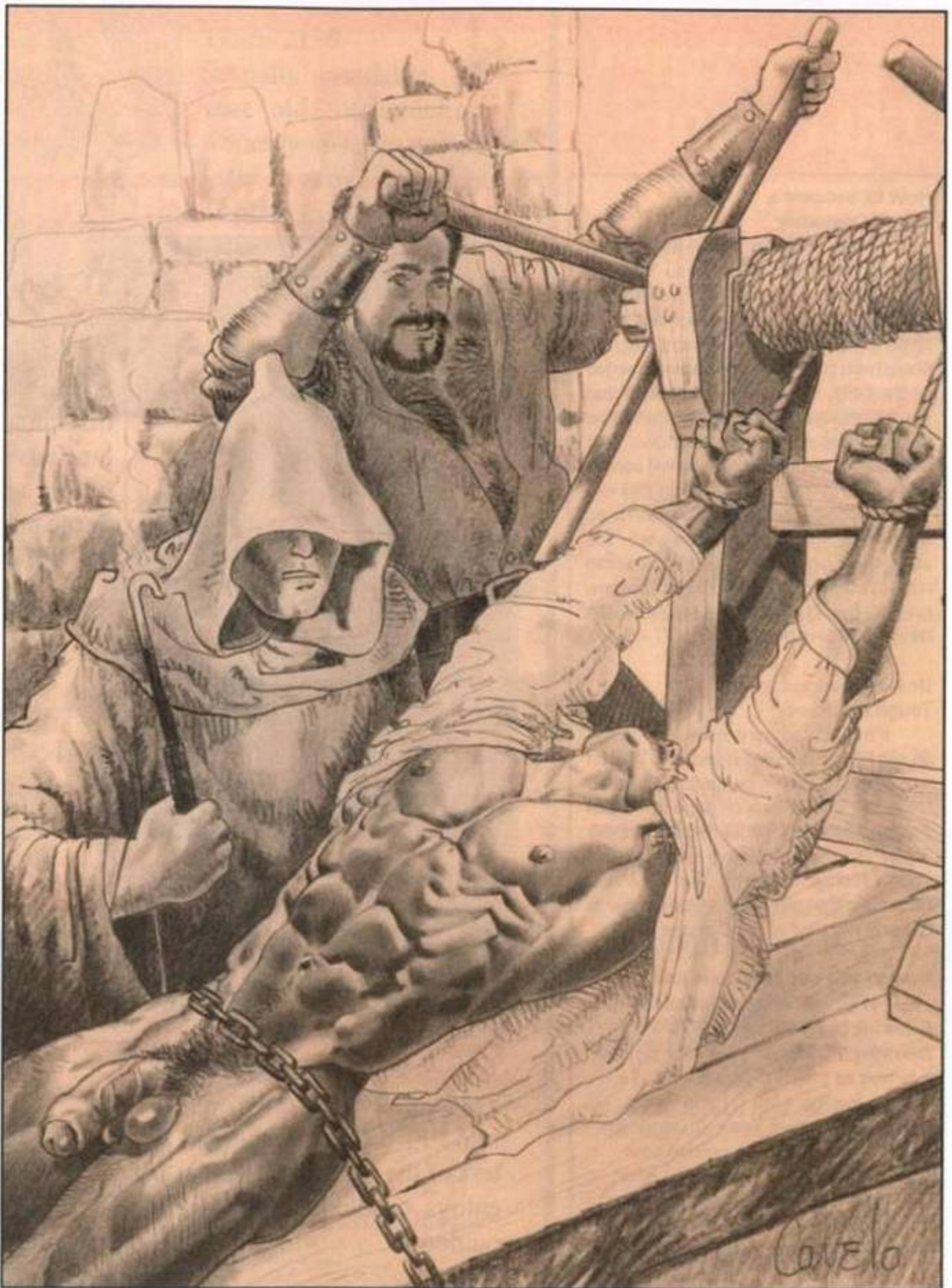
"This is demonstrative of a unique and very cruel system inspired by the most absolute disregard for human suffering applied with utmost impunity by the King," he said. D'Avignon said his evidence came from testimony by surviving Knights of the King's dungeons - details of torture on the rack, roasting of feet, burning with hot irons, whippings and more.

Those identified as having engaged in torture had links to royalty forces and some held high ranks, he said.

The circumstances imply the implementation of a planned structure for the physical and psychic destruction of prisoners," he said.

D'Avignon stated that the torture centers were characterized by an operative structure consisting of the installation of uncomfortable cells for prisoners, torture chambers, several latrines, an infirmary, and an intelligence room along with and records of the victim's interrogation and confessions.

/LAP-PX-18-Mar-1311



T O U G H C U S T O M E R S

How to become a Tough Customer

Tough Customer photos are contributed by DRUMMER readers. You're a Tough Customer aren't you? You should send us a picture. Send a black and white photo (color is OK if the contrasts are sharp) with your name and address printed on the back, along with a statement that you are of legal age and you want to be published as a TC. You may give your address for publication, or we will assign you a TC Box number. In effect this is a free classified ad with your picture in it, so let us know what you want to say, too. We can't show penetration, and photos can not be returned. Mail to: Tough Customers, PO Box 410390, San Francisco, CA 94141-0390.

How to respond to a Tough Customer

If the TC you want to respond to has an address, respond directly to him at that address. If he has a box number, follow the instructions on page 52 of this magazine under "How To Reply To A Dear Sir Ad". You may also leave a message for your favorite TC with our new TC Phoneline. See page 81 for the number to call and respond to a TC phone box.

How to use our TC phone line

If your TC picture appears on the following pages the four digit # following TC in your ad is your mailbox # as well as your TC phonenumber. To retrieve messages left for you on the phonenumber you must first call Desmodus, Inc. at 415-252-1195 to receive your access code (ask for Dept. TC). After you receive your access code, you may call the Tough Customer Phoneline to retrieve your messages.

How to get a lot more Tough Customer pictures

We have published four special, all-TC magazines so far. You can order TC4 by sending \$6.95 + \$2.00 S/H to: RoB, 22 Shotwell St., San Francisco, CA 94103. Please specify which issue (TC1, TC2 and TC3 also available \$6.95 each, \$4.00 total S/H for all four) CA residents add 8.25% sales tax. Or call (415) 252-1198 with your credit card order.

LEATHER DUO, CAN YOU HANDLE IT?



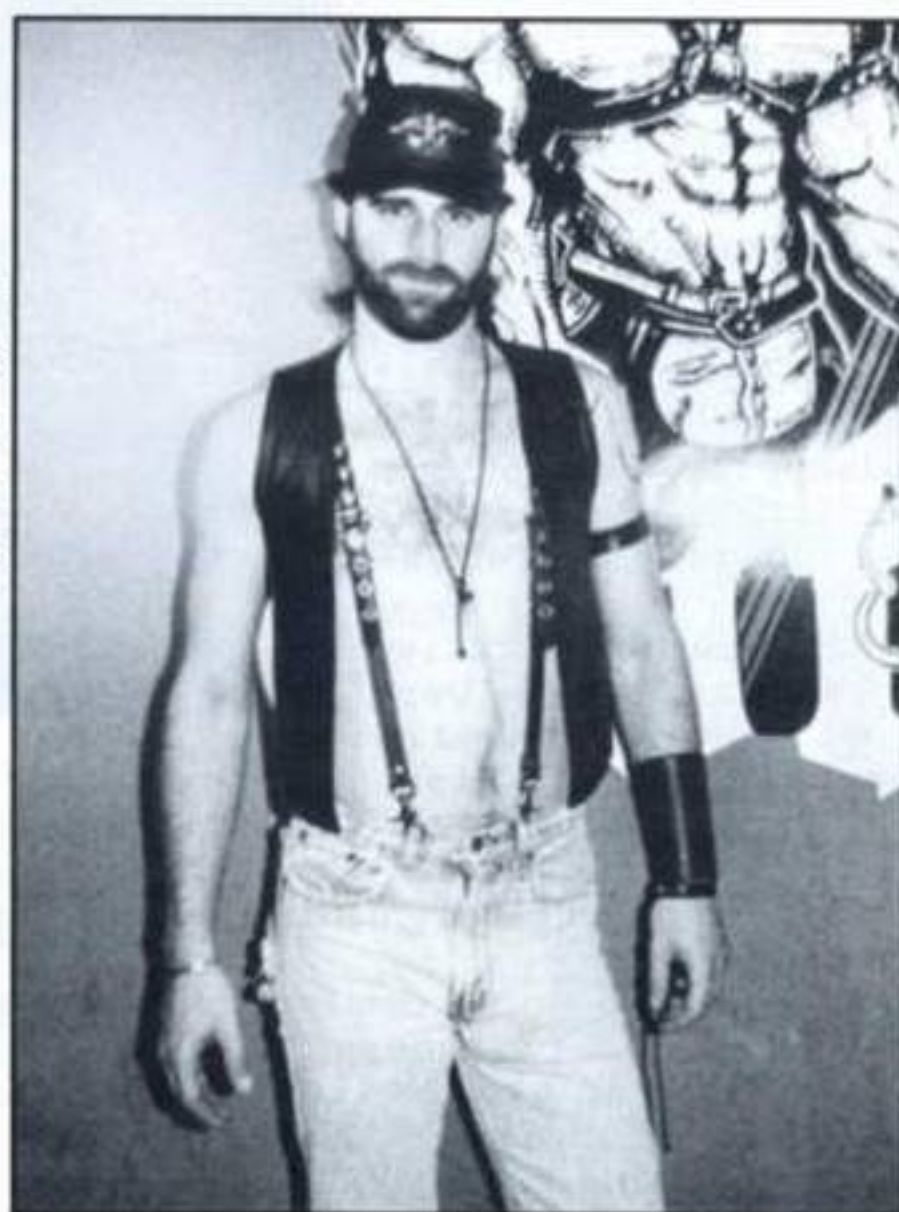
TC 166-2154

This tough looking leather duo is seeking horny, leather men/boys for wild times, bondage/discipline. Looking for muscular studs with the right attitude. Letter and phone to Master Sergeant, POB 461487, LA, CA 90046

INTO ALL LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET

TC-5-2155

This hot, 24 year old Top is into FF, B/D, and other letters of the alphabet. He also enjoys candlelight and the outdoors.



MUSCLE POWERED DOMINATION



TC-5- 2156

Sexually insatiable, 46 year old, construction worker with mean streak, into verbal abuse, bondage, blindfolds, whipping, FF, raunchy assholes, piss, tit torture, C&B torture, slapping sessions and muscle powered domination.

WATCH HIS SPARKS FLY

TC-5-2157

Tall, hairy man into FF, S/M, Bondage, electricity and serious leather. He prefers men who are politically aware (not correct).



HOW CREATIVE CAN YOU GET ?



TC-5- 2158

He is 24, 5'11", 160#, cut and he is interested in multi-media arts. Obviously, he's very creative.

Hundreds of other TOUGH, HOT MEN will be seen with these guys... in the upcoming issue of TOUGH CUSTOMERS 5.

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(If your ad appears here, see page 80 for information on how to access your box #)

Also, you may call in and be connected to *LIVE* hot guys nationwide for the latest in Man-To-Man contacts.

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